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TV'S "DREAM TEAM"
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SO MUCH SEX
ONE MAN'S STORY
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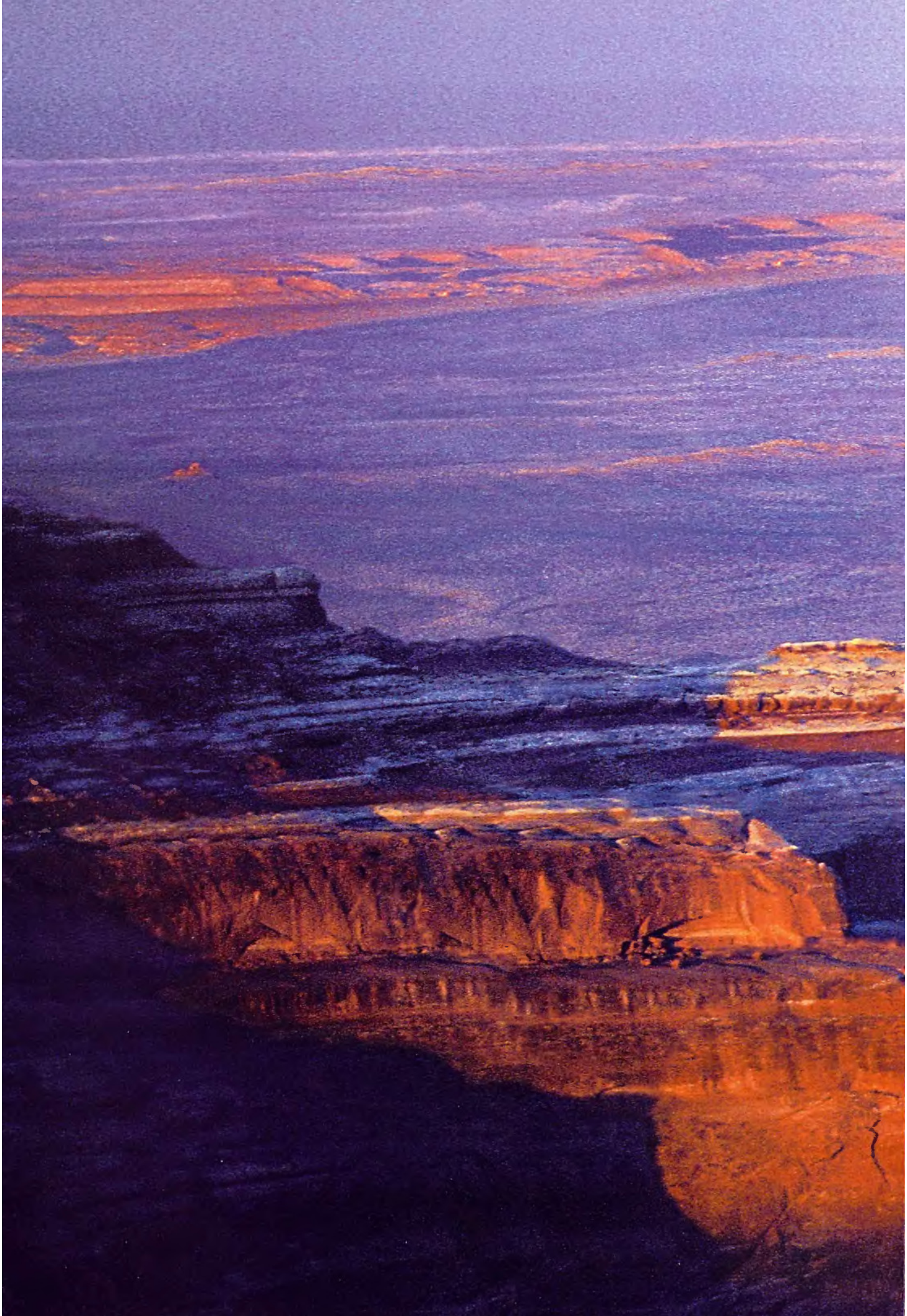

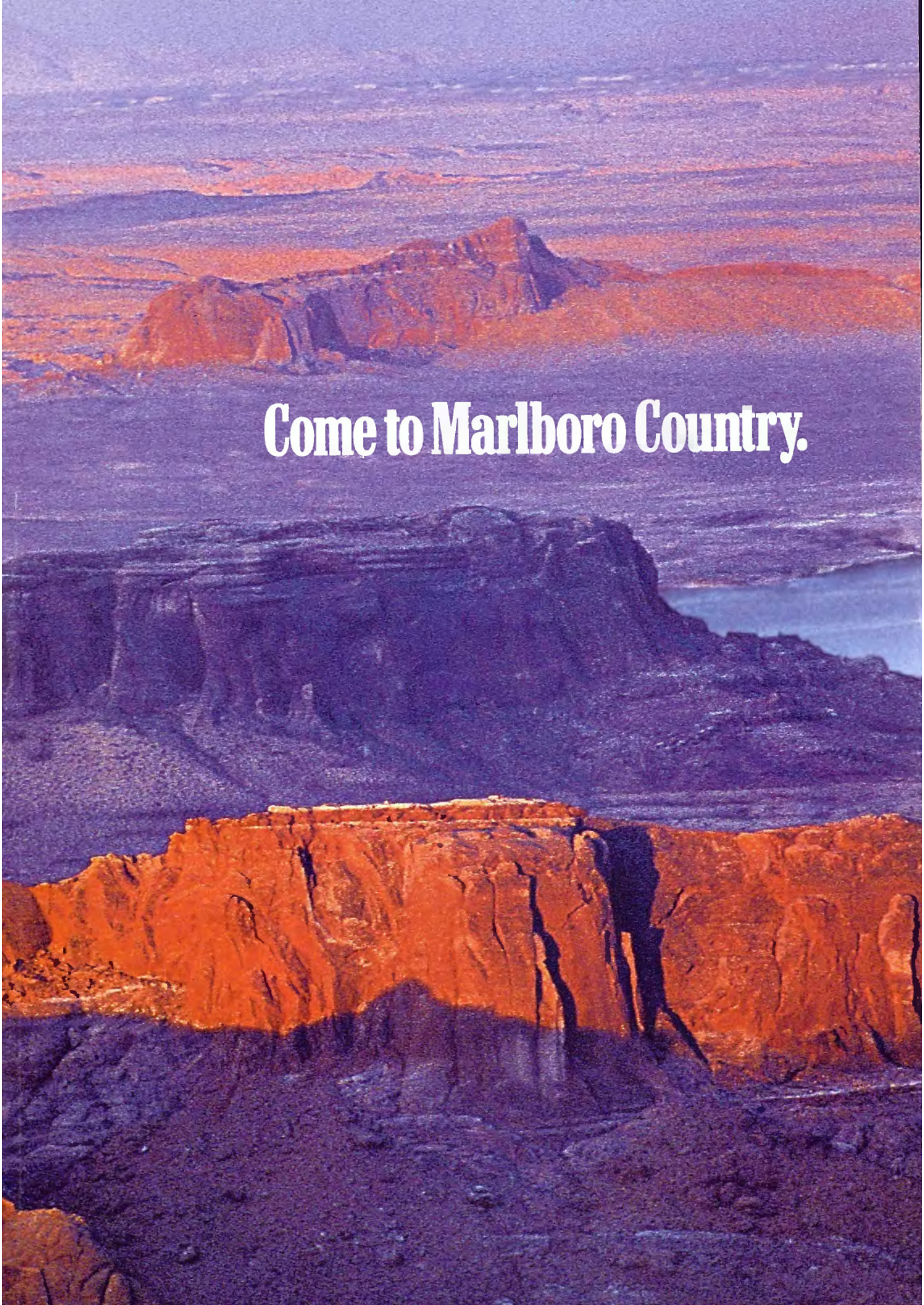
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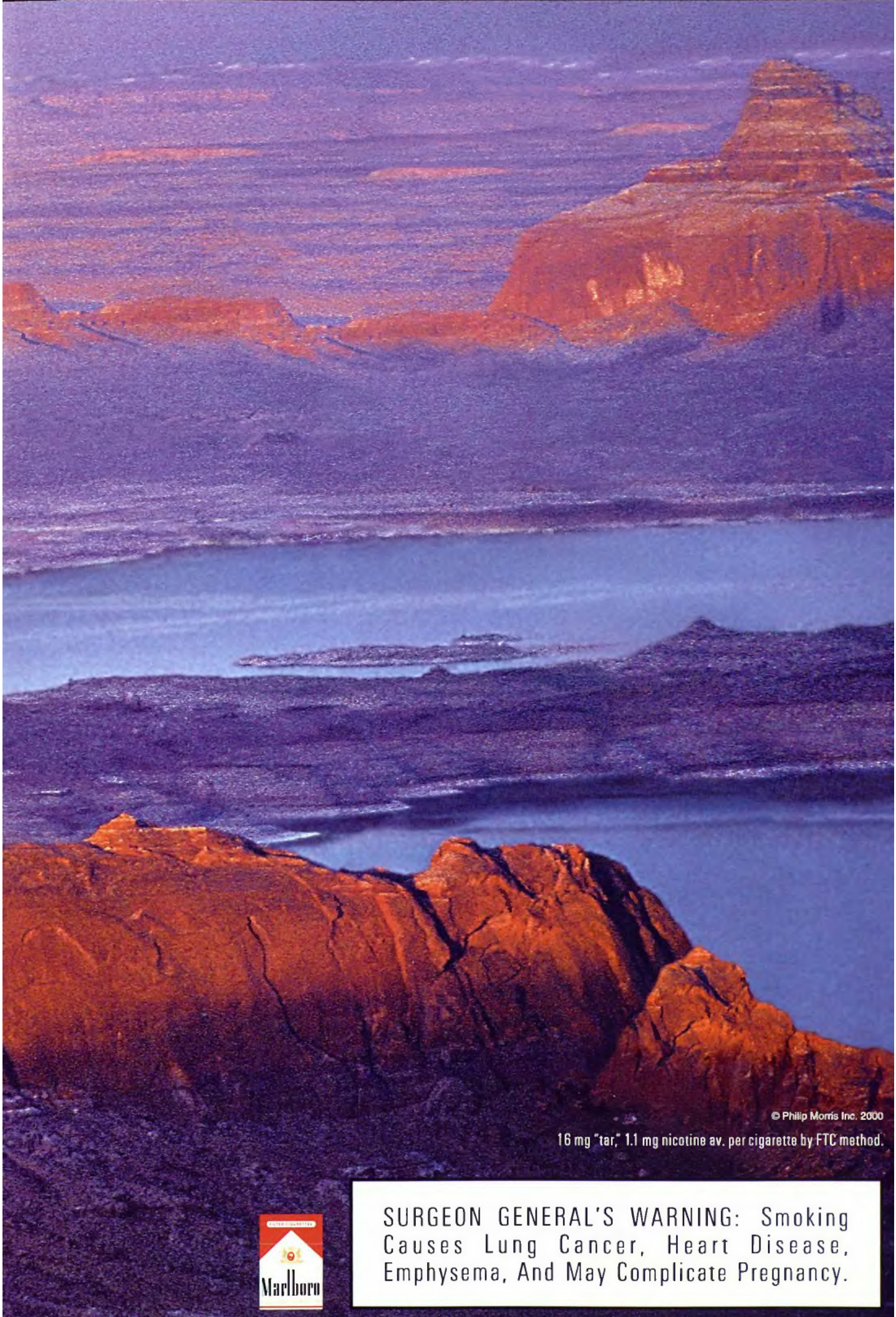

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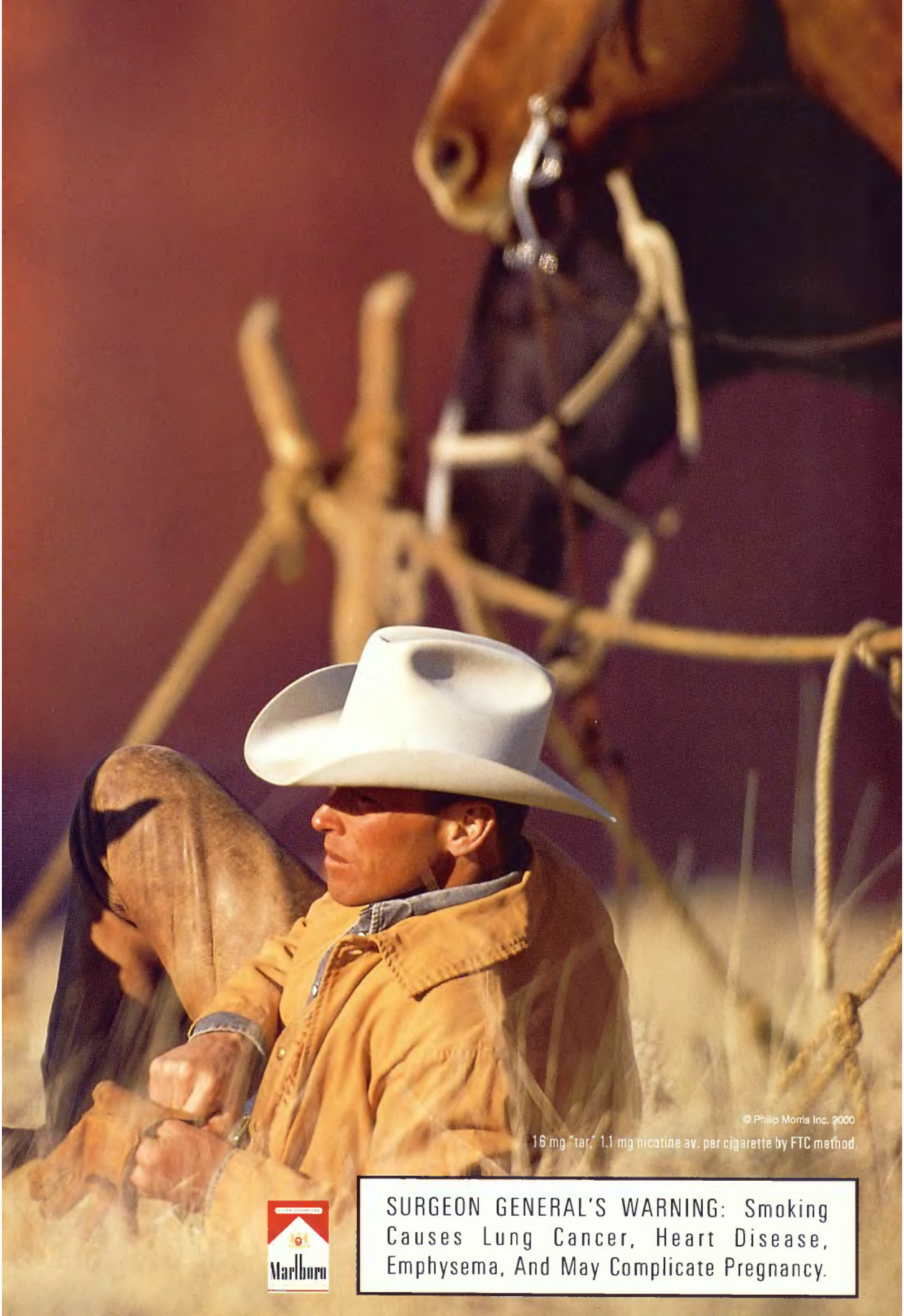

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Playbill

HOLD THE MAGAZINE close to your chest. Feel that? It's called an **Angie Everhart** ache. We've been fired up about the redhead since she insured her legs as a model. Now we get to share our longing by presenting the star of TV's *Dream Team* in a pictorial by photographer **Marco Glaviano.** Call her Angie Everhot.

Amazon.com stock has some of the best legs on Wall Street, and the company is a complete Net paradox: It's high tech yet it's all about books; it's bigger than Sears but hasn't yet made a dime. Amazon's founder **Jeff Bezos** also breaks type. In a wiry *Playboy Interview* by **David Sheff** we meet a guy with billions of reasons to quit. Instead, he talks about long-range business plans and how Amazon is not a book company but a customer company. (We'll put that in our shopping cart any day.)

Senator **John McCain** of Arizona is a real man in politics, a strong presidential candidate and a national media darling. However, local journalists claim there's bite to this alpha male and would-be Bush whacker. In *Don't Cross John McCain* by **Amy Silverman,** the senator's detractors and defenders face off. Yup, it's an election year—and you can count on PLAYBOY to get behind the headlines. Anger is an emotion, but rage is a way of strife. Mailmen go postal, businessmen micturate on the drink cart and girl-group singers burn down their boyfriends' houses. For the latest series of ill-timed explosions in the news, turn to our *Rage* package (compiled with help from **Erin Zammett,** a recipient of PLAYBOY's Alex Haley Scholarship and a senior at the University of Tennessee). Go on, take a look. Now, motherfucker!

While many credit Rudy Giuliani and Mickey Mouse for cleaning up Times Square, the long answer involves innovative police work. Before **Jack Maple** became deputy commissioner of the NYPD, he was a subterranean superman who assembled a squad of top cops to combat the city's worst train robbers. We're pleased to publish an excerpt from his book *The Crime Fighter* (Doubleday), written with **Chris Mitchell.** (The article is illustrated by **Tony Fitzpatrick.**)

Chris Rock once called comedian **Robert Schimmel** the "funniest black man in America"—and he's white. Don't know him? That's because until recently TV execs wouldn't touch a guy who, when his daughter's boyfriend told him he wished Schimmel were his dad, said, "I don't—then you'd be fucking your sister." Read *Robert Schimmel's Money Shot* by Senior Editor **Christopher Napolitano.**

Next up, we have three reasons to appreciate the whimsical side of sex. Each of the pensées in *A Lifetime of Sex* by philosopher swing-king **Bruce Jay Friedman** is like a Bashō haiku. Here's one: "The starlet described what she did in Hollywood swimming pools as 'light screwing.'" The artwork is by **Brian Rea.** *Lucy,* a short story written by **Terry Bisson** and illustrated by **Leo Espinosa,** is about phone sex. The pictorial *The Erotic Spirit* celebrates the underground nudes of Taschen books. With each new release, publisher **Benedikt Taschen** is building an Alexandrian Library of Sex.

Your other lift ticket to the good life comes with its own guide: **Charles Plueddeman.** In *Man Seeks Virgin Powder,* Plueddeman maps out backcountry boarding and skiing—the gear, the hottest cold spots and the right GPS. **Steven Van Zandt**—Springsteen guitarist and *Sopranos* wiseguy—talks a tough *20 Questions* with **John Rezek.** We named ten cool dressers to inspire your fashion know-how in *Men of Style* and coaxed Assistant Editor **Alison Lundgren** to write about her *Single Life.* Our Playmate is **Suzanne Stokes.** Her name is a sterling example of truth in advertising.

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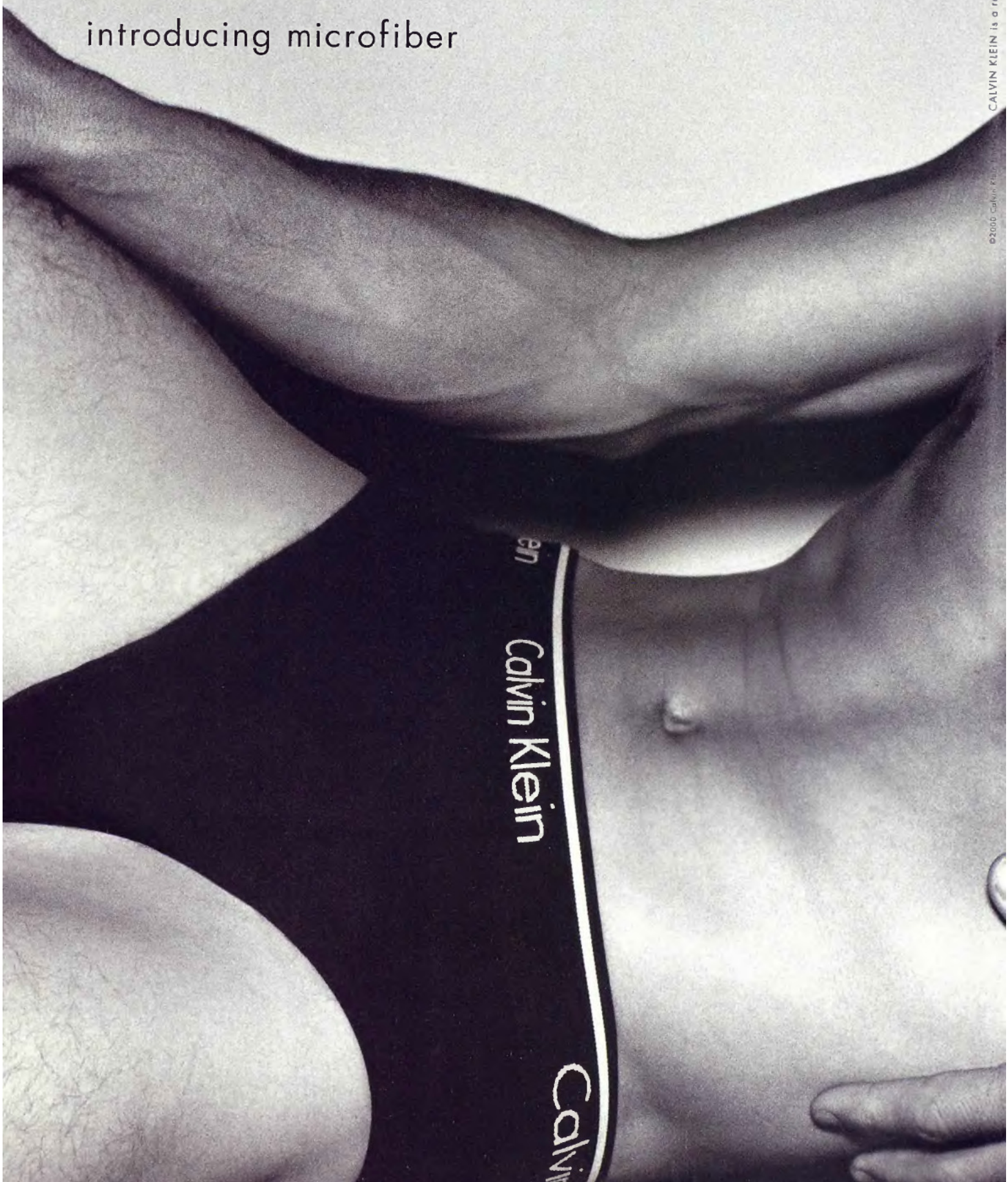

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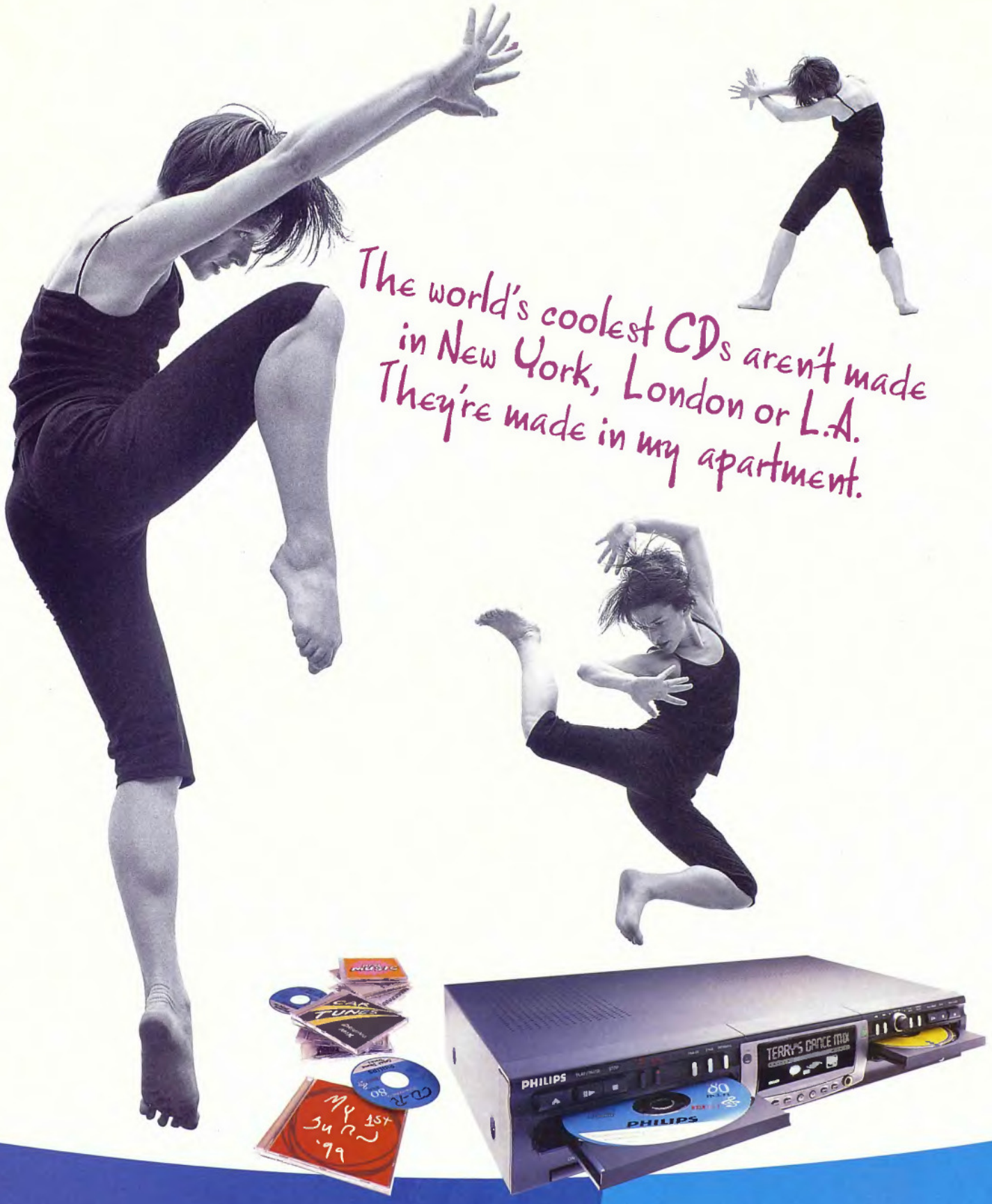

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vol. 47, no. 2—february 2000

PLAYBOY

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We first took notice of this blazing redheaded supermodel turned actress when she appeared in *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issues. Sans bikini, Angie Everhart takes the world by storm in her first PLAYBOY pictorial. What does this beautiful angel look for in her ideal man? A sense of humor, confidence and no fear of tears. "Wanna neck?" asks our Rabbit.

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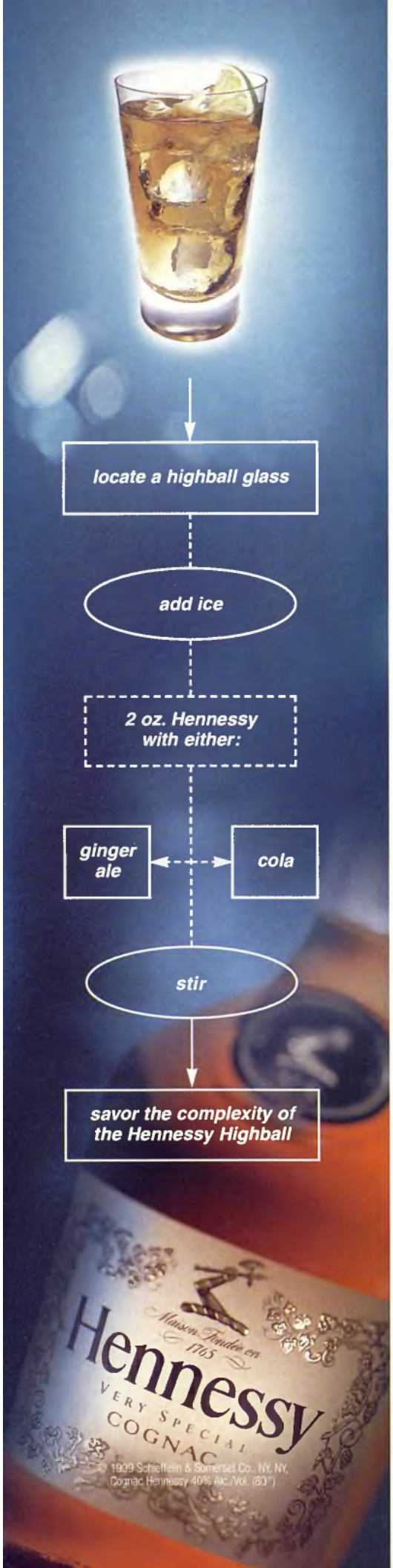

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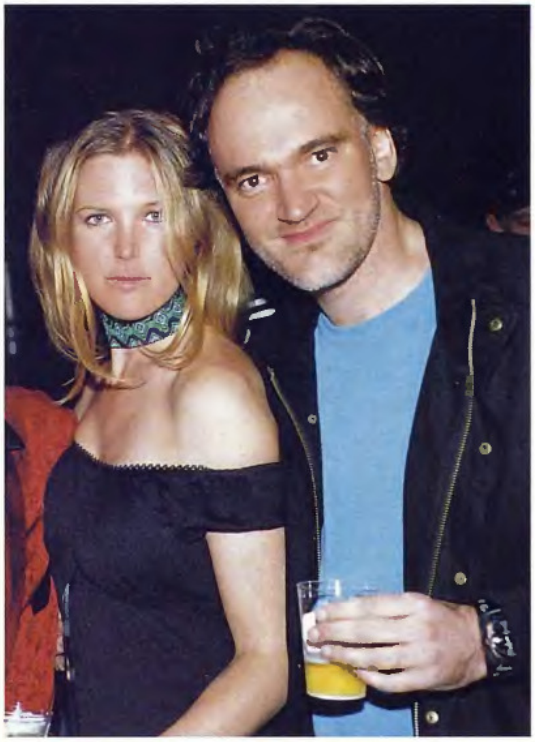
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

hef sightings, mansion frolics and nightlife notes

FIGHT NIGHT AT THE MANSION

Hef and Gwyneth Paltrow are surrounded by supermodels Karen Elson and Frankie Rayder from *Harper's Bazaar* at a Mansion party following the De La Hoya–Trinidad fight. Also on hand were (below) Louise Stratten (Dorothy's sister) and Quentin Tarantino, discussing knockouts—technical and otherwise.



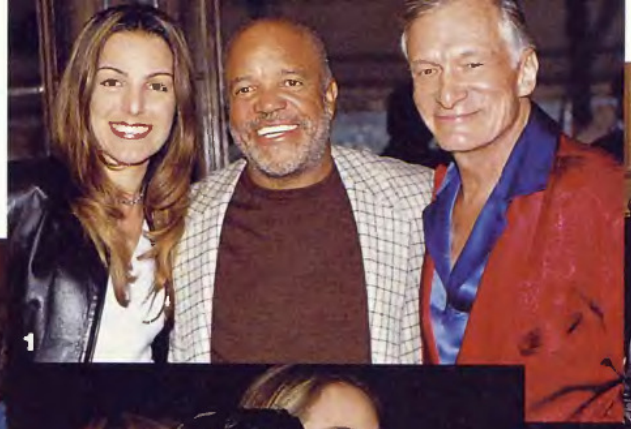
HARPER'S BAZAAR AT THE MANSION

Harper's Bazaar came to the Mansion to shoot a fashion feature for their holiday issue. They brought their own models with them (from left, Frankie Rayder, Karen Elson and Carmen Kass). And the man in the middle? He knows a few things about posing.

CAROUSEL OF THE CENTURY

The School of Visual Arts in New York City created a carousel for Grand Central Terminal to celebrate the 20th century. The merry-go-round art includes Hef and the Playboy Rabbit, along with Marilyn, Madonna, a pair of Armstrongs (Louis and Neil), Gandhi, Cookie Monster and Albert Einstein. How's that for classy company?

FIGHT NIGHT PARTY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After the fight, Hef threw a disco bash. (1) Christie Burton, Motown founder Berry Gordy and Hef. (2) Scott Caan, who penned the script *Chasing the Party, or How Hugh Hefner Changed My Life*, and mom Sheila Ryan. (3) Susan Brooks, Elliott Gould and Jimmy Caan. (4) Corey Feldman and Viviana Baya. (5) Leslie Stefanson, Tony Curtis and James Woods. (6) Mandy Bentley and Brande Roderick shake it with Hef. (7) Rebecca Broussard and model Johane K. (8) Hef and American beauty Thora Birch. (9) Michael Bolton and pal. (10) Alana Lambros and Kato Kaelin. (11) Gwyneth Paltrow and Red Hot Chili Pepper Anthony Kiedis. (12) Tori Spelling dishes with model Frankie Rayder. (13) Miss December 1999 Brooke Richards and Mark Saginor. (14) Life is better in leather.

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ACE VENTURA

The philosopher Diogenes could end his search for an honest man after reading Jesse Ventura's *Playboy Interview* (November). Ventura champions individual, civic and economic liberties. What consenting adults do in the privacy of their homes is not the business of the government. We can't afford to wait until 2004 for Jesse to clean up the bipartisan mess in Washington. Run, Jesse, run in 2000. Minnesota's loss will be America's gain.

Larry Penner
Great Neck, New York

Jesse Ventura's common sense and honesty make him a rare public servant. I wish more of our elected officials were in touch with what Americans want.

Robert Hayes
Memphis, Michigan

At last, we have a new John Wayne in the political world. Ventura is a man with big cojones. I'd vote for him as president any day.

Bill Baucher
Lewes, Delaware

I used to think Ventura was a blowhard wrestler until I read the interview. I applaud politicians who talk straight and shoot from the hip. We need more leaders like him.

Michael Peters
Red Bluff, California

How shortsighted of Ventura to talk about willpower and self-control in one breath while admitting in the next that he used steroids. I'm a Minnesotan, largely apolitical, but I feel a flush of embarrassment every time that Ventura opens his mouth.

Tim James Wasil
St. Anthony, Minnesota

The firestorm surrounding Ventura's comments was predictable. Organized religion chose a path of political activism and should be prepared to deal with negative consequences, just as Ventura has to deal with criticism of his politics. There can be no sacred cows in politics.

Charles Domina
Miami, Florida

Let me get this straight: According to Ventura, organized religion is for weak-minded people, and fat people have no self-control, but drugs should be decriminalized? It's drugs, not religion, that are a crutch for weak-minded people who have no inner faith or strength.

Walter Darocha
San Francisco, California

Since Minnesota's state bird is the loon, it's only fitting that we supply the most outrageous court jester in our Reform Party governor—Jesse Ventura.

Mark Orth
Maple Plain, Minnesota

Jesse Ventura has said that he chose his last name off a map of California. Ventura was originally a mission town—its complete name of San Buenaventura was derived from a Catholic priest. Ventura has unwittingly named himself after a saint of one of those organized religions he despises.

Steve Schulze
Kingsley, Pennsylvania

SHE KNOCKED US OUT

The Mia St. John pictorial (*The Knockout*, November) packs a powerful punch. Mia's beauty and her toughness in the ring are unsurpassed by any other woman in boxing. Her positive attitude, extreme discipline and rigorous workouts are what have catapulted her to featherweight championship fame.

David Kaliner
Las Vegas, Nevada

Mia St. John's pictorial shows off her femininity and strength. Her objective was to help put women's boxing in the

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spotlight, and she accomplished that with style and panache.

Robert Shelby III
Colorado Springs, Colorado

JEWEL IN THE CROWN

Rene Russo goes topless in *The Thomas Crown Affair* and doesn't make it into your *Sex in Cinema 1999* pictorial (November)? Someone on your staff needs an eye exam.

Gary Petzel
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I expected to see *Eyes Wide Shut* in *Sex in Cinema*, so I wasn't surprised that it was the first movie featured. But how could you leave out the gorgeous Rene Russo and the incredible sex scenes from *The Thomas Crown Affair*?

Richard Chamberlin
Manchester, New Hampshire

LOVE ME TENDER

I love your magazine and take most of your advice as gospel, but here's the best way to boil a lobster (*Mantrack*, October): Place it in a pot of cool water, and as the water comes to a boil, the lobster will fall into a relaxed sleep, making the meat tender. Plunging the lobster into boiling water causes it to tense up and die instantly, yielding tougher meat.

Mike Mara
Virginia Beach, Virginia

REQUIRED READING

I never thought I'd have a good excuse to take PLAYBOY to my Baptist law school, but *Personal Injuries*, your November fiction by Scott Turow, provides me with a fabulous reason.

Britt Newby
Jackson, Mississippi

CANNY ANNIE

All praise to cartoonists Ray Lago and Bill Schorr for their hilarious *Little Annie Fanny* strip (November). Their zany visual style and clever satire make every episode a treat. Keep up the good work.

Alan Katz
New York, New York

GREAT EATS AT U. OF P.

It was many a happy night I waited in line at Billybob's, counting the moments that separated me from my chicken cheese steak (*The Campus Buzz*, November). And sometimes, it felt like I could have taken a bus to College Station and back before I made it to the front of the line. But trust me, their fine establishment is located at the corner of 40th and Spruce, at the seedy edge of the University of Pennsylvania's campus in Philadelphia. Now you know why the most popular T-shirt in the bookstore says NOT PENN STATE.

James Rhodes
New York, New York

While we were fantasizing about cheese steaks, the gremlins put State after Penn. See you in West Philly.

CARA MIA

I would like to applaud you on the great cover and pictorial of Cara Wakelin (*Catch of the Day*, November). She makes me proud to be a Torontian.

Desidario Codinera
Toronto, Ontario

When my mother called me to say that she had heard a radio interview with PLAYBOY's November Centerfold, I almost had a heart attack. Cara Wakelin was my first girlfriend, back in grades six and seven. We shared our first kiss in Centennial Park during track and field day. Congrats to her.

Lewis Leon
Wolfville, Nova Scotia

I've seen both the American and Canadian versions of the November cover. I'm a Canadian subscriber who loves

the blue Cara Wakelin one, as well as the contents of the issue.

S. Baxter
Ottawa, Ontario

God bless Cara's mother. I thought Shania Twain was the most beautiful woman from Canada. I stand corrected.

Jake Tatar
Savoy, Illinois

I'm proud to see a Canadian Playmate. It should remind you that your neighbors to the north know a beautiful girl when they see one.

Brandon McDonald
Brantford, Ontario

ARE WE HAVING SEX YET?

I've enjoyed James Petersen's "History of the Sexual Revolution" series and admire the depth of his research and his engaging writing style. But he lost it by saying that America might not have survived Clinton's removal from office (*Part X 1990–1999: Real Sex*, November). We've endured two world wars and the Depression and even had a president forced from office, and we have survived.

Jay Karamales
Vienna, Virginia

Petersen responds: What I said was that the country could not have survived Monicagate without Jay Leno's nightly monolog.

I've read every installment and found the series to be insightful and a great read. However, I take exception to the artwork chosen for *Tunes From the Nineties*. The Insane Clown Posse doesn't even register on the radar screen.

Adam Heinzmann
Frederick, Maryland

I found it disturbing that Petersen cast Bill Clinton as a martyr for the cause. I couldn't care less about the intern or Paula Jones, but is the president who swears to uphold the Constitution above the law? If you know Clinton will sell out every principle just to keep his sorry hide in office for just one more day, why do you treat him as a hero?

James Gillen
Las Vegas, Nevada

I was disappointed to see the negative characterization of both Judge Susan Webber Wright and Ken Starr. After all, the judge eventually found the president in contempt for lying under oath and misleading the lawyers. Petersen concludes that it was all about sex, but Wright said it was about lying and obstruction of justice.

Steven Bustamante
Pembroke Pines, Florida

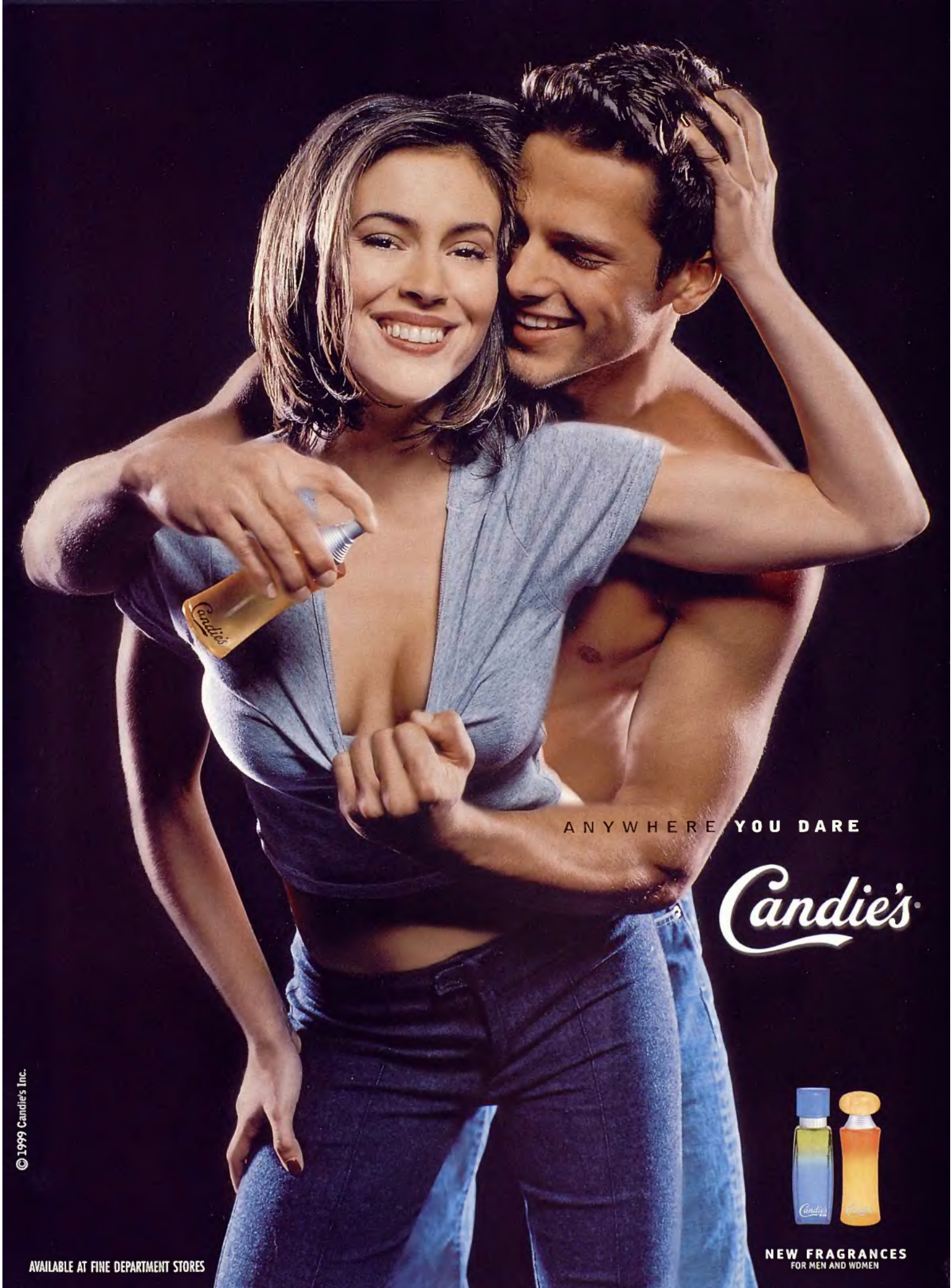
Petersen replies: Judge Wright was the legal giant who drafted, or agreed to, a definition of sex that excluded oral-genital contact. Clinton was caught—not in a lie but in an Alice-in-Wonderland-like semantic trap. Wright deserves contempt.

In the *Time Capsule* sidebar, you list the final appearances of Rat Packers Sammy Davis Jr. (1990) and Frank Sinatra (1998) but don't mention Dean Martin. The only final appearance you list for 1995 is Jonas Salk. This reader would love it if you could throw Dean a bone.

Delmo Walters Jr.
Bronx, New York

You list Jennifer Lopez, Evander Holyfield and Bill Clinton under the heading of "Who's Hot," but you forgot the music sensation of 1999—Ricky Martin.

Sharon West
Jersey City, New Jersey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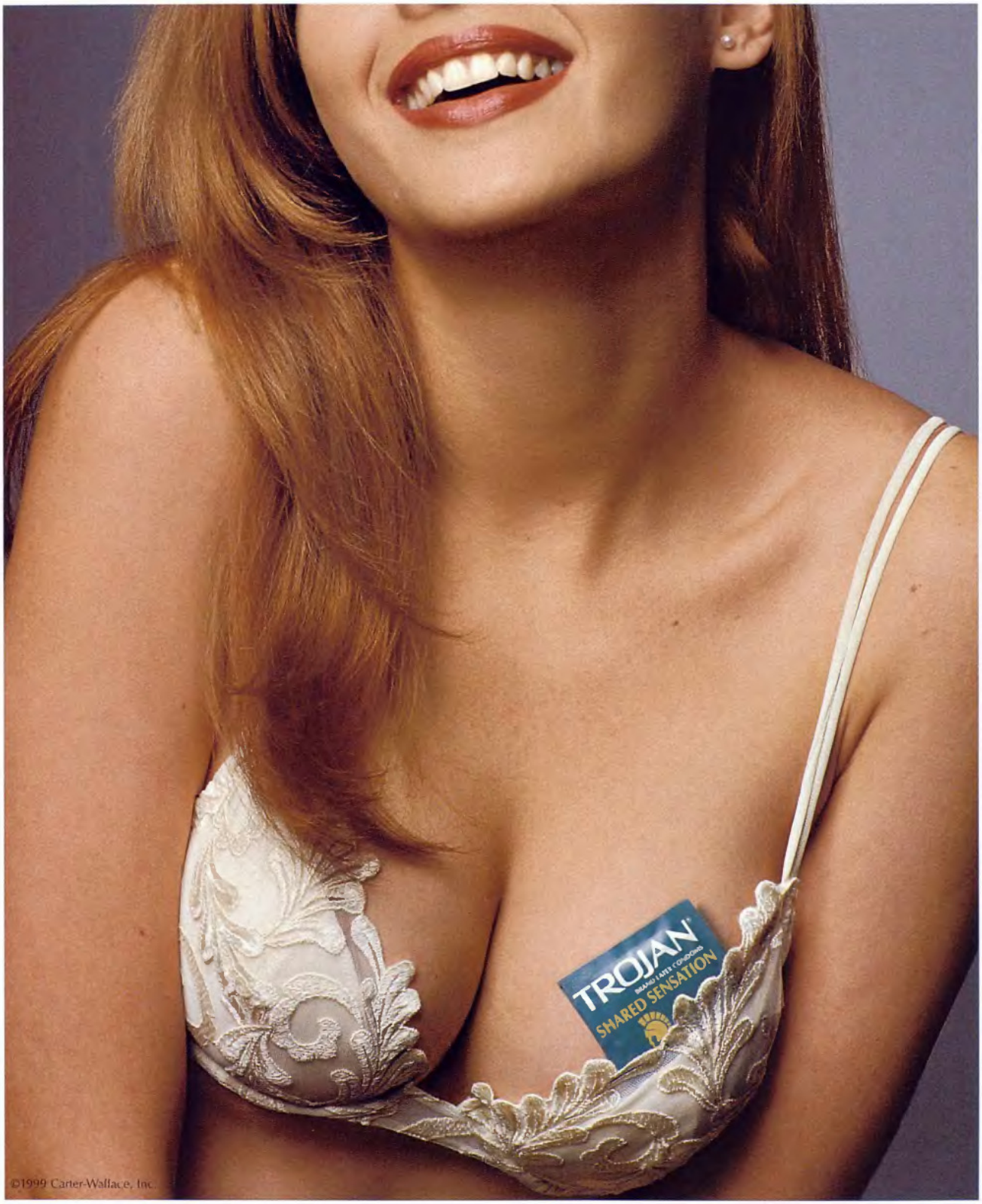

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PLAYBOY after hours

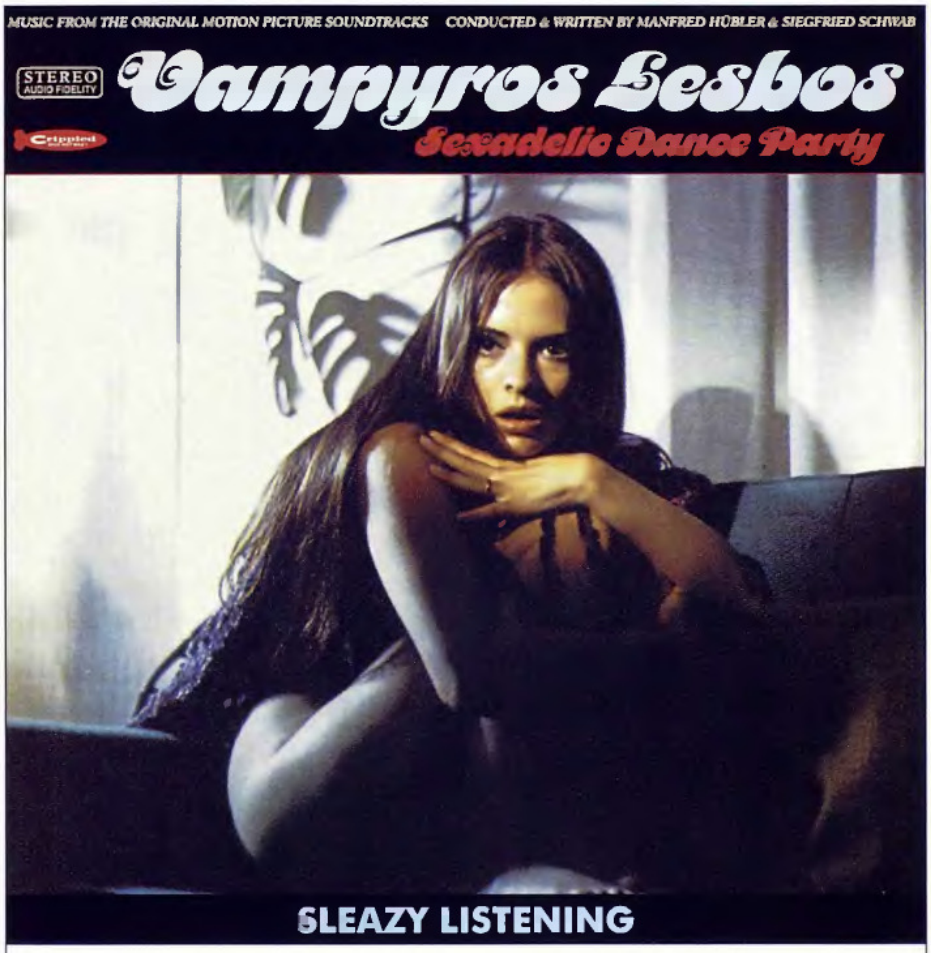
A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

DIAPER DANDIES

If kidnapping the opponent's mascot seems passé, diehard college football fans now have another way to dump on rival schools. They can outfit their children with Super Fan-nies, a new brand of diapers adorned with college sports logos. Super Fan-nies are gaining popularity in the South, where powerhouses such as Florida State, Oklahoma and Oklahoma State give pollsters a new method for judging who's number one and who's number two.

COOP DREAMS

Illustrator Chris "Coop" Cooper has made his mark on album covers, Dennis Rodman's arm and the web (www.coopstuff.com). His XXXL ladies have adorned concert posters for Nirvana and every beer drinker's favorite bond, the Urinals. Coop says he was inspired by his father's early PLAYBOYS. It shows.


MUSIC FROM THE ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACKS CONDUCTED & WRITTEN BY MANFRED HÜBLER & SIEGFRIED SCHWAB
STEREO AUDIO FIDELITY
Vampyros Lesbos
Sexadelic Dance Party
Crippled

SLEAZY LISTENING

The hot samples in DJ music these days come from European sexploitation flicks of the Sixties. The soundtrack from *Vampyros Lesbos* (dirty, bass-heavy R&B) was rediscovered by Crippled Dick Hot Wax (crippled.com). Weekly parties based on this erotic thriller are still going strong at New York's Bar XVI. You can finish your homework with *Schoolgirl Report* (Led Zeppelin meets Mancini) and *Beat at Cinecittà* volumes one to three (Italo porn-pop).

MAN EAT DOG WORLD

Jaded gourmands should take note of a new book that contains recipes for grilled bat, double-boiled deer's penis soup and earthworm patties. According to *Strange Foods: Bushmeat, Bats and Butterflies: An Epicurean Adventure Around the World* (Periplus Editions) by Jerry Hopkins, rat consumption is popular in some of the most elaborate cuisines, from Thai to Indian. Rats were called "household deer" in imperial China, while in 19th century France, rats were broiled with shallots as part of traditional feasts. Hungry for another morsel? *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, a best-selling bio of Jim Morrison, is Hopkins' most famous book. Seems like he could have used the same title here.

URBAN MYTH OF THE MONTH

With all the chain e-mails and bogus Internet stories in circulation, we make regular visits to the Urban Legends Reference Pages (snopes.com). One hot Valentine's Day myth actually began in the Forties (and a version was printed in *Playboy's Party Jokes* in 1964). It's the story of a guy who went to buy a pair of gloves for his girlfriend and brought her

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"If most of the people get most of their news from television, as polls continue to show, most of the people in the U.S. are inadequately informed and totally uninformed."
—WALTER CRONKITE

AP TEST

According to a survey by Campus Cruiser.com, percentage of first-year female college students who brought condoms with them the first week of school: 56. Percentage of male students who were equally expectant and prepared: 35.

FACT OF THE MONTH

At a recent Sotheby's auction of baseball memorabilia, Joe DiMaggio's signature on the first PLAYBOY cover (featuring Marilyn Monroe) sold for $40,250. Ty Cobb's dentures sold for $7475.

TUBE TIDE

Average number of episodes in a yearlong network television series: 22. Number of episodes per year in television's more generous past: 39.

MINT CONDITION

Cost for the U.S. Treasury to manufacture a quarter: 5 cents.

BILLIONS AND BILLIONS

Number of billionaires around the world: 465.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Approximate cost of a five-foot, ten-inch, 180-pound crash-test dummy: $100,000.

HEAVEN SENT

Number of people who have had their cremated ashes stuffed into rockets and launched into the night sky as a fireworks display by a company in San Diego: 27. Starting price for the pyrotechnic send-off: $3250. Cost per minute for a "Fourth of July–style" display: $1000.

BENNIES VS. BLOW JOBS

In a survey by Ikea, percentage of male office workers who have sex daily: 18. Percentage of men who work at home who have sex daily: 25.

THE EX-FILES

The approximate ratio of data lost through accidental deletions of files (the "whoops" factor) to data lost due to computer viruses: 30 to 1.

SILVER LINING

Value of a silver 1939 quarter left in a wallet that a Massachusetts man lost 52 years ago, which was recently found and returned to him: $100. Value of each of the three pennies also in the wallet: 40 cents.

INSIDE TIP

In a survey of doctors who perform circumcisions, the percentage of pediatricians who gave the patient local anesthesia: 71. Percentage of obstetricians who perform the procedure who gave the patient anesthesia: 25.

AND THAT'S NOT A GOOD THING

In a national survey of 423 men and women by Illuminations, a candle company, percentage who said they were stressed by watching the evening news: 27. Percentage who said they felt stressed out while watching *Martha Stewart Living*: 51.

STATE'S RIGHTS OF WAY

Number of states in which the federal government owns more than 50 percent of the land: 4 (Idaho, Nevada, Oregon and Utah).

FRIENDLY FIRE

In research conducted by the University of Delaware, number of mosquitoes that were fried by six ultraviolet-light bug zappers dangling in backyards near bodies of water: 18. Number of insects that were found in the research sample other than mosquitoes (the intended victims of the device): 13,740. —BETTY SCHAAL

ALESSI IS MORE

A condom ring embedded in a leather wollet is not the most elegant way to indicate you party safely. Alessi, the Italian design firm known for making everyday objects into art, introduces its Cohndom Box. One of our colleagues said it should come in three sizes: small, medium and Italian. Perhaps his eyes are bigger than his sopressata.

sister with him. He bought the gloves and she bought panties. The salesgirl gave each the wrong box. He unknowingly gave his girl the panties with the following note attached: "I chose these because I noticed that you are not in the habit of wearing any when we go out in the evening. If it had not been for your sister, I would have chosen the long ones with buttons, but she wears short ones that are easy to remove. These are a delicate shade, but the lady I bought them from showed me the pair she had been

OVER 5 BILLION SERVED

We've got mail! And you wouldn't believe the stuff the postman delivers. This cheeky photo, second in a series, lightened our mood this month and earned the title *Gone With the Wind, Pt. II.*

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Sweepstakes entries must be received by July 7, 2000.
See back of magazine for official rules.

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wearing for the past three weeks and they were hardly soiled. I had her try yours on for me and she looked really smart. I wish I were there to put them on you for the first time, as no doubt other hands will come in contact with them before I have a chance to see you again. When you take them off, remember to blow in them before putting them away as they will naturally be a little damp from wearing. Just think how many times I will kiss them during the coming year. I hope you will wear them for me on Friday night. All my Love, XOXO. P.S. The style is to wear them folded down with a little fur showing."

THE TIP SHEET

Rumors.com: Gossip, video clips, behind-the-scenes news. Internet hype can boost (*Sleepy Hollow*) or slam (*Mission: Impossible 2*) movies before their release. Top sites: Ain't It Cool News, Mr. Showbiz, Hollywood Stock Exchange.

Getting a Hillary: Same as getting a Lewinsky but with bite. Yankees hat optional.

Guys named Hitler: A dozen listings for Hitlers in the e-mail white pages and none with fond memories of the school playground.

Sex Toy Party: Today's version of a Tupperware party, popular in the South (e.g., Nashville). This time it's not the lid but your mom who makes those burping sounds.

The Figure Eight: The number of the month. Also the pattern in which a woman's breasts move when she runs.

White Trash Wins Lotto: The Axl Rose story, onstage and put to music in Los Angeles, has theatergoers GNR-ing from ear to ear.

Three-quarter-length pants for men: A hem. Give them back to your girlfriend.

Vitamin C vs. Vitamin C: Unknown g-funk rapper on a positive tip versus tangy blonde poptress with hot-selling release. Sorry, dude, we'll take the girl.

Drum and Bass: According to Buddha Monk in *Rolling Stone*, a whole new sound, invented by Wu-Tang's ODB as he recorded a track of his hit CD *Nigga Please* while fucking a girl in the ass and banging her head against a drum.

The Dead Parrot Sketch: South Park guys will reanimate Monty Python classic. Oh my God, they killed birdie.

Silvia Saint: Angel-faced porn star with devilish ways.

David Bowie as David Spade's long-lost father: Nice hair, guys. Two words: Cut it.

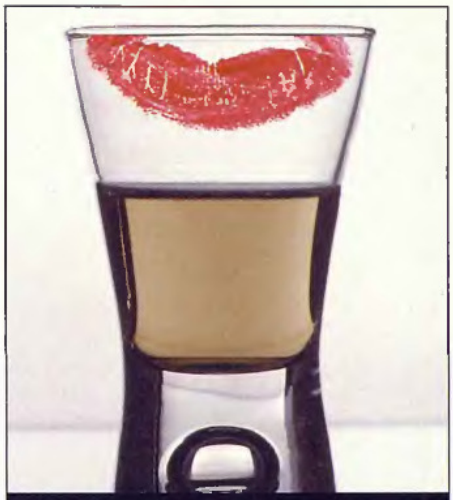
Cruelty-free condoms: The Vegan Society has given the green light to a line of condoms made without the milk protein casein.

BIG HAIR AND NOW

After alternative rock and gangsta rap, there's growing nostalgia for the days of big hair, big tits and heavy metal. Every month Los Angeles' Key Club hosts a retro-decadent Miss Gazzarri Bikini Contest that recalls a time when late club-owner Bill Gazzarri and Van Halen ruled the Strip. So far, rockosauri like

BABE OF THE MONTH

Rebecca Romijn-Stamos has a name that's easy to mispronounce (it's "romaine," like the lettuce) and a physical presence that's impossible to ignore. The 27-year-old has raised male temperatures globally with her sexy *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit pictorials. But it's her oddball sense of humor (she claims models are "genetic freaks") that got the MTV *House of Style* host comic stints on shows like *Just Shoot Me*. Notorious for having Dennis Rodman's hands painted on her breasts on the cover of GQ, she will amaze again in blue body paint for this summer's *X-Men*.



HOW TO ASK FOR A BLOW JOB

You can just blurt it out. Especially when you're in a bar. And if the waitress doesn't know how to accommodate you, you can give her the details. Here are some drinks with names that promise more than any alcohol can deliver.

Blow Job
There are several variations. Our favorite is equal parts Kahlúa, Baileys Original Irish Cream and Stolichnaya, topped with whipped cream and served in a large shot glass. Imbiber must use only the mouth to pick up the drink. Use of hands degrades the drink to a Hand Job.

Muff Diver
Jigger each of crème de cacao and cream. Juice of one lime and one lemon. Shake well with a firm grip—fast, but not too fast.

Pink Pussy
One ounce Campari, one ounce peach brandy, four to six ounces bitter lemon soda and ice. Combine and stir well.

Royal Screw
Two ounces cognac, two ounces orange juice. Combine with ice in a glass, then fill with champagne.

Screaming Orgasm
This one may take a while. Half an ounce each of Baileys Original Irish Cream and vodka, one ounce Kahlúa. Combine in a shaker with ice. Shake and strain into a glass.

Italian Stallion
Ounce of Galliano, ounce of crème de banana, two ounces heavy cream. Blend with crushed ice. Pour into a wineglass. Be prepared to hurl.

Slaughter and LA Guns have headlined while young vixens in bikinis (or less) pranced around onstage. Notable past judges include Slash and Motörhead's Lemmy. The skin-and-noise fest draws quite the crowd. "I don't know if hair bands are coming back or if the stigma is subsiding, but it's about time," says Warrant's Jani Lane. "I mean, at least we didn't kill anybody."

END PAGES

It's an appreciation of irony that obliges us to point out that *Success* magazine has filed for bankruptcy under Chapter 11. Note to the guys at *Men's Health*: Make sure your Blue Cross is paid up.

CRACK US UP

These undies are the brainchild of lingerie designer Janine Rose; her company, Passion Bait, makes and sells them. They're called Crack. Not since Vikki Dougan's dorsally low-cut gown has butt cleavage been so nicely showcased. Rose's catalog gives a nod to those forbidden erotic works published in Paris in the Traveler's Companion Series. Take a bow, Janine, especially if you're wearing these.

EAT TUNGSTEN, COPPER!

The U.S. Army has come up with an ecologically friendly green bullet. The core slug is not made of lead, which is a toxic pollutant. Instead, it's made of tungsten, which is—that gaping exit wound notwithstanding—more environmentally sound.

WATER WORLD

When Progressive Watercraft Insurance asked boat owners to name the most important motion picture of the past century, the top two choices were *The Poseidon Adventure* and *Titanic*.

BOTTOMS UP

Majestic Brewing, a microbrewery in Louisville, Colorado, now offers Anu, a light, golden, lo-cal ale created expressly for women. But didn't brewery bigs consider the idea of drinking more than one? Or maybe they thought women would be enchanted by an ad proclaiming, "Nothing says good times more than ice-cold Anus."

BUZZ CUP

An Indiana company has introduced a new soft drink called Bong Water. For anyone too naive or incapacitated to make the proper association, the 12-ounce bottles feature a picture of a skull and the slogan Stoned to the Bone. It comes in multiple flavors, including Sinsemilla and Original Chronic, and it is rumored to taste a hell of a lot better than the real viscous brown swill. But, like its namesake, Bong Water won't get you high. The true buzz comes from marketing. The company's head says Bong Water doesn't glorify drug use but serves as "a cool and satisfying alternative to participating in the drug culture."

TOUGH LOVE

In response to an increase in schoolyard violence, the American Psychological Association has compiled a list of warning signs for troubled teenagers. Among them are detailed plans to commit acts of violence, threats to hurt others and possession of a weapon. Funny, we know families with teens and we're sure that these behaviors more accurately describe the parents.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CYBERGIRLS

New virtual models Webbie Tookay (pictured) and her rival, Kyoko Date, were designed to be attitude-free answers to today's fashion brats. Yeah, right. Just wait until they get their first gig.

The girls are already living it up. We'd give you their websites, but that would be nothing but trouble, man. Take it from those who know.

"Well, Lara Croft would rather watch Xena than party, but these girls attack a hard drive like the Melissa virus."
—Woody, *Toy Story*

"We're just friends."
—Buzz Lightyear

"$@#&! EEK!"
—Ms. Pac-Man

"We use the same cosmetic surgeon."
—Courtney Love

THE PLAYBOY SEX FUND (PSFX)

Stock	Price	P/E	EPS	Average daily volume	52-week range
America Online (AOL) Sex chat rooms	148½	215	$0.69	14.8 million	$22.63 – $175.50
Carter-Wallace (CAR) Trojan condoms	18	23	$0.78	36,000	$15.50 – $19.69
ConAgra (CAG) Whipped cream	24⅞	33	$0.73	937,000	$21.50 – $34.38
Hitachi (HIT) Magic Wand vibrator	124 13/16	n/a	-$9.65	46,000	$53.19 – $124.81
Intimate Brands (IBI) Lingerie	37 15/16	24	$1.60	742,000	$23.04 – $52.38
Johnson & Johnson (JNJ) K-Y jelly	103¾	41	$2.52	2.6 million	$76.19 – $106.69
Pfizer (PFE) Viagra	35⅛	54	$0.65	15.7 million	$31.54 – $50.04
Playboy (PLA) Entertainment for men	21 11/16	73	$0.30	76,000	$13.75 – $36.13
Sara Lee (SLE) Wonderbra	26¼	22	$1.18	1.6 million	$21.19 – $30.69
Sony (SNE) Sinatra albums	176½	47	$3.72	150,000	$65.50 – $177.25

Invest about $10,000 among ten companies that depend to varying degrees on the state of sex in America. Where does it take you? As in bed, our strategy is to hold. You can track the PSFX at playboyinvestor.com, and we'll update you here in a few months.

DATA CURRENT AS OF NOVEMBER 12, 1999

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ROCK

ADAM DURITZ has held Counting Crows together for a fine fourth album, ***This Desert Life*** (DGC), and it might be the best album of the Crows' career. Their sound hasn't changed much. It's still a modern folk-rock blend that's by turns yearning (*I Wish I Was a Girl*) and exuberant. On *Mrs. Potter's Lullaby*, Duritz even seems to locate the perfect midpoint between Bob Dylan and Michael Stipe. This giddy stream of pleasures is also funny, funky, rocking and ranting. —DAVE MARSH

Run Devil Run (Capitol) is Paul McCartney's first record since Linda's death in 1998. It's also the best rock-and-roll record he's made since leaving the Beatles. Eschewing his usual slick pop approach, Paul gets back to his roots with a dozen relatively obscure early rockers by Elvis, Chuck Berry and Little Richard, plus three originals that blend in perfectly. McCartney belts out *All Shook Up* and the others with the zest of *I Saw Her Standing There* and *I'm Down*. Like the great R&B and gospel singers who inspired him, Paul shouts down the demons that haunt him. It's not surprising that he chokes up a bit on songs of loss like Ricky Nelson's *Lonesome Town*. What's truly moving is how his grief bleeds through on the harder-rocking numbers. When he wails, "I'm not giving in, I'm going to party" on the final cut, he sounds both vulnerable and brave.

Now that Little Steven is back playing guitar in the E Street Band, you'd expect his latest solo album to be another tribute to all things Bruce. It's not. ***Born Again Savage*** (Renegade Nation) sounds more like Dylan backed by early AC-DC with lyrics by Deepak Chopra. It's totally weird and sometimes wonderful. And it sure does rock. —VIC GARBARINI

Since 1986, the Pet Shop Boys' saga has carried on with one exquisite album of tuneful, theoretical pop disco after another. Listeners who don't already know what a sly fellow dulcet-voiced singer-reciter-musicmeister Neil Tennant can be may find his current romantic professions a little soft. But those who've followed his progress from young *homme fatale* to brokenhearted adult will love the lead refrain of the luscious new ***Nightlife*** (Sire): "For your own good/Call me tonight." They'll feel the rueful pain of self-explanatory titles like *You Only Tell Me You Love Me When You're Drunk* and *Happiness Is an Option*.

On their first major-label release, the multihit ***Enema of the State*** (MCA), Blink 182 proves for the dozenth time that reports of punk's death have been greatly exaggerated. Wrecking relationships with adolescent high jinks and running away from anyone who comes on strong, the band also demonstrates more forcefully than any predecessor how scared of girls punks are beneath the faux-macho bluster. Tuneful and educational.

DAVID COWLES

Counting Crows: *Desert Life*.

Crows, Roots, Pet Shop Boys and a mess of blues.

Charlie Burton is an ex-journalist turned ex-alcoholic who's been writing hilarious songs for a basic rock-and-roll band since the Seventies. ***One Man's Trash*** (Bulldog, 1514 Richcreek Rd., Austin, TX 78757) showcases the best of them, including *Breathe for Me, Presley*, an early Dr. Nick tribute. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

HIP-HOP

A live hip-hop album may seem a contradiction in terms, since so much contemporary hip-hop performance is simply an MC rhyming over a prerecorded DAT. But the Roots are a wonderful exception. An innovative and road-tested blend of beats, verbal skills and live instrumentation (drums, keyboards, bass, guitar) distinguish this Philadelphia-based aggregation. There are no big radio hits on the satisfying ***Come Alive*** (MCA), but there are plenty of Roots staples culled from four previous albums—and an understanding of grooves that most young R&B bands can't match. Ahmir Thompson, the drummer and creative force behind the Roots, is a sublime musician whose sense of rhythm and ear for funky arrangement influence this 21-cut collection. Along with the live material, there are several studio cuts. The best of the bunch is *What You Want*, a radio-friendly R&B–hip-hop hybrid that may earn this seven-member group the mass exposure it deserves.

Since D'Angelo broke big a few years ago, many young soul men have been trying to follow his lead. The results have been either too contrived or too slick. On ***Country Boy*** (Universal), Calvin Richardson does his best to make his mark. And though he doesn't quite accomplish that, Richardson has real macho soul chops and a plainspoken Southern attitude. Like a lot of current R&B albums, many of the songs here seem more like excuses for moaning than real compositions. But Richardson gets as gutbucket as the Nineties could be. Try the title track, *Vibe*, and a duet with K-Ci Hailey on *I'll Take Her* to see if you like this country flavor. —NELSON GEORGE

There isn't a more beautifully written set of lyrics around than on ***Rux Revue*** (Sony), the debut album by Carl Hancock Rux. Rux is a poet. But he's also interested in his musical accompaniment, and while his deep voice will recall Gil Scott-Heron, that isn't his only reference point. Particularly on *Asphalt Yards*, Rux evokes the Lou Rawls of *Dead End Street*. Elsewhere, he connects with the blues, and *Miguel* shows that his use of Latin accents is the product not of faddishness but of affinity. *No Black Male Show* is a great critique of hip-hop that would make Chuck D proud. —DAVE MARSH

BLUES

Joe Louis Walker brings a lot of enthusiasm and very little ego to ***Silvertone Blues*** (Blue Thumb/Verve). Befitting a man who started in the blues, converted to gospel and then went back to the blues, Walker has a deep concern with temptation, swearing to reform his ways with the desperation of a man who wants to be believed more than he wants to change. He's conscious of that distinction and uses it as a source of humor, swearing to eliminate his vices ("I'm gonna quit my cussin' and scandalizin' too/Tell all these outside women what I'm gonna do"). But James Cotton's harmonica beckons in another direction. There are several great sidemen here besides Cotton, including Alvin Youngblood Hart on guitar and Kenny "Blues Boss" Wayne on piano. On this mostly acoustic album everyone gets time to show off his expertise. The main appeal, though, is Walker. His exuberant guitar playing and blasting rasp (he has moments when he seems to be channeling Howlin' Wolf) will bring converts, whether he's pushing vice or virtue. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

FOLK

The ***Very Best of Tom Rush: No Regrets*** (Columbia/Legacy) is an ear-opening anthology by one of the great talents of the early-Sixties folk movement. Rush has a resonant, friendly voice that welcomes the listener into songs that vary widely in mood and cultural influence. He believes in the power of lyrics (you can understand every syllable) and communicates that power without an ounce of pretension. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

REISSUES

Sony Music 100 Years: Soundtrack for a Century (Sony) is a 26-CD collection covering every musical genre from ragtime to rap and includes a 300-page hardbound book of essays. As the oldest and most wide-ranging record company of the 20th century, Sony (formerly CBS and Columbia) is the only label that could dream of making such a comprehensive overview work, and there's not a weak disc in the box. The set is divided into a dozen two-disc volumes (except for classical, which gets four). The sets, including Broadway, rock, country, R&B, jazz and pop, can also be purchased individually. What's the most impressive volume? *Jazz: The Definitive Performances* features most of the music's heaviest hitters, from Armstrong and Duke to Miles and the Marsalis brothers. —VIC GARBARINI

COUNTRY

There's at least one moment in every good country song that turns you inside out. Buddy Miller's ***Cruel Moon*** (Hightone) renders such moments. He sings like a howling hound, which adds to his measured guitar playing shaped by Fifties Ray Charles–Bobby Bland R&B. The vessels for his dark musical journey include the wrangly rural blues of *Does My Ring Burn Your Finger*, a neorockabilly take on the old Gene Pitney hit *I'm Gonna Be Strong* and a stark version of Steve Earle's *I'm Not Getting Better at Goodbye*. Emmylou Harris' voice also adds deliberate, mournful phrasing to the title track. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

CLASSICAL

Mahler isn't a name that is typically associated with jazz or Levantine music. Yet on ***Gustav Mahler in Toblack*** (Winter & Winter) pianist Uri Caine does a bang-up job interpreting the composer in a variety of music forms. This is neither strictly classical nor strictly jazz. It's amazing ensemble music that defies category. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

WOMAN, YOU'RE STILL A GIRL DEPARTMENT: There are currently half a dozen different **Britney Spears** dolls on the market. Some resemble her in her videos, others as she performs in concert. Do the accessories include a plastic surgeon?

REELING AND ROCKING: **Laurence Fishburne's** directorial debut, *Once in the Life*, will feature a soundtrack with music by **Lenny Kravitz, Macy Gray** and **Branford Marsalis,** among others. . . . Ex–**Duran Duran** member **John Taylor** will appear in **Allison Anders'** next movie as a washed-up Eighties rock star. He's already proved he can play one (in the movie *Sugar Town*). Also look for **Liam Gallagher** to play an evil Internet downloader. . . . Wu International, **Wu-Tang Clan's** production company, has optioned a music-based urban drama, *Trife Life*, which follows two Brooklyn guys looking for fame and fortune in hip-hop. . . . Look for **Q-Tip** in *Prison Song*, which he co-wrote. . . . **Chad Lowe** will play **John Denver** in a TV movie on CBS.

NEWSBREAKS: Former *Creem* staff photographer **Robert Matheu's** photo exhibit closed in LA, but look for images taken from his album and magazine cover art at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in the spring. . . . The **Stones** aren't planning to return to the road until 2001. . . . **Chumbawamba** set up their own studio in Yorkshire, called Shabbey Road (clever), and are working on a rockumentary. Still, they're in no hurry to follow up *Tubthumping*. . . . **Doors** biographer **Danny Sugarman** says a discovery of more than 20 good-quality recordings of Doors concerts means there may be a series of live releases this year, possibly from an Internet-based company started by the surviving members of the band. . . . Two entrepreneurs in Chicago have patterned their new company, Fresh Tracks, after Beers Across America. For $14.95 a month, Fresh Tracks will send you two full-length CDs from two bands making a move toward the national music scene. . . . An all-star rendition of the Stones' *It's Only Rock and Roll* is the BBC's millennium celebration theme. **Annie Lennox, Jon Bon Jovi, James Brown,** the **Spice Girls, Chrissie Hynde** and **Fun Lovin' Criminals,** among others, have each recorded a line from the song, which will be sold as a single (with the proceeds going to a children's charity). Naturally, there are those who think it's an inappropriate way to mark the birth of **Christ,** but we salute the BBC for being so much cooler than PBS. . . . **Blues Traveler** says the band will stay together and release a new album despite **Bobby Sheehan's** death and **John Popper's** solo work. . . . **Diana Ross'** VIP concert for BET Entertainment will be shown for Black History Month. . . . **Madonna** will speak on image and reality to students at Cambridge University in England. The talk is not open to the public and was arranged by a history prof who felt this was a subject right up Madonna's alley. . . . **Celine Dion's** autobiography, *All the Way*, will be published in the fall, to coincide with the release of a new album of the same name. . . . **Korn's** performance at Harlem's legendary Apollo Theater was so successful that other rockers are being considered. . . . Lastly, MCA released *White Trash Wins Lotto*, the original cast recording of the musical about the rise and fall of **Axl Rose.** The show, which played to sold-out crowds in Los Angeles, follows Rose from obscurity to fame to a breakdown at **Jim Morrison's** grave. In between, a cast of music biz predators offer their pithy observations. —BARBARA NELLIS

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Counting Crows *This Desert Life*	5	6	5	9	6
Paul McCartney *Run Devil Run*	8	9	7	8	9
Pet Shop Boys *Nightlife*	8	6	7	7	6
Roots *Come Alive*	7	7	9	7	8
Joe Louis Walker *Silvertone Blues*	7	8	8	6	9

THEN AND NOW: 100 YEARS ON THE GEAR TRAIL

How far have tech toys evolved over the past 100 years? In the early 20th century, the primo visual home entertainment product was the magic lantern, a device resembling a stovepipe that projected static black-and-white images of Punch and Judy or the Grand Canyon on a white wall. In the Forties, black-and-white TVs tuned in to 12 channels (though no city had more than three) on a seven-inch fishbowl-shaped screen. Nowadays, every single goose bump shows. We can hang a three-inch-thick television on the wall like art or use video projectors, such as Sony's UPL-VW10HT ($6990), to fill a 200-inch screen with spectacularly realistic (movie-grade) images from DVDs, small-dish satellites and high-definition broadcasts. By 2006, we'll all be watching digital TV, as dictated by the FCC. • Americans first tuned in to radio in the early Twenties, but dialing up one particular station on the Aeriola Sr. Receiver by Westinghouse took an engineering degree. The machine had separate adjustment knobs for filament, rheostat, tickler and tuner. For the best reception, the gadget required a 50- to 150-foot antenna, which had to be mounted 25 to 50 feet off the ground with a clamp connection to a cold water pipe. In the early Fifties, Regency introduced to the nation the first all-transistor AM radio, reducing the load to a portable package you could slip into a pocket. By 2001, Americans will be introduced to new breeds of super-fi digital radios—200-channel services (some pay, some free) that will deliver only the music and information you want. Digital radio will be broadcast both by satellite and via AM and FM wavelengths to receiving antennas the size of a Krispy Kreme donut. • The first wireless remote control, Zenith's Space Commander, was introduced in the Fifties. It had two buttons—one to roll through the channels, the other for cycling through off and on buttons and volume and mute. Today, Harman Kardon's Take Control Touchscreen System Controller ($350) lets you ride herd over more than a dozen components, and it can be programmed to trigger a full complement of show-starting audio and video commands with the push of a single button. In the not-so-distant future, we'll be channel surfing by way of voice command. Speak "MTV" to the set and *The Real World: Mars* will fill the screen. • The earliest long-play audio recorders laid down magnetic impulses on a spool of thin (and easily broken) wire. Paper-backed magnetic tape, developed in Third Reich Germany (and reportedly exploited by the Nazis so the Führer could seemingly be speaking on the radio in Frankfurt while actually hunkered down in a bunker elsewhere), lifted the fidelity plateau just after World War II. Today's top-notch recording mediums include CDs, minidiscs and solid-state memory chips, which don't move a millimeter and are great for nabbing music off the Internet. Next up: recordable DVDs, which will store both audio and video. • In 1979, if you were up to toting 50-plus pounds of gear around, you could record about 30 minutes of color video and sound on Panasonic's PK200 camera and PV2200 recorder before the battery pooped out. Today, Mini-DV camcorders from Panasonic, Sony, JVC and Sharp ($1000 and up) weigh slightly more than a pound yet capture two hours of your most intimate moments before the power gives out. The future of video recording? Digital Video cameras that fit in your wallet and cost less than dinner at McDonald's. OK, maybe the distant future. —JONATHAN TAKIFF

AMANDA DUFFY (2)

GAMES OF THE MONTH

Seventies rock gods Kiss and Ted Nugent have traded the stage for the computer screen in two new video games. The Nuge shares his power-baw passion in **Ted Nugent Wild Hunting Adventure,** a simulation that lets you stalk buffalo, boar and even grizzly bear on an outdaar expeditian with Uncle Ted himself. Kiss **Psycho Circus: The Nightmare Child** is a spin-off af Tadd McFarlane's Kiss-inspired comic baak. The game lets you assume each band member's persona on a quest ta defeat a creature bent an destraying mankind. Use your platfarm boats ta kick his evil ass.

—JASON BUHRMESTER

WILD THINGS

If you're considering trading in your Motorola StarTAC cell phone (right) for a newfangled model that stores your schedule, contacts and to-do lists, first check aut the clipOn Organizer. This $300 gadget fram Motorola and Starfish attaches ta the back of the StarTAC, praviding quick access ta all the aforementianed infarmation on a liquid-crystal display that's easy an the eyes. Especially cool is the clipOn's ability to dial numbers directly fram the phone directary with the touch of a single button. • The major limitation af tuning in ta radio statians via the Internet? Yau have ta sit in front af your PC speakers to hear the braadcasts—that is, unless you have Inhouse Radia Netwarks' new Radio Webcaster. This wish-we-had-thaught-af-it product connects to a computer's sound card and transmits an audio signal to nearby FM radios or tuners (at a range similar ta standard cardless phones). The software bundled with the Radia Webcaster contains thausands af anline radia station baakmarks, with the ability ta add hundreds mare with the click af a mouse. Another banus: The transmitter can also send out MP3 files ar CD music played an yaur PC. The price: $149. —MARC SALTZMAN

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 157.

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THE WORLD IN YOUR WINEGLASS

The best restaurant wine lists aren't necessarily the biggest or the most expensive, according to wine journalists in major cities. London's Jancis Robinson, wine columnist for the *Financial Times*, singles out Ransome's Dock (35-37 Parkgate Rd. SW 11) for its ever-changing lineup of reasonably priced wines from around the globe. Bruce Cass, general editor of *The Oxford Companion to the Wines of North America*, says San Francisco's Eos (901 Cole St.) is a great place to discover new selections from small producers. *Los Angeles Times* syndicate wine writer Dan Berger applauds LA's Campanile (624 S. La Brea Ave.) for specializing in rare California wines from boutique producers, but adds that Valentino (3115 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica) has "one of the most amazing cellars anywhere." John Mariani, author of *The Encyclopedia of American Food and Drink* and a contributor to PLAYBOY, likes Manhattan's Veritas (43 E. 20th St.) for its 60,000-bottle cellar, which includes an excellent choice of half bottles. Patrick Fegan, wine columnist for the *Chicago Tribune*, cites Vivere (71 W. Monroe St.) for its Italian selections but prefers the modestly priced (mostly French) wine list at Kiki's Bistro (900 N. Franklin St.). According to John Rossant, *Business Week*'s regional editor for Europe, one of the finest wine lists in Rome can be found at Checchino dal 1887 (30 Via Monte Testaccio). Viridiana (14 Calle Juan de Mena) is the place to go in Madrid for a broad selection of everything from California cabernets to fine Spanish wines such as Vega Sicilia, sometimes at lower-than-retail prices, says Victor de la Serna, deputy editor of *El Mundo*. François Simon, food critic for *Le Figaro*, picks the Parisian restaurant Lucas Carton (9 Place de la Madeleine, 8th arron.) because Chef Alain Senderens is dedicated "to achieving the ideal marriage between wine and food."

—ANNE SPISELMAN

NIGHT MOVES: ASPEN

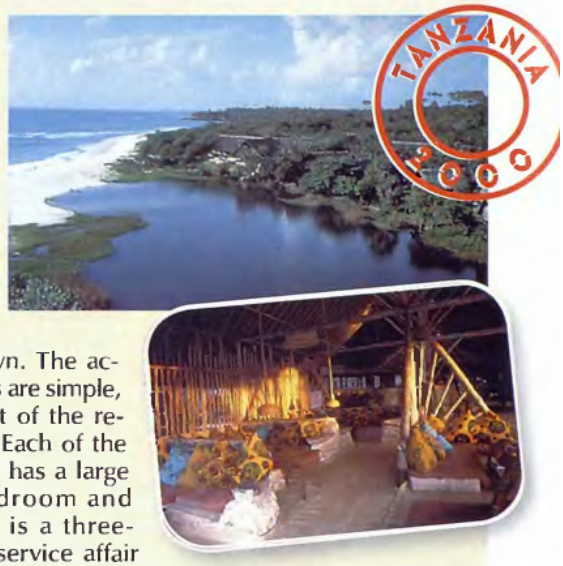
Few resorts rival Aspen for skiing, and none can touch its nightlife. Après-ski socializing begins early at the bar in the Little Nell, the town's premiere hotel (675 E. Durant Ave.). Then head to another leading hotel, the Jerome (330 E. Main St.), for a second round in the Library bar (there are great stogies in the humidor). Across the street at 303 E. Main is Matsuhisa, sister restaurant to chef Nobu Matsuhisa's establishments in New York and Los Angeles. Order the *omakase* (chef's choice) tasting menu, which includes six to eight courses of such Japanese cuisine as tempura crab claws and jalapeño yellowtail tuna. (Expect to pay $90 to $120 per person for the experience.) Or try the recently opened Olives of Aspen (315 E. Dean St.), a spin-off of the famous Boston eatery, for Mediterranean cuisine. The dining room in the Little Nell is also considered one of the best restaurants in town. Aspen's two top private clubs offer temporary memberships. Club 426 (426 E. Hyman Ave.) is modern and minimalist (short-term membership is $400 a week). The Caribou Club (471 E. Hopkins Ave.) is old-line and comfy (a week's membership is $375 to $1000, depending on the season). For something less expensive: live music at the Double Diamond (450 S. Galena St.), a ski town roadhouse.

—LARRY OLMSTED

GREAT ESCAPE

RAS KUTANI

If you're into conga lines and other standard sun fun, Ras Kutani is probably not for you. Situated 18 miles south of Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, this resort on the Indian Ocean is an exotic marriage of pristine beaches and laid-back luxury, framed by a tropical forest and set against a freshwater lagoon. You can snorkel, windsurf or just relax at Ras Kutani after going on safari, but travelers have also discovered it as a prime African destination on its own. The accommodations are simple, but that's part of the resort's charm: Each of the 12 bungalows has a large veranda, bedroom and bath. Dinner is a three-course silver-service affair that includes the cuisines of Europe, India, Africa and Arabia. Add gin-clear water, empty beaches and hammocks galore and say goodbye to stress. Price: $195 per person, per night, double occupancy, including meals.



—DAVID STEVENS

ROADSTUFF

Paxton Quigley's Safe-Sipper (pictured below) is an easy-to-tote 24-ounce bottle fitted with a carbon filter that eliminates bacteria, toxic chemicals and heavy metals from water. Price: $29.95, including a four-ounce cup and a carrying strap. • Want to know all about the secret world of second passports, how to get a refund on a nonrefundable ticket, the hidden costs in corporate car rental rates and other travel information that you won't find in Fodor's? Subscribe to *Travel Confidential*, a 16-page monthly newsletter that describes itself as a Cliffs Notes for travelers. Price: $59 a year. • Hang Minox' Windwatch around your neck and you'll get a readout on wind speed, temperature and wind-chill factor within seconds. The gizmo weighs only 1.6 ounces, and once word gets out on the slopes that you know your Celsius from your Fahrenheit, watch for the snow bunnies. Price: about $110. • The latest title in the softcover Travelers' Tales Guides series is *The Adventure of Food*, "true tales of eating everything" by such authors as Jan Morris ("Since I Became a Gastronome") and Jonathan Raban ("The Season of Squirrel"). Great road reading for $17.95.

—D.S.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 157

movies

By LEONARD MALTIN

THE GIFTED Kate Winslet gives a naked performance—in every sense of the word—in Jane Campion's newest film, ***Holy Smoke*** (Miramax). As in all of Campion's work, sexual politics play an important role, which means one's gender may have something to do with one's reaction. But I don't think men or women will easily accept Harvey Keitel's character, an esteemed cult deprogrammer who takes on Winslet as his 190th case. She has fallen under the spell of a guru during a trip to India and is preparing to marry him—until her family intervenes. Although Keitel goes to work reluctantly without an assistant, he so quickly falls prey to Winslet's table-turning mind games (and sexual come-ons) that it's impossible to believe he has any professional skills whatsoever. Not that the film is a total fizzle: Jane and her sister, screenwriter Anna Campion, provide enough layers and quirky humor to keep the audience hooked. But if Winslet is truly Keitel's 190th case, I shudder to think what the other 189 were like. ¥¥½

•

Some people might describe ***The Cider House Rules*** (Miramax) as old-fashioned, but that should be taken as a compliment, not a complaint. It's built on a foundation of expansive storytelling—as befits a movie based on a novel—and adapted by its author, John Irving. Lasse (*My Life as a Dog*) Hallström is the ideal director to bring this work to life, and in his collaboration with Irving and cinematographer Oliver Stapleton he captures both the individuality of the characters and the constancy of the world in which they live. Set in Maine during the Forties, *Cider House* introduces us to Dr. Larch (marvelously played by Michael Caine), an eccentric man who runs an isolated orphanage as if it were his own private world. Homer Wells is his "chosen one," and as the parentless boy grows to be a young man (Tobey Maguire), he's torn between fulfilling his destiny at the orphanage and exploring the world outside. When he chooses the latter, the doctor is unforgiving, but Homer finds adventure in his first real job as an apple picker (under migrant boss Delroy Lindo) and in his first sexual encounter (with Charlize Theron). *Cider House Rules* takes its time, but earns our involvement at every step. ¥¥¥¥

Winslet and Keitel: Smoked.

Novels into film, sexual politics, backstreet drama.

•

The End of the Affair (Columbia) wears its literary pedigree on its sleeve. Only a writer as skillful as Graham Greene, and a filmmaker as gifted as Neil Jordan, could spin a tale of love, guilt and bitterness as juicy as this one. The story is told by Ralph Fiennes' character as "a diary of hate," looking back on his affair with the wife of a friend (Stephen Rea), a stuffy bureaucrat. His relationship with the woman (a radiant Julianne Moore) is passionate, but ends abruptly; both he and we in the audience learn the ironic reason through flashbacks. *The End of the Affair* is quietly absorbing, and reminiscent of an adult British drama of the Fifties—although its sexual frankness sets it quite apart from films of that vintage. ¥¥¥

•

The question is whether we really needed a biography of Andy Kaufman, the talented but twisted young man who rose to fame on *Saturday Night Live* and *Taxi* and then flamed out after teasing,

SOUND THOUGHTS ON SILENCE

Silence is golden, but it's also scarce in a movie audience. Not only does one have to contend with talkers in today's darkened theaters; now there seems to be no escape from verbal hucksterism. The Muzak-and-promotion "network" that plays in many theater-chain lobbies is even piped into rest rooms.

Silence is an equally rare commodity on-screen, which makes its occasional use all the more potent. David Lynch made artful use of it in *The Straight Story* to evoke the feel of the heartland. Bill Condon wanted to show how much quieter life was in the Fifties when he told the story of James Whale's later life in *Gods and Monsters*. Back in the Seventies, when Roman Polanski made *Chinatown* (which took place in the Los Angeles of the early Thirties), he followed Robert Towne's script note in one scene in which one can hear the buzzing of a fly. The one place silence never existed was in silent films. In this mesmerizing medium, music played a crucial and collaborative role. And while the number of full-time revival theaters has dwindled in recent years, the number of silent-film showings with live musical accompaniment has swelled. Such performances are now part of many cities' yearly cultural activities, and people who would seldom if ever attend a revival of a Thirties talkie find themselves drawn to the experience of a silent film with a full orchestra—or at the very least a piano or organ.

The Museum of Modern Art in New York City, where many film buffs and scholars (including me) got their basic training, is hosting a six-month celebration of silent films from its vast archive. The Silent Movie on Fairfax Avenue in Los Angeles recently reopened for its third incarnation since the Forties as a home to silents. The Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra is planning its 11th annual silent film gala in April, while the Silent Film Festival in San Francisco is gearing up for its fifth annual weekend-long event in July.

Silent-film aficionados make a pilgrimage every October to Italy for the Pordenone Silent Film Festival (*Le Giornate del Cinema Muto*), held for nearly 20 years in the charming town of Pordenone and recently transplanted to nearby Sacile. On my first trip to this festival several years ago, my daughter remarked on the wondrousness of the showing of Charlie Chaplin's *The Gold Rush*, accompanied by the Slovenian Symphony Orchestra. There, in a 1200-seat theater, enthusiasts from all over the world, speaking a variety of languages, were laughing as one at the same 70-year-old film.

That is the magic of silence. —L.M.

off camera

Turturro: Passionate diversity.

One could never accuse **John Turturro** of being in a rut. He's played everything from Groucho Marx to the voice of the hound from hell in *Summer of Sam*. But there is one common thread in his work: passion. It's certainly evident in such recent films as Tim Robbins' *Cradle Will Rock*, and Chuck Workman's *The Source*, in which he performs Allen Ginsberg's *Howl*.

Having worked repeatedly (and memorably) for filmmakers Spike Lee and Joel and Ethan Coen, Turturro has an interesting perspective about directing, based on his experiences with *Mac* and *Illuminata*. "You learn a lot about yourself," he says. "It's your own sensibility, and you don't really know what that is until you're allowed to pursue it. The two films I've made are very different, but they're connected; they're both about groups of people trying to put something together."

As for some of his more outlandish jobs, the voice of the hellhound came about because Spike Lee wanted him to do a part in *Summer of Sam* just when Turturro was aching for vacation time; he did the voice-over as a gesture of friendship. Playing the Groucho Marx role in the little-seen comedy *Brain Donors* (a remake of *A Night at the Opera*) was a challenge that Turturro met with surprising success. It's a favorite of his nine-year-old son.

When we spoke, the actor was on a break from filming *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* for the Coen brothers, which he describes as a comic musical version of Homer's epic poem *The Odyssey*. Now, what do you suppose Groucho would have made of that? —L.M.

goading and repelling his audiences. Yes, Jim Carrey is remarkable in his embodiment of Kaufman in ***Man on the Moon*** (Universal). But screenwriters Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski, who struck gold with their biopics of Ed Wood and Larry Flynt, can't make us care about Kaufman, nor can director Miloš Forman, who remains resolutely nonjudgmental. Andy Kaufman was very funny, but he was also a very sick man; skillful filmmaking can't turn Kaufman's life into an appealing subject for a screen biography. ¥¥

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The great British director Mike (*Secrets and Lies*, *Life Is Sweet*) Leigh has made a left turn and fashioned a meticulous film about the immortal Gilbert and Sullivan, ***Topsy-Turvy*** (USA). With the incomparable Jim Broadbent as curmudgeonly librettist W.S. Gilbert and Allan Corduner as puckish composer Sir Arthur Sullivan, this leisurely film begins at their artistic crossroads and climaxes with the creation of *The Mikado*. The attention to period detail is breathtaking, but, as you'd expect from Leigh, there is equal concern with personal minutiae. Whether it's the bittersweet relationship between Gilbert and his wife (Lesley Manville) or the gentlemanly manner in which the D'Oyly Carte theater troupe is run, the accumulation of details and observations makes *Topsy-Turvy* a treat to watch. The re-creation of rehearsals for *The Mikado* as first performed at the Savoy Theater in 1885, with Timothy Spall in the title role, is alone worth the price of admission. ¥¥¥

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It isn't often that a film offers a truly original story unconnected to any trend or genre. Agnieszka Holland's ***The Third Miracle*** (Sony Pictures Classics), based on the novel by Richard Vetere, deals with a priest who is assigned to investigate a supposed miracle in a working-class Midwestern neighborhood. The priest (played by the rock-solid Ed Harris) is having his own spiritual crisis and moves warily into the community, where he meets the daughter (Anne Heche) of a woman up for canonization. He learns that the woman was beloved in her church parish, and the congregation is convinced that she was a saint. As the priest prepares a case for Vatican review, his own faith—and unconventional behavior—are called into question, especially by a rigid archbishop (Armin Mueller-Stahl) from Europe. With full-bodied characters and a story that's laced with nuance and surprise, *Third Miracle* is a completely absorbing and challenging adult drama. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by leonard maltin

The Cider House Rules (See review) John Irving's sprawling coming-of-age novel is beautifully realized; with Tobey Maguire, Charlize Theron and Michael Caine. ¥¥¥¥

The End of the Affair (See review) Ralph Fiennes, Julianne Moore and Stephen Rea star in a cerebral story of passion based on a Graham Greene novel. ¥¥¥

Holy Smoke (See review) A bizarre film from Jane Campion about the sexual politics that define the relationship between a cult deprogrammer (Harvey Keitel) and his subject (Kate Winslet). ¥¥½

The Legend of 1900 (Listed only) Giuseppe Tornatore's fable about a character who lives his entire life on an ocean liner has glorious moments, a fine performance by Tim Roth and great music by Ennio Morricone. But it never quite gels. ¥¥½

Man on the Moon (See review) Jim Carrey is terrific as Andy Kaufman, but this biography only reinforces what a strange person the comic was. ¥¥

Miss Julie (Listed only) Mike Figgis directed this intimate adaptation of August Strindberg's stark Swedish play about sexual game playing in a 19th century household. The gloom is exceeded only by the doom. Saffron Burrows and Peter Mullan are fine in the leading roles. ¥¥

Sleepy Hollow (Listed only) Tim Burton finds many ways to behead his actors but can't overcome a convoluted and unsatisfying script in this stylish adaptation of the Washington Irving classic. Johnny Depp stars. ¥¥

Snow Falling on Cedars (Listed only) A middling adaptation of the best-selling book, with Ethan Hawke as the young man whose love for a Japanese girl during the Forties colors his involvement in a bitter trial. ¥¥½

The Third Miracle (See review) Ed Harris is terrific (as usual) as a priest who's having a crisis of faith as he is sent to investigate a supposed miracle and the woman behind it who may be a candidate for sainthood. ¥¥¥

Topsy-Turvy (See review) Mike Leigh's glorious look at the team of Gilbert and Sullivan and the creation of *The Mikado*. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

andy kaufmania

By BILL ZEHME

We can only imagine how Andy Kaufman would have portrayed Jim Carrey. He hated the words comedian and comic, because he said such people promise to make others laugh, and he never did that. Zehme, author of Lost in the Funhouse: The Life and Mind of Andy Kaufman, selects Kaufman's ten greatest show business transgressions:

"Mighty Mouse" on *Saturday Night Live*, October 11, 1975

Andy became a national curiosity at the age of 26 when he appeared in the first half hour of *SNL*'s first show. He uttered not a word. Instead, he stood nervously next to a phonograph, dropped the needle onto a scratchy recording of the theme from *Mighty Mouse* and waited for his cues to step forward and lip-sync the heroic rodent's declaration, "Here I come to save the day!" Lorne Michaels called the performance "the essence of avant-garde." In 1982, the *SNL* viewing audience voted 195,544 to 169,186 to ban him from the show.

Elveece Presley on *SNL*, January 15, 1977

Andy's bewildered Foreign Man ("Tenk you veddy much") had become his calling card well before he introduced Latka Gravas to *Taxi*. Foreign Man would perform desperately inept *eemetations* (Archie Bunker, President Carter), then launch into a flawless Elvis impersonation that made dupes of all witnesses. This was the first time he portrayed Elvis on *SNL*, performing *Love Me Tender* and *Blue Suede Shoes* in a rhinestone-studded black jumpsuit.

"The Andy Kaufman Special," July 1977

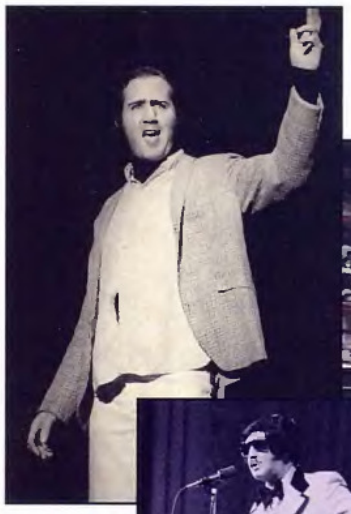
This 90-minute ABC late-night spectacle began with Foreign Man repeatedly imploring viewers to turn off their sets. Later, Andy conducted a moving interview with Howdy Doody. Because of the program's odd pacing and sly/dry moments of dead air, the network refused to air it for more than two years.

Tony Clifton terrorizes *Taxi*, October 4, 1978

Per Kaufman's contractual agreement with *Taxi*, his evil alter ego—the undertalented, overweight, abrasive lounge singer Tony Clifton—was cast to play Louie DiPalma's card-sharp brother in the tenth episode of the show. In full Clifton disguise, Andy wreaked havoc on the set. The producers fired him on the third day of rehearsal, but he refused to leave. Judd Hirsch throttled him, then security guards roughed him up and threw him off the lot. Andy believed this piece of life theater to be the pinnacle of Clifton's professional life. Danny DeVito would recall: "There were some bad feelings. It was a very strange game."

Concert at Carnegie Hall, April 26, 1979

A wondrously overblown cavalcade of innocence and mayhem—the finale featured Tony Clifton, Santa Claus, faux Rockettes and a black Mormon Tabernacle Choir—after which the audience of 2800 was bused to a school cafeteria for milk and cookies. Robin Williams (disguised as Andy's proud grandmother) sat onstage during the entire performance, which lasted nearly three hours.



Above left, Kaufman performs "Mighty Mouse" at Carnegie Hall in 1979. Andy had been doing this bit, and just about every other strangely endearing element of his act, since his days as a 12-year-old birthday entertainer in Great Neck, New York. At left, Andy transforms himself into universally loathed warbler Tony Clifton. Above, Jerry Lawler piledrives Andy during their 1982 match in Tennessee.

Panhandling on *Letterman*, October 1980

Despite his undefeated record wrestling women, Andy had begun to offend or bore his fans in epic numbers. So he played for sympathy on Letterman's short-lived morning show. In two guest appearances (he was unshaven, dishevelled and dripping fake snot), Andy declared himself ruined. He said that he was homeless, that he had lost his wife and children (he wasn't married) and that he had started looking for work in Wisconsin dinner theaters. During his second visit, Andy panhandled from audience members until security removed him from the studio. Letterman quipped, "Always a pleasure to have the young talent on the show."

The *Fridays* Incident, February 20, 1981

Hosting this tepid—and live—ABC clone of *SNL*, Andy broke out of character during a sketch about two dope-smoking couples who take turns getting high in a restaurant bathroom. "I can't play stoned," he said flatly. Cast member Michael Richards (later Kramer on *Seinfeld*) tossed cue cards at him, Andy threw water, a producer rushed onto the set, a fracas ensued and the incident made headlines. Andy had plotted every detail with nearly everyone involved.

Andy vs. Jerry Lawler, Mid-South Coliseum, Memphis, April 5, 1982

Finally cajoled into wrestling a man—the Southern pro champ, no less—Andy found himself on the receiving end of a suplex and two choreographed pile drivers, which disqualified Lawler and landed Andy in the hospital with a sore neck. Doctors told him to wear a brace for three days; Kaufman kept it on for five months.

The Lawler Slap on *Letterman*, July 28, 1982

The wrestling enemies were reunited on Letterman's *Late Night* for mutual apologies. Instead, per Andy's private request, Lawler clocked him with an open hand, and taping stopped for 20 minutes. Back on the air, Andy proceeded to throw a monster tantrum (14 bleeped profanities) and Letterman's coffee (at Lawler). The media and the public theorized that Kaufman had become quite insane.

Death, May 16, 1984

Andy long had toyed with the idea of faking his demise. When he died at the age of 35, six months after discovering he had lung cancer, many people wondered if it was simply another put-on. He would have loved that.

GUEST SHOT

Dan Rather's favorite videos include: "*Citizen Kane*, because it's not only about journalism, it's a lot about life as well. *Gunga Din*, because when I was a kid, it was a tremendous adventure. It transported me someplace and stuck in my mind. And *The Last Picture Show*. Every time I see it, I say to myself, You know, that's really how it was when I was growing up. I suspect it's not true, but I believe it to be true." —SUSAN KARLIN

THAT OBSCURE OBJECT OF DESIRE

Alfred Hitchcock called the "McGuffin" the thing the film seems to be about but isn't. And once it's discovered, it's ignored. A few examples:

Pulp Fiction (1994): Some speculate that the much-sought-after briefcase contained a Royale with cheese.

The Spanish Prisoner (1998): Campbell Scott has developed a "process" that can make his company billions—who knows what the hell it is. Slippery Steve Martin steals it anyway in this David Mamet brain sprainer.

Ronin (1998): Modern-day mercenary samurais led by Robert De Niro chase (and chase and chase) a metal briefcase sought by the Russkies and the Irish. The paid renegades don't care what's in it, and that's the point.

Notorious (1946): From the man himself—Hitch. U.S. spy Cary Grant marries off true love Ingrid Bergman to Nazi sympathizer Claude Rains in a hunt for Rains' dangerous uranium.

Citizen Kane (1941): The dying Charles Foster Kane mutters his last word, Rosebud, and starts the unforgettable investigation into what that means. But if Kane was alone when he died, how did anyone know it was his last word?

The Maltese Falcon (1941): All that, for that? Never mind—the leaden bird is a great plot device for a great detective movie.

Kiss Me Deadly (1955): Mike Hammer (Ralph Meeker) searches high and low for the Great Whatsit—the trigger to an atomic nightmare—in this tantalizing science fiction film noir classic.

Repo Man (1984): Don't look in the trunk, man, there might be a glowing space alien in there that vaporizes everyone who sees it. You've been warned.

The Double McGuffin (1979): Orson Welles intros the film with a definition of McGuffin. But there are no McGuffins in the film—or are there? —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Anyone for a power-chord pastiche with big, big boobs? The recent arrival of the animated feature ***Heavy Metal*** on a collector's series DVD (Columbia Tristar, $28) makes one feel a little like Pete Townshend: jumping up and down in an air-guitar jam one minute, pitching a lamp at your TV screen the next. But this surprisingly compelling package is enough to warm even a hardened rock cynic to the curious charms of the 1981 Gerald Potterton project. It featured the voices of SCTV greats John Candy, Joe Flaherty and Eugene Levy. We also found the making-of material more interesting than on many discs, because it involves the coordination of a variety of directors and animation styles and six distinct science fiction stories, linked unconsciously by a common appreciation of large breasts. Of the vignettes, the futuristic Gotham-hack-in-hot-water story "Harry Canyon" merits a few replays and must deserve at least partial credit for inspiring the Bruce Willis character in *The Fifth Element*. Still, no measure of time will soften our stance on most of the music here—Stevie Nicks and Devo, heavy metal? At least there's a little Ozzy Osbourne and Blue Oyster Cult. Oh, when will we be able to strap on a jet pack like James Bond did in *Thunderball*? In 1965, when Bond used the gadget in the movie's precredit sequence, it seemed like a real year 2000 travel option. Of course, the credit sequence itself then opens with underwater shots of undulating beauties, followed by frogmen seemingly firing harpoons at them. Happily, we didn't require that Bond movies make sense. But check out MGM's latest Bond DVD releases, including seven of the films that are featured in a $200 gift set: ***Goldfinger*** and ***Thunderball*** (1964 and 1965, with Sean Connery); ***Live and Let Die*** and ***For Your Eyes Only*** (1973 and 1981, with Roger Moore); ***License to Kill*** (1989, with Timothy Dalton); ***Goldeneye*** and ***Tomorrow Never Dies*** (1995 and 1997, with Pierce Brosnan). —GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE OF THE MONTH

America's foremost aspiring porn auteur, Michael Ninn, is at it once more, with ***Dark Garden*** (VCA). It's a noirish romp with many dream sequences and a plot that seems to borrow from *Basic Instinct* and *Angel Heart*. But that's not important. The performers (Nikita, Vicca and Juli Ashton, among others) do their work with verve, and it's all captured stylishly by Ninn. Playboy TV is featuring *Dark Garden* in February.

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***Eyes Wide Shut*** (Kidman's fantasy spurs a voyeuristic odyssey for Cruise; Kubrick's finale no less essential for its flaws), ***The Blair Witch Project*** (clever conceit—found footage of three would-be spook hunters—yields real chills).
HORROR	***The Sixth Sense*** (the dead drop in on Haley Joel Osment, whose only hope is shrink Bruce Willis; satisfyingly smart and spooky), ***Deep Blue Sea*** (sharks made sci-fi-smart turn on the scientists; not quite *Jaws*, but more jolts than its sequels).
COMEDY	***Dick*** (two teen cuties, entrusted by Nixon as dog walkers, watch his Watergate unravel; wickedly well-played satire), ***Mystery Men*** (jumbled all-star hipster superhero send-up—Ben Stiller is Mr. Furious—plays better on small screen).
ROMANCE	***Twin Falls Idaho*** (one conjoined twin falls in love, the other, er, watches; remarkably ungimmicky and well observed), ***The Thomas Crown Affair*** (Brosnan and Russo—slick thief and smitten pursuer-cum-sexual prey—outdo the 1968 original).
IMPORT	***The Dinner Game*** (bring-the-biggest-dork contest leads to goofy comeuppance for French aesthete; silly fun), ***Autumn Tale*** (gal-pals try to find a man for widow Béatrice Romand; Eric Rohmer deftly completes his seasons cycle).

living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

TEST YOUR BRAIN

Want to challenge your brain? Visit Mensa's workout page (**mensa.org/workout.html**) and take the 30-minute test. While it won't reveal your IQ, and acing it won't qualify you for the 100,000-member genius-only club (you have to take an off-line test to do that), it will let you know, percentage-wise, how well you fared compared with other test takers. How did I score? Let's just say I can stop kicking myself for not being able to get past the third page of *Finnegans Wake* before giving up and tuning in to the *Yogi Bear* marathon on Cartoon Network.

SMOOTH SURFING

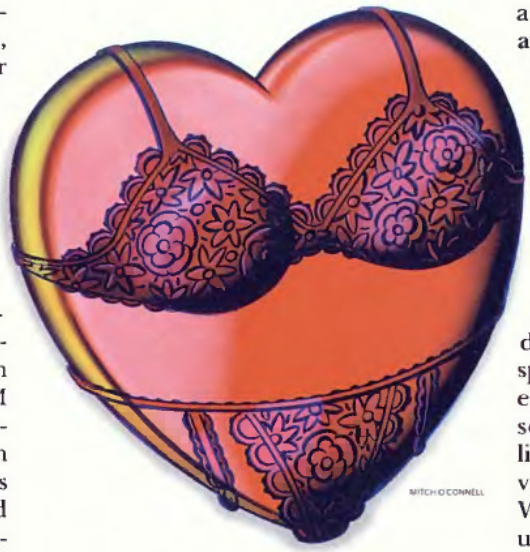
Why does your computer crash all the time, but your television doesn't? Because TVs are single-purpose devices, designed to deal with a limited number of potential problems. Personal computers are multipurpose machines on which you can download a video clip, play an MP3 file, design a club newsletter and kill subterranean mutants simultaneously. It's a wonder, really, that your PC doesn't crash more often. If that doesn't make you feel any better about your computer's buggy behavior, get a copy of Norton SystemWorks 2000 for Windows ($60 from **SymantecStore.com**). This CD-ROM minimizes damage and hassles from system crashes. It also zaps viruses from e-mail attachments, unroots and trashes useless files on your hard drive and tunes up your hard disk, speaker, memory, printer and modem. It got rid of 25 megabytes of junk files on my laptop and even nuked a couple of viruses patiently waiting to be unleashed (luckily, I never opened the files they were hiding inside). An excellent feature is called LiveUpdate, which automatically downloads and updates SystemWorks 2000 with the latest antivirus patches. And if your PC has been acting a bit buggy ever since the 01/01/00 rollover, you can use the software to scan your system and correct incompatible dates.

CHEAT SHEET FOR BUSY EXECUTIVES

If you could consolidate all the useful business, travel and news sites onto a single web page, you'd end up with something like CEO Express (**ceoexpress.com**). Thanks to its spartan design, the site loads quickly and offers more than 100 links to essential sites. You'll find pointers to business and tech magazines, newspapers from around the world and newswires. There are more than a dozen links to health sites—from Dr. Koop to Dr. Weil—and links that enable you to track express package shipments and airline schedules. Bookmark this site; once you start using it, it'll become part of your daily online routine.

PERFECT TIMING

Every month or so, I use AtomTime98 to set the clock on my PC. This little program, which you can download from **atomtime.com**, fetches the time from the Atomic Clock time server at the National Institute of Standards and Technology in Boulder, Colorado. Then it adjusts your PC's internal clock. AtomTime98 doesn't have a Mac version, but that doesn't matter if you are using System



8.5 or greater. Mac users can simply open their Date and Time control panel and check the box next to Use a Network Time Server. The downside? You've lost an excuse for being late.

PETOPIA

Bird owners can buy birdseed; dog and cat owners can buy food, shampoo, flea powder and treats at **Petopia.com**. Subscribe to its Bottomless Bowl service and you'll get dog and cat supplies on a regular schedule.

JAZZ UP YOUR PAD

The best place to buy jazz graphics (and jazz books and videos) is at **JazzPosters.com**. The Billie Holiday poster I wanted was temporarily out of stock, but there were eight other Holiday prints to choose from. Unframed posters go for $8 to $25, and framing will add $40 to $60 to the price. If you're ready to move up from posters and start collecting original art, try **NextMonet.com**, where you can buy oil paintings for $700 and up by artists who don't suck.

EBAY FEELS THE HEAT

Several online auctions let you sell items without paying a commission. So why do most people use eBay, which collects a listing fee as well as a percentage of the final sales price? The answer is simple—eBay has the eyeballs and the inventory. Because eBay has more items than any other online auction, buyers in search of that obscure vintage martini shaker go to eBay first. And sellers know that eBay is where all the buyers go, so they are willing to pay a fee to list there. That's why sites such as Lycos can't make a dent in eBay's business, even by giving away their auction services. But trouble looms for eBay. Last year, sites such as **Bidder's Edge** and **AuctionWatch** began listing items for sale from dozens of online auctions—creating, in effect, giant databases that anyone can search. Buyers liked it—the database had more items than eBay alone listed. Sellers liked it too—they could list items on free sites and still get a large number of potential bidders. But eBay did not like it—these databases could spell doom to its business model. So eBay's lawyers warned these auction service sites to desist, claiming that its listings were eBay's property. Most service sites complied (but not AuctionWatch). Bidder's Edge originally came up with a workaround that allowed eBay sellers to list their auctions on Bidder's Edge. But now there seems to be a war on. Viva competition!

VALENTINE'S DAY BLISS

Looking forward to a sweet Valentine's Day? Buy your girl the Burning Love champagne bucket ($69.99) from **1-800-Flowers.com**. Inside she'll find a red velvet bag filled with goodies—chocolate body paints with a brush, a candle, candies and a jazz CD with love songs from Billie, Ella and Louis. In the mood for a steamy celebration? Click over to the **playboystore.com** and buy her a red lace bra, garter and thong ($64), and a copy of the *Making Love Series Vol. 3: 10 Secrets for Greater Sensual Pleasure* video ($15). Save it for the end of the evening, or you may have to cancel your dinner reservation.

You may contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline@playboy.com.

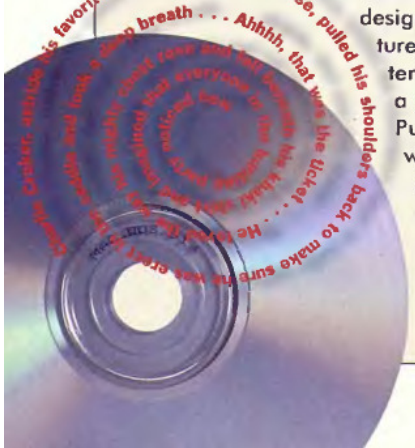
books

THE DARK SIDE OF PARADISE

The secret of Carl Hiaasen's success is not merely his cockeyed sense of humor but also his anger at the way all the greed heads have turned the south Florida paradise of his youth into condo heaven and murder central. Two cases in point are ***Kick Ass*** (University Press of Florida), a hefty compendium of Hiaasen's passionate muckraking columns for *The Miami Herald*, edited by Diane Stevenson, and ***Sick Puppy*** (Knopf), his new novel. *Kick Ass* offers 200-plus examples of his hard-eyed, often hilarious critiques of the real crime, corruption and lunacy in his home state. In fact, it shows you that Hiaasen's seemingly implausible fictional premises aren't really far-fetched at all. He just knows Florida. *Sick* shows us how he strings his *Herald* observations into a shaggy mad dog tale centered on a former drug dealer's attempts to turn a little toad sanctuary into a flashy tourist trap. The drug dealer's allies are a sleazy lobbyist who has a passion for canned big game hunts and a sadistic killer who is hooked on 911 tapes. Opposing are Twilly Spree (an inventive young ecoterrorist), former governor Clinton Tyree (a rare continuing Hiaasen character who lives in what's left of the wilds and dines on roadkill), and the infirm canine of the title. The result is a savagely satiric novel that's one of the author's best.—DICK LOCHTE

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Music fans have thrilled to MP3 technology, the format that converts music into downloodable computer files availoble free on the Internet. Now book lovers, too, can rejoice. **MP3Lit.com** is a website that offers oudio clips of reodings from such authors as Tom Wolfe, Will Self, A.M. Homes and Henry Rollins. This cleon, eosily navigable site provides free software thot allows you to download o reading or listen to it in real time. MP3Lit.com has five chonnels thot cater to vorious literary predilections (we like a channel called Loudmouth, which lets budding authors submit their own work). The site features more than 100 authors, with new ones (such as John Grisham and Peter Jennings) coming aboard olmost daily. MP3Lit is the brainchild of Gary Hustwit, publisher of the underground Incommunicado Press in New York City. Hustwit recently redesigned the site, adding new features that include a list of the week's ten most popular downloads and a Book News section provided by Publishers Weekly Online. And while listening to Rollins and Self is great fun, hoving fomous ouothors reod at your typed command can be addictive, even if it doesn't replace the pleasure of holding o book in your hands. —JOSHUA GREEN



MONEY TALKS, IGNORANCE WALKS

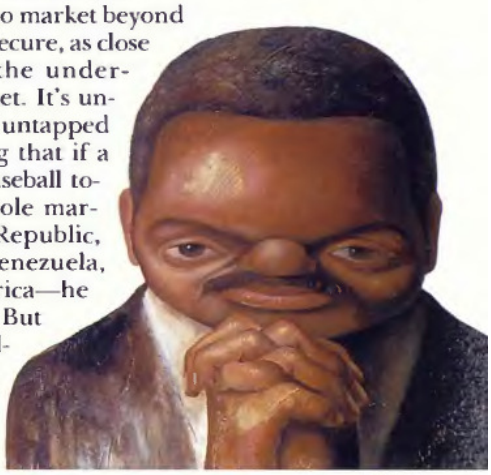
America's most charismatic civil rights leader has shifted from spiritual advisor to financial advisor. In Jesse Jackson's new book, ***It's About the Money*** (Times Books), co-written with his congressman son, Jesse Jr., he focuses on the inability of America's underclass to acquire and accumulate capital. We asked him to crunch the numbers.

PLAYBOY: Why did you write this book?

JACKSON: As I sought to interpret the stages of our struggle to make the American dream real for all Americans, I wanted to assess what stage we were in. If I'm writing a freedom symphony, and there are four movements in that symphony, the first movement is to end slavery, the second to end legal segregation, the third to secure for all Americans the right to vote and the fourth movement is access to capital. The walls that separate the masses from capital are tall, but these walls must be turned into bridges.

PLAYBOY: Is it silly for whites in the power structure to ignore the economic underclass?

JACKSON: Yes, because no market beyond America is as large, as secure, as close and as lucrative as the underserved American market. It's underutilized talent and untapped capital. It's interesting that if a general manager in baseball today didn't see the whole market—the Dominican Republic, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Venezuela, black and white America—he would be an unfit GM. But there are major capitalists who don't see the whole market.



PLAYBOY: The book's title is *It's About the Money*. Are you worried people will think you turned into a get-rich-quick guru?

JACKSON: That title might be attractive, but when people read it they will know better. It's about building economic stability and learning the basics. How to buy a house is not about how to get rich quick. Neither is how to avoid scams, nor how to make out a will, nor how to not spend more than you make. These are ways to build a sound economic foundation.

PLAYBOY: You've written a book about accumulating wealth. How wealthy are you?

JACKSON: I live a life that is beyond debt, and because of my values, I am not preoccupied with making a lot of money. But I submit to you that my home is paid for, my children's educations are paid for, I have a retirement plan and I have an insurance plan. The basic necessities of life have been handled; they have not been left to chance. That's the basic message of this book. —JOHN D. THOMAS

THE CAPED CRUSADER UNMASKED: Botmon's dark shodow swooped into comic books in 1939, inspiring such spin-offs as cartoon shows, a campy Sixties TV series, tons of merchondise ond a billion-dollor movie franchise. ***Batman: The Complete History*** (Chronicle) by Les Daniels celebrates the superhero's 60th birthday and his crime fighter exploits with orchival comic book art, sketches, movie stills ond rore Batman porophernalio. Holy Coped Crusoder—this is one botbook no fan should be cought without. —HELEN FRANGOULIS

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:
Basic
FULL FLAVOR
15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
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By ASA BABER

TOM NICK COCOTOS

CHAMPION OR CHICKEN?

ROBERT CAPA was a photographer in five wars, including the Spanish Civil War, World War II, the first Arab–Israeli war and the French Indochina war. His last assignment was in Vietnam, where he was killed by a land mine on May 25, 1954 as he accompanied French troops through the Red River delta. In terms of courage and grace under fire, you would be hard-pressed to find anyone braver than Robert Capa, a man who ran enormous risks to take pictures that still speak to the world. His photographs are considered classics—and none more so than his coverage of the Allied invasion of France on June 6, 1944 (otherwise known as D day, and the focus of Steven Spielberg's film *Saving Private Ryan*).

Capa landed with the first wave of American soldiers on D day. He writes about it in his 1947 memoir, *Slightly Out of Focus*, describing the fierceness of the enemy's resistance and the difficulties he experienced on that section of Omaha beach called Easy Red: "My beautiful France looked sordid and uninviting, and a German machine gun, spitting bullets around the barge, fully spoiled my return. The water was cold, and the beach still more than a hundred yards away. The bullets tore holes in the water around me, and I made for the nearest steel obstacle. Now the Germans played on all their instruments, and I could not find any holes between the shells and the bullets that blocked the last 25 yards to the beach. I just stayed behind my tank, repeating a little sentence from my Spanish Civil War days, *'Es una cosa muy seria.'* This is a very serious business."

Trapped in the carnage of that devastating morning, Capa shot just over 100 pictures with his Contax camera. Then something happened to him: "I paused for a moment," he writes, "and then I got it bad.

"The empty camera trembled in my hands. It was a new kind of fear, shaking my body from toe to hair and twisting my face. I unhooked my shovel and tried to dig a hole. The shovel hit stone under the sand and I hurled it away. The men around me lay motionless. Only the dead on the waterline rolled with the waves."

Capa got the hell out of there as fast as he could when he spotted a landing craft heading away from the beach: "I did not think and I didn't decide it. I just stood up and ran toward the boat. I held my cameras high above my head and suddenly I knew that I was running away. I tried to turn but couldn't face the beach, and told myself, 'I am just going to dry my hands on that boat.' I reached the boat. The last medics were just getting out. I climbed aboard. As I reached the deck, I felt a shock and suddenly was all covered with feathers. I thought, What is this? Is somebody killing chickens? Then I saw that the superstructure had been shot away and the feathers were the stuffing from the kapok jackets of the men that had been blown up. The skipper was crying. His assistant had been blown up all over him and he was a mess."

The landing craft was carrying wounded troops back to the ship, and Capa photographed some of them. He then stopped shooting and helped transfer the wounded onto the *U.S.S. Chase* ("the very boat I left only six hours before"). He climbed aboard the *Chase* himself, even though the last wave of the 16th Infantry was being loaded onto landing craft that would soon head toward the beach. "This was my last chance to return to the beach," Capa writes bluntly. "I did not go. I woke up in a bunk. My naked body was covered with a rough blanket. On my neck, a piece of paper read: 'Exhaustion case. No dog tags.' My camera bag was on the table, and I remembered who I was. In the second bunk was another naked young man. The tag around his neck said only 'Exhaustion case.' He said: 'I am a coward.' He was the only survivor from the ten amphibious tanks that had preceded the first waves of infantry. All these tanks had sunk in the heavy seas. He said he should have stayed back on the beach. I told him I should have stayed on the beach myself. The engines were humming; our boat was on its way back to England. During the night, the man and I both beat our breasts, each insisting that the other was blameless, that the only coward was himself."

The next day, Capa regained his composure and returned to combat.

"Seven days later, I learned that the pictures I had taken on 'Easy Red' were the best of the invasion. But the excited darkroom assistant, while drying the negatives, had turned on too much heat and the emulsions had melted and run down before the eyes of all the London office. Out of 106 pictures in all, only eight were salvaged." The captions under the heat-blurred pictures read that Capa's hands were badly shaking.

Why am I telling you this story about Robert Capa and D day? If you listen to some people today, they might say I am wasting my time, because they assume this column will not interest you. According to them, what I am writing about here has no relevance to the contemporary male, who is supposedly softer and more feminized in his instincts, bored with questions about courage and cowardice, turned off by conventional tales of heroism and defeat, interested only in computers and the Internet and IPOs.

But I maintain that these people are wrong in their assessments of today's male, and that most guys examine their capacity for courage and cowardice all the time. "Am I brave or am I a coward?" is an important question with us. We ask it of ourselves continually, and it would take about six centuries of hormone replacement therapy and brainwashing to wipe it out of our psyches.

I think it does us a lot of good to read about Robert Capa's courage. But it helps us even more to know that he experienced a failure of nerve, and that he broke and ran under fire. Because most of us live through a similar dynamic—brave one moment, terrified the next—and wonder about it for years (wonder in particular if other men go through the same kind of guilt and shame we do when we fail as men, in our judgment).

The fact is that we are both gutsy and gutless, heroic and foolish, valiant and fearful. Even more challenging, it is impossible for us to know which attribute is going to declare itself as our master during a crisis. Simply put: Some days we may act bravely, some days we may not. I once rescued a man from a burning automobile at great risk to myself—but I also once fled the scene of an accident because I could not handle my fears at that moment. You know what I'm talking about. We can go from champion to chicken in the blink of an eye.

DOES SHACKING UP SABOTAGE YOUR SEX LIFE?

BY ALISON LUNDGREN

I JUST MOVED in with my boyfriend. Sex will never be the same. In April 1999, PLAYBOY ran an article titled *Is There (Oral) Sex After Marriage?* We learned that the longer couples have been married, the less sex they have. When couples have kids, fuhgeddaboutit. This worries me. I plan on getting married someday; I don't plan on making *60 Minutes* priority one and hot sex priority two. I know—it's easy for me to say. I'm 25 years old. I'm young and horny. I'm not a wife. I'm not Mrs. Anybody. "Give it time," the married people warn. "Once you settle down for good, you're no longer selling." Am I about to find out that I'm capable of saying, "Not tonight, honey, I have a headache?" Or am I about to embark on a fabulous sexual journey? I grilled five of my girlfriends who are living with their men to find out the pros and cons of move-in sex.

ME: The best part about living together is the privacy. Sex in the middle of the living room, sex on the kitchen table, sex without worrying that your roommate is going to walk in.

TARA: That's so true. When you both get home from work, you can start fucking right then and there. It's not like there's anyone eating dinner and watching a *Friends* rerun on the couch next to you. It's so much more spontaneous.

KARIN: I don't know about that. When we lived with B.J.'s parents, we did it all the time. It was a big turn-on for me to do it in his boyhood bedroom on his bunk bed. It was awesome. It was like we were at summer camp, about to get busted by one of the counselors. But now, any semblance of spontaneity is gone. We work all day, and when we get home, we just want to chill out. Sex is the last thing on our minds. I've actually found myself feigning sleep so he doesn't try to do it with me.

ME: There's such a risk of taking each other for granted. I hate that we might one day have to schedule sex. It's like, "Are you free on Wednesday at eight? Would you mind penciling me in for a blow job?"

KRISTEN: When Ed and I first moved in together, it was like a practice honeymoon. We were so giddy all the time, excited about our new apartment and our new bed and our new sheets. We were the naked couple. Of course, the honeymoon ends. Then the relationship gets complicated. If you have a nasty fight, it's not like you can retreat to your own place. You're stuck there. If you're not finished being angry, you become resentful because you don't have time to get over it. Then the sex goes out the window.

RACHEL: But think about the larger picture. The two of you are creating your own place, your own history. It's your bedroom. It's all your stuff. It makes the sex that much more special.

ME: If you want to bust out the lingerie, it's right there in your dresser drawer.

KRISTEN: Yes! I love not living out of a suitcase. Or out of my car. I hated coming out of his apartment on Sunday mornings, wearing one of his ratty T-shirts with the short black skirt and knee-high boots I'd worn the night before. I'd have makeup all over my face and bed head. I'd have to make a walk of shame to my car. I'm sure his neighbors thought I was some skeezy hooker.

ME: Kristen, you moved into Ed's apartment, where he had already lived for two years. Does it affect your sex life to think he's been with other girls there?

KRISTEN: It makes it awkward at times. We'll be in the middle of it and then I'll remember he's fucked other girls in that very bed.

JANE: Gross.

KRISTEN: I know. It's not really our place, it's his place.

ME: My boyfriend and I moved into a new apartment, and it's like we're playing house. We've taken that next adult step: We've made the trip to Ikea, we have matching towels. We're in that halfway house between single life and married life. We're totally committed, but by law we're single. Either one of us might walk out of the relationship at any time. I find that exciting. Sexually, it keeps us on our toes.

KRISTEN: Before I moved in with Ed, I romanticized that it would be all sex, all the time. I really built it up in my head. But I found out as soon as the honeymoon was over that there weren't exactly *American Beauty*esque rose petals falling from the ceiling. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night, look at Ed and think, You again?

JANE: You think moving in together is going to be this big change and that you're going to feel different. The bottom line is that you're having sex with the same person. In fact, you may never have sex with another person again. How fucked up is that?

RACHEL: But, at the same time, the comfort level and security increase the intensity of sex. I'm not embarrassed to try anything anymore. I'm sexually free.

KRISTEN: On the other hand, he knows all about you. Everything. You're not a mystery anymore. He sees you lying in bed with a hot pad when you have cramps. He sees you sweatin' to the oldies. He knows that you bleach your mustache. Suddenly, you're no longer the hot ticket he thought you were.

JANE: For the first month I tried to not let him see me like that. I wouldn't even take a shit in the apartment. I would wait until we went *(concluded on page 155)*

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Deep Benz

Leave it to Mercedes-Benz to take o technologicol leop early in the 21st century. Not far down the road, M-B purchosers will automatically become members of the Mercedes-Benz community, which enables owners to access online services from cor, home or office. Info includes updates on troffic joms ond olternative routes; owners con also link up with on online concierge to make reservations, pay bills or order products. A center console display connects to a minicomputer that stores oddresses, phone numbers ond even music ond movies. The obility to occess e-moil and surf the web is olso on the drowing boord. It's conceivable thot Tele-Aid, the M-B emergency coll system, will one day become Tele-Diagnosis, too.

Pile It On

Anything this well stacked has a noturol appeol. You moy have noticed thot upscale restauronts all over the country have been ossembling various courses os though they were building towers of food. These engineering wonders are supposed to intrigue the eye os well os the palote—as this enchilodo stock does. The culinary logic behind this trend is to collect a number of textures ond flovors while keeping them unblended on the plote. This opproach works porticularly well with first courses, because those foods—fish, foie gros, groins—lend themselves to experimentotion with color ond occompaniment. For those of you who want to duplicote some of the structures you've enjoyed in restaurants, there's *Stacks: The Art of Vertico*l *Food* (Ten Speed) by Deborah Fabricont. Is there a woy to eot these things without destroying their architectural integrity with the first bite? The onswer is no.

Taking Care of It on the Chin

Michael Felton, master heod borber at Art of Shoving in Manhattan, hos some tips on getting your gootee to behave. First, it needs to be cleoned every doy, but don't wosh it with soap. Treat it like the hoir on your heod ond use the some sort of mild shompoo ond conditioner you use on top. Trim it at leost once o week, following the blueprint below. If you norrow the goatee while trimming, you hove to shove the exposed portion of your foce. Since you moy have to go over thot area o few times, use o preshave oil and then shaving cream when you work with the rozor. When you shove the rest of your foce, finish with an oftershove gel thot has o moisturizer. It can be rubbed through your beord ond will keep the skin beneath it healthy. Don't worry, these products will evaporote and shouldn't glop up your beord.

SECRETS OF A GREAT GOATEE
WASH AND TOWEL DRY BEFORE TRIMMING. USE SHAMPOO AND CONDITIONER ON BEARD.
NO SOAP!
USE PRESHAVE OIL, SHAVE CREAM AND MOISTURIZER ON FACE.
1 USE TRIMMER WITH ATTACHMENT TO SHORTEN BEARD.
2 SHAPE BEARD WITH TRIMMER BLADE (NO ATTACHMENT).
3 OUTLINE EDGES WITH RAZOR.

MANTRACK

By Hollywood Standard

The Standard, André Bolazs' sly, tongue-in-chic redo of a retirement home, is Hollywood's hippest hotel—a place so wocky ond self-ossured thot the lobby boosts o performance artist in o gloss box (below) ond o borber-shop/tottoo porlor thot also sells Junior Mints and sex toys. Minibors in the minimolist rooms are stocked with such indispens-obles os sake, ylong-ylong condles and Voseline. Bolconies overlook o pool deck corpeted in blue Astroturf, and there ore T1 Internet hookups and slick stereo systems. The couch is inflotoble, so don't smoke near it. Prices for the 140 rooms are $95 to $200. Suites ore $550. There's olso room service ond a 24-hour restouront.

Clothesline: Johnnie Cochran

"I love ties," says O.J. Simpsan's former defense lawyer, who currently hosts *Johnnie Cochran Tonight* for Court TV. "I weor a lot of Pon Coldi styles. A tie—especiolly o bright one—adds to a suit. It olso soys a lot obout how you feel." Those who watch his show know that Cochron has an offinity for shirts with controsting collors ond cuffs thot coordinote with the rest of the outfit. "A fellow nomed Alton Clork at Debose Clothiers in Houston hos my measurements," soys Cochron, "as do severol other toilors ocross the country." In court Cochron prefers to weor suits in troditional colors such os blue, block, groy or brown. Otherwise, he likes lighter hues. "On the weekends, especiolly if I'm going out to the Hamptons, I dress down. I have some terrific two-piece leisure-type suits thot ore upscale ond stylish."

The Tough Guy's Guide to Sweet Wines

There is nothing girly obout well-made, well-born wines thot hoppen to be sweet. When we soy sweet, we mean they hove o high level of residuol sugor. Quolity wines thot ore sweet also hove a high ocid component thot not only keeps the wine fresh ond long-lived but olso provides the taste orchitecture, which orgonizes ond mitigotes the sweetness. The best of these wines ore from the Souternes ond Borsac communes of the Souternes district in southern Bordeoux. The standout is Chôteau d'Yquem, ond its price ($120 for the 1991) reflects its reputotion. Other excellent wines include the Châteoux Lo Tour-Blonche, Coutet, Climens, Rieussec, with Doisy-Doëne, Doisy-Vèdrines ond Filhot close behind. Châteou de Forgues, mode by the folks ot Yquem, is often mistoken at blind tostings os Yquem but sells ot a consideroble discount. These wines should be enjoyed ot the end of a meol with non-citrus fruit, on opple tort or a mild cheese.

Guys Are Talking About . . .

Cuff links. The sterling silver martini-shaped links pictured below ore from the Coroline Collection ($130). They're olso ovoiloble os a formol set with four olive-shoped studs ($250). The Nationol Cuff Link Society holds its annual convention in Chicogo eoch August, ond membership (which includes *The Link*, o quarterly newsletter) is $30. • *Original Löwenbröu.* Lobatt USA took over Löwenbröu last October ond returned the beer sold here to its originol Germon formulo, o style of suds thot Löwenbröu hodn't morketed on these shores since 1975. • *New ski terrain.* Snowbird Ski ond Summer Resort in Utoh hos added 500 new ocres of powder to its slopes—the huge, virtually treeless Minerol Basin bowl, which offers runs for oll levels of skiers ond boorders. • *Troffic tickets.* Like deoth ond toxes, troffic tickets ore inevitoble, but attorney Dovid Brown gives you o fighting chonce in his softcover *Beot Your Ticket: Go to Court and Win*. Tailoring defense to state lows and court procedures, Brown includes sections on cross-examining the officer ond defense dos ond don'ts. The book costs $19.95. • *Mezcal.* One of the newest is Tolopo Mezcol Reposado, on 80-proof, blue ogove variety thot is double-distilled and then "rested" six months to o year for extra smoothness. Price: obout $20 for a 750 ml bottle. • *Strip clubs on the web.* Punch up stripclub list.com for info on more thon 4575 ploces where the lodies toke it off—sometimes all off—in 73 countries. Five longuoges ore spoken ond the site is free.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 157.

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The Playboy Advisor

My friends and I enjoy an evening of poker once a week. During one hand, play came down to me and another player. I declared a full house and my buddy declared two pair, though what he showed was a pair of fives and another pair of fives. I argued that I had won because a full house beats two pair. Realizing his rather daft error, my buddy claimed that what he'd said didn't matter because four of a kind is four of a kind. The other players wisely left the table to get more beer. My buddy and I settled on splitting the pot, and the situation hasn't come up again. Who was right?—D.B., Livermore, California

The cards speak. As long as your buddy's hand is recognized before either player leaves the table, he wins. By the same rule, the decision to split the pot stands as well, though you could return your half to him as a gesture of goodwill. Then again . . . nah.

My girlfriend and I joined some neighbors for a swing party. We were impressed by the number of games the host couple invented to entertain everyone. After each guest had been introduced (most of us knew one another), all the men left the room. One of the men was blindfolded, as was a woman. When the group came together, we surrounded the blindfolded couple and watched as they tried to identify each other by touch alone. Next, all the women were blindfolded to see if they could recognize their partners by kiss. That progressed to oral sex. The men then wore the blindfolds, and the roles reversed. Before everyone began to wander into the bedrooms, we finished with "verbal sex," in which we alternated male and female in a circle and listened as each person said something they liked about the people sitting next to them. We are interested in hosting a party and wondered if you had any ideas as to how we could make it as fun and innovative as our neighbors did.—M.B., Toronto, Ontario

The blindfold games sound fun, but they have a downside in the situation you describe: They put individual guests on the spot, and not everyone is comfortable performing for a group or being intimate with strangers. Typically, swingers first get to know each other in a nonsexual context, so traditional party games work best when new couples are present. Robert McGinley, president of the Lifestyles swinging organization, suggests this icebreaker for parties at which everyone is already acquainted: The women form a circle facing outward. The men form a circle around the women facing inward. Each person begins opposite his or her partner. The host instructs the women, and then the men, on how to interact with their partners. It might be as simple as running fingers softly down the person's cheek, or caressing his or her arms, or a quick shoulder rub. At the host's cue, each guest removes an item of clothing, and the women take one step to the right. The new couples interact per the host's instructions. The action can become more intimate following each rotation, but it usually doesn't progress beyond a kiss or hug. The process repeats itself until the circle has rotated 360 degrees and the women are again facing their partners. "By that point everyone is naked and probably very turned on," says McGinley. "It's nice to have your partner right in front of you, so you can act on whatever urges you're feeling." Another game involves clothing-optional massage. The group is divided by gender. One person is chosen from each group to receive a rubdown from members of the other group. Following the massage, which usually lasts about five minutes, the man chooses a woman and the woman chooses a man to be the next recipient. The massages don't have to involve anything but the head, shoulders, arms, legs and chest—each person sets his or her limits—but they often end up being full-body. They also allow members of the group to demonstrate their trust in one another, which can be reassuring to newcomers.

I am not a big tequila fan, but I tried some almond tequila that turned out to be one of the best shots I've ever tasted. I asked the bartender where it came from, but he wouldn't say. I have asked around at other bars, but no one has heard of almond tequila. Where can I find it, and what's the big secret?—A.L., Torrance, California

The bartender is reluctant to discuss the origins of his almond tequila, known as almondrado, because it was probably purchased in Mexico and carried over the border. Although that's not illegal, reselling it without a license from the state is. Because of poor sales, almondrado hasn't been readily available in the U.S. for a number of years. That may soon change: Bob Emmons, author of the Book of Tequila, predicts that one or two brands may be imported again beginning this year. In the meantime, perhaps you can get by with a layer of crème d'amande on your tequila shot. If you enjoy flavored tequilas, Emmons suggests you try one of his favorites, Patrón XO Café.

My boyfriend and I have lived together for almost a year. We rented a nice apartment in a trendy area in LA. The rent is steep for us, but we enjoy entertaining and this place is perfect for it. My boyfriend works as a bartender, and I work part-time at a boutique in the afternoon and dance at a strip club (with his blessing) in the evening. All is well, except our expenses have grown faster than our wages. We started to pay our rent a week late, then two weeks late, and the last time we were a month late. Last weekend the landlord asked me to meet him at a coffee shop. He said he was considering taking us to court if we were late again. Then he made a proposal: Sleep with him twice a month and he wouldn't charge us rent. My boyfriend couldn't know about this, of course. I'll use the extra money to buy groceries, pay down our credit card debt and/or stash it in a secret account. I know this is crazy, but the more I think about it, the more I am tempted. It beats worrying about our finances all the time. Please advise.—C.B., Los Angeles, California

Have you ever noticed that each year, when you receive a new lease, the landlord has raised the rent? Twice a month now, and soon it will be weekly. Then perhaps it becomes twice a week, because it would be such a shame if your boyfriend found out. Regardless, it seems doubtful he wouldn't find out. He's going to be curious about where the rent money is coming from and why the landlord—who doesn't sound like the most discreet guy—makes those eyes at you. Rather than risk your relationship, we would accept the inevitable here and find an apartment that fits your budget.

What exactly does esquire mean, as in a person who uses the abbreviation Esq. after his name on a business card? How does one become an esquire?—J.H., Buffalo, New York

You become an esquire by writing down your name, then adding a comma and Esq.

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

after it. Stop burping at the table and, presto, you're respectable. In the U.S., the title is used mostly by lawyers who wish they were doctors. In the UK, it's commonly added as a courtesy when addressing correspondence to anyone you consider to be a gentleman. The term originally described the gentry ranking immediately below knight; the esquire held the knight's shield. Use mister or esquire when addressing an envelope, but never both.

My wife and I have two children who are approaching the age at which we feel it's time for "the talk." I thought you might have some guidance on what to say. Neither my wife nor I discussed sex with our parents, so we're at a loss.—L.R., Dallas, Texas

As with any life lesson, sexuality should be the topic of an ongoing conversation that begins when your children are toddlers; the preteen years are simply when you get explicit. A single lecture is not the way to go about it; you should make it clear that you're always willing to answer questions or explain your values. First, discuss what your kids are learning about the subject at school. They may be receiving misinformation from classmates, or even teachers. Believe it or not, the federal government pays schools to teach teenagers that sex outside of marriage always has "harmful psychological and physical effects" and that condoms are not an effective way to prevent STDs. The Sexuality Information and Education Council of the United States offers balanced lessons to help parents answer questions from preschoolers or preteens. Their guides are $2 each from Siecus, 130 West 42nd Street, Suite 350, New York, New York 10036, or free online at siecus.org. Every teenager should be taught how to make wise decisions about sex. To do that, they need to know how their bodies will change, why they feel so horny and the physical and emotional risks of sexual intimacy. One survey found that while 75 percent of parents had talked with their preteens about AIDS and the fundamentals of sex, half had not addressed how to handle peer pressure to have sex, how to know when you're ready for sex and how drugs and alcohol affect decisions about sex. Those are good places to start the conversation.

Why do airlines make you turn off your cell phone during flights? I know it supposedly can interfere with the plane's electronics, but I have never heard of a plane that crashed because someone made a call. I wonder instead if airlines want to force you to use those $6-a-minute phones in the back of the seats. What would happen if I pulled out my cell phone and dialed the office?—T.R., Phoenix, Arizona

As drastic as it seems, the flight attendants might have you arrested. In England, a passenger who refused to turn off his cellular phone during a flight from Madrid to Manchester received a one-year jail sentence for negligence (he didn't make any calls; he just had the phone on). In the U.S., the Federal Communications Commission prohibits phones from being turned on during flight because of the potential to interfere with calls being made on the ground. The FAA and airlines support the ban because they say the electrical charge from a phone's battery could interfere with navigation and communication systems. There isn't any hard evidence to support this premise, but an incident a few months ago may keep cell phones on the blacklist for the foreseeable future. The pilot of a Chinese plane that had drifted off course 30 degrees as he prepared to land couldn't recover until a frantic search by crew members led to a passenger's phone. We enjoy having phones quieted during flights, if only so we can catch some shut-eye. What's irritating are airlines that won't let you make calls when the plane is delayed on the tarmac.

I plan to upgrade my home theater system with a surround-sound receiver. A salesman told me that the placement of the speakers is crucial. If their position relative to each other and the television are not precise (e.g., speakers at the corners of a rectangular layout, at certain distances apart), the synchronization will be off and the sound will be "unlistenable." It would be easiest for me if I could just replace my existing receiver and add a subwoofer and not have to mess around with the configuration of the furniture or the speaker wiring. Is this possible, or will I need to realign and rewire for surround sound?—I.L., San Rafael, California

You may have to make some adjustments, but start with the basics and work from there. Install your new surround-sound speakers two to three feet above and directly to either side of the seating area. Aim them straight across the room. Alternately, mount them on stands or place them behind the seating area and aim them toward the front or at an angle facing the side walls. As a last resort, place the speakers on the floor or on end tables to the rear or side of the sitting area and aim them toward the ceiling. Surround sound is least effective in square rooms or in those in which one dimension is exactly twice the other. Whatever the shape of the room, you'll have to experiment to find the optimum position for the speakers and subwoofer. Adjust the smaller speakers to about half the power of one main front channel. Remember that surround sound is designed to deliver atmospherics and ambience rather than blaring special effects. For diagrams, visit www.dolby.com/ht.

A few months ago I was in the bathroom while my girlfriend sat in the tub shaving her legs. I offered to finish the job and she agreed. I shaved her pubic hair at no extra charge. She offered to reciprocate, then shaved my legs and pubic hair. By the time she was done, I was really worked up. We had sex, and it was fantastic. The feel of two smooth bodies against each other is mind-blowing. We've shaved each other several times, in part because it itches like crazy if you let the hair grow back. The problem is that on warm days I like to wear shorts, but feel embarrassed about my shaved legs. Will people think I'm a freak?—A.K., Santa Barbara, California

No, they'll think you're a cyclist who shaved his legs to decrease wind resistance and to avoid having your hair ripped out by the chains. At least that's what you'll tell anyone who asks. If you would rather not lug a bicycle around town, consider that some boxers and basketball players shave their ankles to make it easier to remove support tape, then shave the rest so it doesn't look odd. And Green Bay quarterback Brett Favre shaved his legs before the start of the NFL season because he said it kept him cooler in the summer heat. Who doesn't want to be like Brett Favre?

Can you settle a bet between my wife and me? I asked for some exciting sex for my 41st birthday but received only lunch and the big turn-down. I argued that most men get some kind of sex on their birthdays. My wife responded by saying that less than 20 percent of men aged 18 to 55 get sex on their birthdays. Do you have the manpower to do a survey on this? I'm hoping to gather some evidence for next year.—T.J., Mobile, Alabama

Your wife cites statistics? Does she work for the government? We hope she doesn't have data for every special occasion. ("It's our anniversary, honey. How many other guys are getting laid?") Since her numbers sound bogus, toss out a few of your own. Tell her that a PLAYBOY *survey revealed that exactly 100 percent of married men aged 18 to 101 receive sex on their birthdays—in fact, most have sex at least twice, use 14.7 different positions and receive blow jobs that last an average of 53 minutes. While 80 percent of any sample of men might say they don't have sex with their wives to celebrate their birthday, that doesn't mean they aren't having sex. But that's another survey.*

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, 365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life, available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

WHITEWASH QUEEN

janet reno may not like how she's remembered

By JAMES BOVARD

Last year, *The Washingtonian* revealed that Janet Reno had "much of the Justice Department" working on a document to chronicle what she considered to be her legacy as the nation's attorney general. "It is to comprise 16 chapters that will summarize her accomplishments and spell out the challenges to her successor," the magazine reported. "Attorneys working on the project say that she has urged them to 'speed it up.'"

If Reno is in fact hoping to produce such a document, it's hard to believe she could fill a page, let alone 16 chapters. Her record includes few accomplishments worthy of applause.

WACO

Within 36 days of taking office, Reno secured her place in history by green-lighting the FBI's use of toxic gas on children. Scores of people died in the inferno.

Reno later asserted that the gas pumped into the Davidian compound was only an "irritant." Yet the same type of gas was linked to the 1988 deaths of Palestinian children in the Gaza Strip.

In the summer of 1995, House Republicans held the first substantive hearings on Waco. The highlight of Reno's testimony on August 1 was her revelation that the Bradley tanks that smashed through the complex should not be considered military vehicles. Instead, she said, they were "like a good rent-a-car."

When evidence surfaced that the government had used incendiary devices at Waco, Reno appointed former senator John Danforth to investigate. He remarked: "Our country can survive bad judgment. But the thing that really undermines the integrity of government is whether there were bad acts—whether the government killed people."

RUBY RIDGE

It is hard to recall an attorney general with less respect for the Second Amendment. Reno has supported every gun control bill floated by Congress. At the same time she has done everything to take guns out of the hands of the populace, she has overseen a huge arms buildup for police forces and SWAT teams. She is horrified by citizens who misuse guns (she keeps a photo in her office of one of the students slain at Columbine) but has a different attitude toward gun-toting government agents. In 1994 a Reno aide announced that no charges would be filed against an FBI sniper who killed Vicki Weaver as she held her baby in a doorway on Ruby Ridge. Reno later approved the promotion of Larry Potts, chief of the Ruby Ridge operation, to the number two post at the FBI.

DAVID VOIGT

WHAT VOTE?

When voters in California and Arizona supported the medicinal use of marijuana, Reno and drug czar Barry McCaffrey threatened to punish any doctor who recommended cannabis to patients.

FORFEITURE

Reno has championed the government's power to confiscate private property, even when citizens have not been convicted of a crime. She has repeatedly derailed congressional efforts to reform forfeiture laws by promising to fix the problems internally, while her lackeys put forward legislation to give the government even more power to plunder.

INDEPENDENT COUNSEL

Reno's worst abuse of the independent counsel law was not what she did, but what she didn't do. She unleashed seven independent prosecutors, and allowed Ken Starr to expand and extend his investigation to include Bill Clinton's private life. That was bad. What was worse was not letting federal judges appoint an independent prosecutor to look into alleged Clinton–Gore campaign fund-raising violations.

THE FIRST AMENDMENT

Reno's record on defending free speech is without honor. In 1996 Congress passed the Communications Decency Act. The measure would have effectively curtailed sexual expression on the Internet. A three-judge panel found the law "profoundly repugnant" to the First Amendment. Reno went out of her way to defend it.

In October 1993, Reno announced that there was too much violence on television and hinted darkly that Uncle Sam should control programming. "If immediate voluntary steps are not taken by television producers, the government should set those standards."

Television survived the threat and created its own Reno legacy: "Janet Reno's Dance Party," a skit on *Saturday Night Live*. And Skinner, the brooding FBI boss on *The X-Files*, displays a photo of the attorney general above his desk.

Some legacy.

ROAD RIGHTS

how to protect yourself when you're pulled over

By JOSHUA GREEN

In 1995, when state troopers in Wyoming pulled over a Cadillac with a burned-out taillight, they did not suspect one of its passengers, Sandra Houghton, of wrongdoing. An officer approached the car and noticed a syringe sticking out of the driver's shirt pocket. Upon questioning, the driver allegedly admitted that he had used the needle to inject drugs. The troopers arrested him and ordered Houghton and another passenger out of the car. Officers then searched the car, as well as a purse Houghton had left on the seat. The purse contained methamphetamine.

The troopers arrested Houghton, and she was later convicted of felony possession. She appealed the verdict, claiming police had no right to dig through her belongings. After all, she reasoned, she hadn't been driving, she hadn't been under arrest and the purse clearly didn't belong to the male driver whose arrest led to the search. The case eventually made its way to the U.S. Supreme Court, and Houghton lost. By upholding her conviction, the Court said that passengers have the same expectation of privacy as drivers when it comes to police searches. In others words, not much.

Houghton's case accelerated the erosion of Fourth Amendment rights that began in 1925, when the Supreme Court ruled that police officers don't need a judge's permission to search your vehicle. In the past few decades, the hysteria of the war on drugs has prompted judges to give police even more latitude to decide whom they can stop and when they can search. Along with this power, the Court has diminished police accountability, increasing the likelihood for abuses such as racial profiling, intimidation and disproportionate enforcement. "The war on drugs has done more to shrink the constitutional protections for all of us than anything else," says Boston University law professor Tracey Maclin. "Houghton's case is one more nail in the coffin of Fourth Amendment rights."

Indeed, Chief Justice William Rehnquist revealed how little the Court has come to value personal privacy when he offered this justification for allowing police to order passengers out of a car without explanation: "On the personal liberty side, there is no reason to stop or detain passengers. But as a practical matter, passengers are already stopped by virtue of the stop of the vehicle, so the additional intrusion upon them is minimal."

Here are a few legal guidelines to keep in mind if you are pulled over.

> The war on drugs prompted judges to give police more latitude to decide whom to stop and when they can search.

In each of the following cases, police found drugs. But the Constitution applies to every citizen, even those who may be guilty. Finding contraband never justifies an illegal search.

THE POLICE NEED ONLY PROBABLE CAUSE TO SEARCH YOUR VEHICLE

In 1978, acting on a tip, police in Washington, D.C. stopped a car driven by Albert Ross. Officers searched the trunk and found a paper bag containing heroin. An appeals court reversed Ross' subsequent conviction, ruling that police, though justified in their search of the vehicle, should not have searched the paper bag without a warrant. However, the Supreme Court threw out the decision, ruling that police officers who have probable cause—i.e., a strong suspicion that they'll find contraband, or that a crime is taking place—may search without a warrant. Coming up with probable cause isn't all that difficult. Signs of illegal drug use, evidence of a weapon, even something as ambiguous as "furtive behavior" give cops a green light. Whether an officer's belief that he has probable cause to search will hold up in court is another matter, but for the moment you're screwed.

THE POLICE CAN SEARCH YOUR CAR AND YOUR BELONGINGS IF THEY ARREST YOU

In 1978 New York police stopped a speeding car in which Roger Belton was a passenger. The officer claimed he smelled marijuana and arrested everyone in the car. He searched the vehicle and its contents and found cocaine in Belton's jacket. After being convicted of possession, Belton appealed, arguing that the search had been illegal. The Supreme Court said the officer had done nothing wrong. It ruled that, following an arrest, police can search a vehicle's passenger compartment, including luggage and unopened containers therein.

The arrest is key. In 1996, an Iowa police officer gave Patrick Knowles a speeding ticket but did not arrest him. The officer searched the vehicle without Knowles' consent and arrested him after he discovered marijuana and a pipe. The officer reasoned that if he'd arrested Knowles, he would have been able to search the car. By skipping the arrest, he was simply expediting the process. The Supreme Court rejected the cop's creative claim.

THE POLICE CAN PULL YOU OVER FOR A TRAFFIC VIOLATION EVEN IF THEY INTEND TO LOOK FOR SOMETHING MORE SERIOUS

One June evening in 1993, police in Washington, D.C. decided that a truck in which Michael Whren was a passenger had been sitting at a stop sign for an unusually long time in an area known for its drug trade. When the cops approached, the truck sped off. The officers pulled the truck over and searched it. After drugs were found, police arrested Whren. Whren argued the stop was illegal because police had

no reason to suspect he was doing anything wrong. The Supreme Court disagreed, and its decision legalized "pretextual" stops, meaning police can pull you over for a minor traffic violation even if they actually suspect you of a more serious crime. In effect, this gives police carte blanche to stop and search drivers at will, since minor traffic violations include such common infractions as forgetting to signal a lane change, any degree of swerving and the "failure to drive attentively" (fiddling with your radio dials might qualify).

THE POLICE DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN YOUR RIGHTS

The year before Whren was arrested, police in Ohio stopped Robert Robinette for speeding. A computer check revealed that Robinette had no prior violations. The officer issued a verbal warning and returned his license. As Robinette prepared to start his car and pull away, the officer asked if he had any contraband. Robinette replied that he did not. The officer asked if he could search the vehicle. He says Robinette consented. Inside, he found a small amount of drugs. Robinette was arrested but later argued that the search had been illegal because he had been improperly detained—that is, the officer never informed Robinette he was "free to go," even though he had issued a warning and returned his license. The Ohio Supreme Court agreed and cautioned the state police not to turn "routine traffic stops into fishing expeditions." The U.S. Supreme Court saw things differently and allowed just that, ruling that "it would be unrealistic to require the police to always inform detainees that they are free to go before a consent to search may be decreed voluntary." Because of this case, many drivers are duped by police into thinking they're required to comply with any search request, at any time.

THE POLICE CAN ORDER ANYONE OR EVERYONE OUT OF THE VEHICLE

In 1994 a Maryland state trooper who stopped a car for speeding said he observed "nervousness" in passenger Jerry Lee Wilson. He ordered him out of the car. As Wilson complied, the officer says, a packet of cocaine fell to the ground. Wilson maintained that because the cop had no right to order him out of the car in the first place, the cocaine shouldn't be admissible as evidence. Attorney General Janet Reno argued the government's case before the Supreme Court, urging that cops be allowed to order passengers out of a vehicle for any reason, without explanation. She made her case. If an officer tells you to get out of the car, you don't have much choice but to comply.

•

How can you best protect yourself if you're pulled over by a police officer who seems intent on conducting a search? First, you are obligated to supply your license and registration, though failure to do so doesn't give the officer the right to search. Refuse any request for a search. If the cops believe they have "probable cause," they don't need your permission, but having your consent will only help justify the search. If police do search your car, they don't have to tell you why or what they're looking for. Legally, your refusal to submit to an intrusion will not be held against you, nor should it cause you to be unnecessarily detained or arrested.

Once you've been pulled over, the police are obligated to release you in a "timely" manner, whether or not you consent to a search. There's no specific limit to how long they can keep you on the roadside, but once you have your license and registration back, you're generally free to go. The best way to determine this is to ask, "Am I now free to go?"

If you believe you've been the subject of an illegal search, defense lawyers advise you not to take it up with the officer. Be polite, get his or her name and badge number and file a formal complaint. If you are given a ticket, sign it; otherwise you could be arrested. Remain calm. Don't argue with the officer or touch him. Don't claim on the scene that you are being mistreated, or tell the officer he's wrong, or discuss any intention to file a complaint. If you're arrested, don't offer explanations that might be used against you. You can make your case in court, with a lawyer's help. The ACLU offers a downloadable "bust card" at its website (aclu.org) that offers further advice and summarizes drivers' rights.

One final way to protect your right to privacy: Keep a copy of this article and the ACLU card in the glove box of every car you own.

READER

PERILS OF PATERNITY

As Ted Fishman ably demonstrates in the November *Forum* ("The Perils of Paternity"), the government, in the name of going after deadbeat fathers, has intruded far too deeply into the personal lives of citizens. I have two relatives suffering from the sort of mindless paternity laws Fishman describes. One has an estranged wife who has had a child by another man, yet the state is forcing him to support this child because he is still legally her husband. The other is having a child by a woman whose husband refuses to grant a divorce. The state says the child must have the husband's name, even though he is not the father. What possible good does all this accomplish?

If the government is so concerned about parents who do not pay child support, why not stick to prosecuting legitimate deadbeat dads? Politicians claim to be concerned about broken families, then create laws that divide these families even further. A child's welfare should be the government's foremost concern.

J. Jones
New York, New York

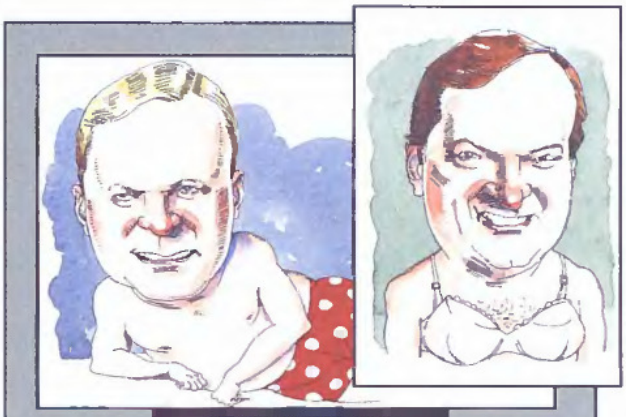
FAMILY-FRIENDLY HOOTERS

Recently, I dined at a local Hooters restaurant. I brought the latest issue of PLAYBOY to read with my dinner. But the manager told me I could not read your magazine in the restaurant because "some customers find it offensive." Naturally, I was taken aback. I said simply, "Then I'm leaving" and did so.

Heading home, I became increasingly irritated with the way I'd been treated, so I went back and asked the manager for an explanation. She said, "We're a family restaurant, and I can refuse service to anyone I choose."

I find it incredible that a restaurant that capitalizes on the female form and brandishes on their sign such immature and suggestive slogans as "Man on toilet high on pot" (that day's message) would refuse service to a person discreetly reading PLAYBOY.

Drew Lyons
Omaha, Nebraska



FOR THE RECORD

JESSE'S GIRLS

CHRIS MATTHEWS: I was asked recently if I would do a PLAYBOY interview. Do you recommend I do that?

JESSE VENTURA: I'd say do that before the foldout.

TIM RUSSERT: PLAYBOY concluded its interview by asking, "If you were reincarnated, what would you want to come back as?" And you gave a classic Jesse Ventura answer: "If I could be reincarnated as a fabric, I would like to come back as a 38 double-D bra." I thought you were a big thinker.

VENTURA: Well, I've rethought that position, Tim, and I would like to reconsider that because if the bra was on you, no.

—Minnesota governor Jesse Ventura went one-on-one with Russert on NBC's Meet the Press and with Matthews on CNBC's Hardball following his interview in the November PLAYBOY.

Perhaps Hooters' corporate slogan can provide a clue: "Delightfully tacky yet unrefined." We can't explain the manager's position—she hung up on us when we called twice to inquire, and Hooters' corporate office didn't return our phone calls. Apparently, at least at the restaurant you visited, the name Hooters now refers solely to owls.

BASHING BARR

I just read Bob Barr's "The Justice Wish List" in the October *Forum* and am shocked that PLAYBOY would legitimize anything this man has to say. Barr's other political views—he rails against abortion rights and medical marijuana, for example—oppose everything I thought you stood for. Even if you agree with his privacy stance, you have to realize that this clown is hardly going to lend credence to your case. Who's next—Pat Buchanan, Ralph Reed and Jerry Falwell?

Michael Conaboy
St. Paul, Minnesota

Bob Barr is my congressman, and I'm embarrassed. PLAYBOY quotes him like he is a legitimate source, like he can be taken seriously about anything. In doing so, you've elevated the village idiot to national commentator. What were you smoking?

Mike Holzknecht
Powder Springs, Georgia

What a funny parody of Bob Barr. In a few short paragraphs you capture the paranoia and bizarre reasoning of the right-wing fringe of the Republican Party. Using a mysterious memo that "arrived anonymously," the unnamed source and the all-purpose anecdote, Barr and other conservative nutcases in Congress are busy writing legislation to protect the American people from problems that never existed in the first place. Too bad they're unable to solve real problems. Thanks for a good laugh. It was a parody, wasn't it?

Troy Andrews
Sacramento, California

THE COST OF RIGHTS

James Bovard's argument in "The Cost of Rights" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) would be more persuasive if he'd mentioned one of the main reasons people pay more in taxes—because corporations pay less.

Eric Sparling
Toronto, Ontario

Rights? What rights? The only right we have left is the right to call a lawyer.

R.L. Gifford
Tulsa, Oklahoma

ZERO TOLERANCE

Chip Rowe is right on target with "Cracking Down on Kids" (*The Playboy Forum*, October). I find the term zero tolerance potentially dangerous—first, because of its overuse in this society, and second, because it is merely a euphemism for intolerance. It belongs

RESPONSE

alongside similar verbal junk like "preowned" and "collateral damage."

One former police official, noting his disdain for the term, commented that "zero tolerance suggests that bicycles should be confiscated if they don't have effective bells." To me, it conjures up visions of cross burnings, inquisitions and lynchings.

John Kilwein
Bethel Park, Pennsylvania

Rowe is right that common sense often falls by the wayside when schools discipline students. But he misses the big picture. As a parent who works for a school system, I see firsthand what goes on in schools, and I think most parents would be shocked. The problem isn't with the schools; it's with parents who don't discipline their children. School systems and lawmakers can hardly be blamed for taking a one-size-fits-all approach. Rowe has a point that there sometimes appears to be a lack of common sense in applying zero tolerance policies, but given the choices available, what else are administrators to do? For every case he describes, there are probably hundreds of others in which zero tolerance is justified. Until parents, courts, schools and government are on the same page, injustices will occur. Nobody said life was fair.

Drew LaJoie
Richmond, Virginia

Rowe responds: Life isn't fair, and zero tolerance makes it less so. You ask what else administrators can do. How about their jobs? Typically a position of authority calls for a person to make judgment calls. You would think school administrators would be firmly against zero tolerance policies. After all, if every student is punished the same way, a computer could do the job.

MAC ATTACK

I enjoyed James R. Petersen's October *Forum* piece on Catharine MacKinnon ("Poor Pitiful She"). But I would like to point out that his remarks about *Professing Feminism* imply that its authors, Daphne Patai and Noretta Koertge, share MacKinnon's ideology, based on the statement he quotes from their book: "In a patriarchal society all heterosexual intercourse is rape because women, as a group, are not strong enough to give meaningful consent." In fact, the authors do not believe this, having broken rank with gender feminists long ago. Here's their statement from the paperback edition of the book: "Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon have long argued that in a patriarchal society all heterosexual intercourse is rape because women, as a group, are not in a strong enough social position to give meaningful consent—an assault on individual female autonomy uncannily reminiscent of old arguments for why women should have no political rights."

Jerry Boggs
Livonia, Michigan

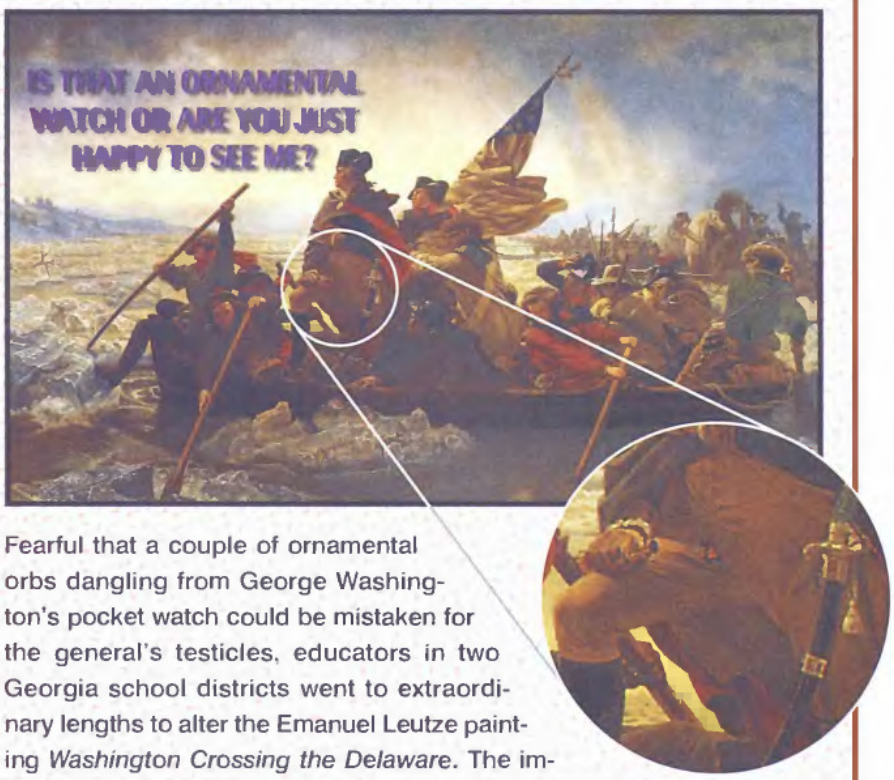
STOPPING SEARCHES

In November's "Forum F.Y.I." you feature a photo of a Texas billboard that reads JUST SAY NO TO VEHICLE SEARCHES. You might like to know that the idea for the billboard (which is now sponsored by the American Drivers Association) originated with Texas attorney Pat Barber, who placed a similar billboard on his property along Interstate 20. A few days later, Barber heard from the Texas Department of Transportation, which said his billboard violated the Highway Beautification Act. They threatened to fine him $1000 a day. Barber sued and won an injunction. He is now making another move to ensure that constitutional rights are upheld by running for a position on the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals.

Trey Sheppard
Fort Stockton, Texas

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).

FORUM F.Y.I.



Fearful that a couple of ornamental orbs dangling from George Washington's pocket watch could be mistaken for the general's testicles, educators in two Georgia school districts went to extraordinary lengths to alter the Emanuel Leutze painting *Washington Crossing the Delaware*. The image appeared in an elementary school history textbook. The superintendent of Muscogee County schools had a team of teacher's aides spend two weeks painting over the offending image in more than 2300 books, while some elementary school administrations in Cobb County simply tore out the entire page. The children are safe.

Blast From the Past

what was sex like 1000 years ago?

By K. CONNOR MARTIN

Imagine a world in which sex is inescapable. Visual erotica turns up in odd places. Women expose themselves and men autofellate in church carvings. Copulating couples cavort in the margins of manuscripts passed from hand to hand by bored young men.

Sexual imagery decorates the walls, stitched into tapestries. Modesty is regarded as an important feminine trait, public nudity is frowned upon. The powers that be regularly denounce lust, yet most municipal governments establish public brothels, viewing the sowing of young men's wild oats as acceptable and unavoidable.

Name that century.

NEVER ON SUNDAY

In the Middle Ages, no less than the 20th century, the acceptable boundaries of sexual behavior and attitudes were constantly shifting. Both the endorsement and the castigation of human sexuality fed a cultural obsession with the topic. Then, as now, the struggle to define our most private and intimate activities was conducted in very public ways.

The Catholic Church dominated all aspects of daily life. Leaders saw sexual desire as a major obstacle to Christian holiness and therefore dictated a repressive (and hilariously unenforceable) moral standard. Sex was theoretically forbidden during the religious seasons of Lent and Advent, before receiving Eucharist and on major feast days. With sex prohibited for a third of the year, not to mention when a woman was menstruating, nursing or in the late months of pregnancy, it seems miraculous that medieval Europeans managed to procreate at all. Furthermore, religious texts dictated how Christians could have sex ("unnatural practices" such as oral and anal sex and coitus in any position other than missionary were sinful) and with whom (homosexual sex, bestiality and masturbation were forbidden). It would seem that sex for medieval Christians was infrequent and uninteresting. Yet, from another angle, the castigation of these acts suggests either that churchmen had active imaginations, or that people were committing all of these so painstakingly described acts and needed to be told not to.

The church laws forbidding priests to marry or have sex were not widely enforced until Gregorian reforms of the 11th century, and to judge from the way clerics were represented in surviving literature, they don't seem to have given up adultery for many centuries afterward.

JOHN WAYNE BOBBITT: THE PREQUEL

Consider the most famous scandal of the Middle Ages, that involving Abelard, one of the most gifted theologians of the 12th century, and Héloïse, his precocious female pupil. Contrary to the teachings of the church, Abelard and Héloïse enjoyed a creative, passionate and fulfilling out-of-wedlock sex life. Abelard writes:

"My hands strayed oftener to her bosom than to the pages; love drew our eyes to look on each other more than reading kept them on our texts. To avert suspicion I sometimes struck her, but these blows were prompted by love and tender feeling rather than anger and irritation, and were sweeter than any balm could be. In short, our desires left no stage of lovemaking untried, and if love could devise something new, we welcomed it."

Their illicit affair ended with Abelard's castration at the hands of Héloïse's angry uncle. After this dramatic reduction of Abelard's sexual drive, he became a monk, and Heloïse a nun. Their story and its outcome was well known.

BROTHER LENO

Then, as now, talk around the watercooler revealed a culture grappling with, arguing about, eroticizing, making light of and generally exploring its sexuality.

Members of the clergy collected suggestive riddles, dirty rhymes and songs, but whether their purpose was public condemnation or private amusement is not known. Consider the following riddle from the *Exeter Book*:

"A strange thing hangs by a man's thigh under its master's clothes. It is pierced in front, is stiff and hard, has a good, fixed place. When the man lifts his own garment above the knee, he wishes to visit with the head of this hanging instrument the familiar hole which it, when of equal length, has often filled before."

The answer: a key.

DEAR PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The women are voracious and devious sexual creatures, the males anxious about sexual performance, marital infidelity and physical endowment. French verse stories, called *fabliaux*, were usually scatological or obscene and often employed sexual playfulness and lewdness to make social commentary. Not all *fabliaux* have sexual overtones, but those that do are not especially subtle, with titles such as *The Dream of Cocks*, *The Maiden Who Couldn't*

Hear Fuck Without Having Heartburn and *The Judgment of Cunts*. In the last story three sisters competing for the same lover are challenged to a contest. The sister who best answers the question, "Who is older, you or your cunt?" wins the man. The youngest sister wins with this answer: "My cunt is younger than I. I am weaned from the breast, but my cunt has a hungry mouth: It is young and wants to suckle."

These popular comic tales were later immortalized in collections like Boccaccio's *Decameron* and Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, works considered so licentious they were banned in the U.S. for decades.

MISS SEPTEMBER 1050

Not all medieval writings about sex were coarse. Romances and allegories were often subtly erotic, with lingering voyeuristic descriptions of the female form and allusions to the delights of the conjugal bed. The hero of *The Knight of the Two Swords* described the ideal of feminine beauty, a woman "tiny and elegant at the waist; her thighs shapely, her hips slim and attractive, and her breasts nicely filled out. It was a delight to see those breasts jutting out, so firm and pointy as they pressed up against her dress; her throat and body were whiter than new-fallen snow."

Romances recount the stories of famous knights and their prowess in battle, but they often refer to prowess of another kind.

SPORT FUCKING

In romances, often as not, battles are fought and beasts vanquished in the service of a beautiful woman. Successful knights are like rock stars, and the most winsome beauties throw themselves at them with abandon. Despite all of this opportunity, most knights show restraint, usually remaining faithful to a single woman and sometimes marrying her before consummating a union. In the following passage from *The Knight of the Parrot*, a sexual encounter of young King Arthur is described as nothing more than a pleasant and courteous pastime: "He approached the bed of the lady who could not sleep and who was waiting for him instead with great desire, and she received him in her arms to great satisfaction and delight. They delighted in each other and gave each other great comfort and sport, without hindrance and to their own individual desires like young people are accustomed to do."

In *The Romance of the Rose*, a French allegory, the seduction of a woman itself becomes the quest of the male hero. This popular work sparked controversy in the 14th century. Four great thinkers of the period circulated letters in which they debated the propriety of the romance and whether it was having a detrimental effect on the people who read it. Christine de Pizan, the sole female in the *querelle*, complained of the romance's misogyny and sexual imagery. She felt that its characterization of the sex act devalued women and the institution of marriage. In *The Romance of the Rose*, seduction is an act of conquest, and the culmination of the romance describes this conquest poetically and in great detail, without ever openly referring to a woman's body, but instead relying on the metaphor of a rosebud:

I set myself to loosen that sweet bud
That scarcely without shaking could be plucked
I did this all by sheer necessity.
Trembling and soft vibration shook her limbs;
But they were quite uninjured for I strove
To make no wound, though I could not avoid
Breaking a trifling fissure in the skin,
Since otherwise I could have found no way
To gain the favor I desired.
This much more I'll tell you: At the end,
When I dislodged the bud, a little seed
I spilled just in the center, as I spread
The petals to admire their loveliness,
Searching the calyx to its innermost depths,
As it seemed good to me. It there remained
And scarcely could unmingle from the bud.
The consequence of all this play of mine
Was that the bud expanded and enlarged.
But I'd not misbehaved more than I've told;
Rather, I'd done so well in my attempt
That never did the sweet bud turn from me
Or think it any harm, but e'er complied
And let me do whatever she supposed
I ought to do most to delight myself.

Christine de Pizan felt that sex was not an end in itself but a part of the greater good of love and marriage. For that reason, it was beneficial to both men and women. The authors of *The Romance of the Rose*, she wrote, "never knew what an honourable lover was."

RIOT GRRL

Not all educated women followed the method of de Pizan, who criticized works she found demeaning to women. Gwerful, a Welsh poetess, responded to the phallocentric imagery of male Welsh poets not by condemning their work but by composing her own lyrics to praise the beauty of female anatomy:

"You are a body of boundless strength, a faultless court of fat's plumage. I declare, the vulva is fair, circle of broad-edged lips, it is a valley longer than a spoon or hand, a ditch to hold a penis two hands long; cunt there by the swelling arse, songs' table with its double in red. And the bright saints, men of the church, when they get the chance, perfect gift, don't fail, highest blessing, by Beuno, to give it a good feel. For this reason, thorough rebuke, all you proud poets, let songs to the vulva circulate without fail to gain reward. Sultan of an ode, it is silk, little seam, curtain on a fine bright cunt, flaps in a place of greeting, the sour grove, it is full of love, very proud forest, faultless gift, tender frieze, fur of a fine pair of testicles, a girl's thick grove, circle of precious greeting, lovely bush, God save it."

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

FOR THE BIRDS

DETROIT—*U.S. agents seized nearly 40,000 pounds of sterilized hemp seed at the Canadian border because the shipment contained trace amounts of THC, the active ingredient in marijuana. The seed had a THC content of 0.0014 percent, which isn't enough to get even a bird stoned. Nevertheless, the Drug Enforcement Administration says products that contain any amount of THC cannot be imported without registering with the agency, and no companies had registered. The U.S. government also ordered the farmer who shipped the seed to recall 17 previous loads of hemp oil, nuts, horse bedding and animal feed. Three months after the seizure, it relented and allowed the seed into the country. Hemp production has been legal in Canada since 1998, and nearly 700 farmers grow it.*

IT'S A DIRTY JOB, BUT . . .

COLUMBUS, OHIO—*An internal police report obtained by The Columbus Dispatch revealed that at least one undercover vice officer had sex with prostitutes on several occasions before he arrested them. The department initially said that the officer allowed the sex to occur only so he would have stronger cases in court. Later, a spokesman elaborated: The prostitutes began the sexual contact too quickly for the officer to prevent it. He further explained that, to establish trust, vice officers have to allow hookers to touch them and must also return to prostitution dens repeatedly to gather enough evidence. If that weren't unpleasant enough, the detective had to pay $120 and $160 for blow jobs and an additional $180 for intercourse.*

FUCK ON THE ROCKS

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO—*A state liquor agent confiscated 29 signs from Leonard's II tavern because they contained profanity. The state attorney general's office said the removal of the signs, 21 of which included the word fuck, wasn't a free speech issue but a matter of public safety (he worried that the F word might prompt intoxicated people to become violent). A judge ruled that the tavern owner, Leonard Carlo, could hang new signs while a higher court considers whether the state can suspend his liquor license. Carlo, who has the word fuck tattooed on his bald head, celebrated by posting a sign that reads* YOU SAY TOMATO, I SAY FUCK YOU. *He told a reporter, "I want my signs back and my constitutional rights. We have them fucked and they know it."*

MESSAGE FOR THE MAN

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY—*A jury found a General Motors Corvette plant worker guilty of drug trafficking, then recommended a fine of one cent because it found the automaker's method of policing employees "underhanded and nonprofessional." GM had hired a security firm to investigate reports of drug use at its plant. The firm sent in an attractive female agent who posed as a new employee. She befriended workers and made comments about how she would enjoy having a joint or a few pills. Several employees allegedly sold her small quantities of drugs, which the security firm stored in an apartment until police raided the plant. They arrested 17 workers, most of whom GM fired. Many of the accused have filed suit, alleging entrapment and invasion of privacy. One worker who lost his job after 23 years asked, "If GM thought I had a drug problem, why didn't they come to me?"*

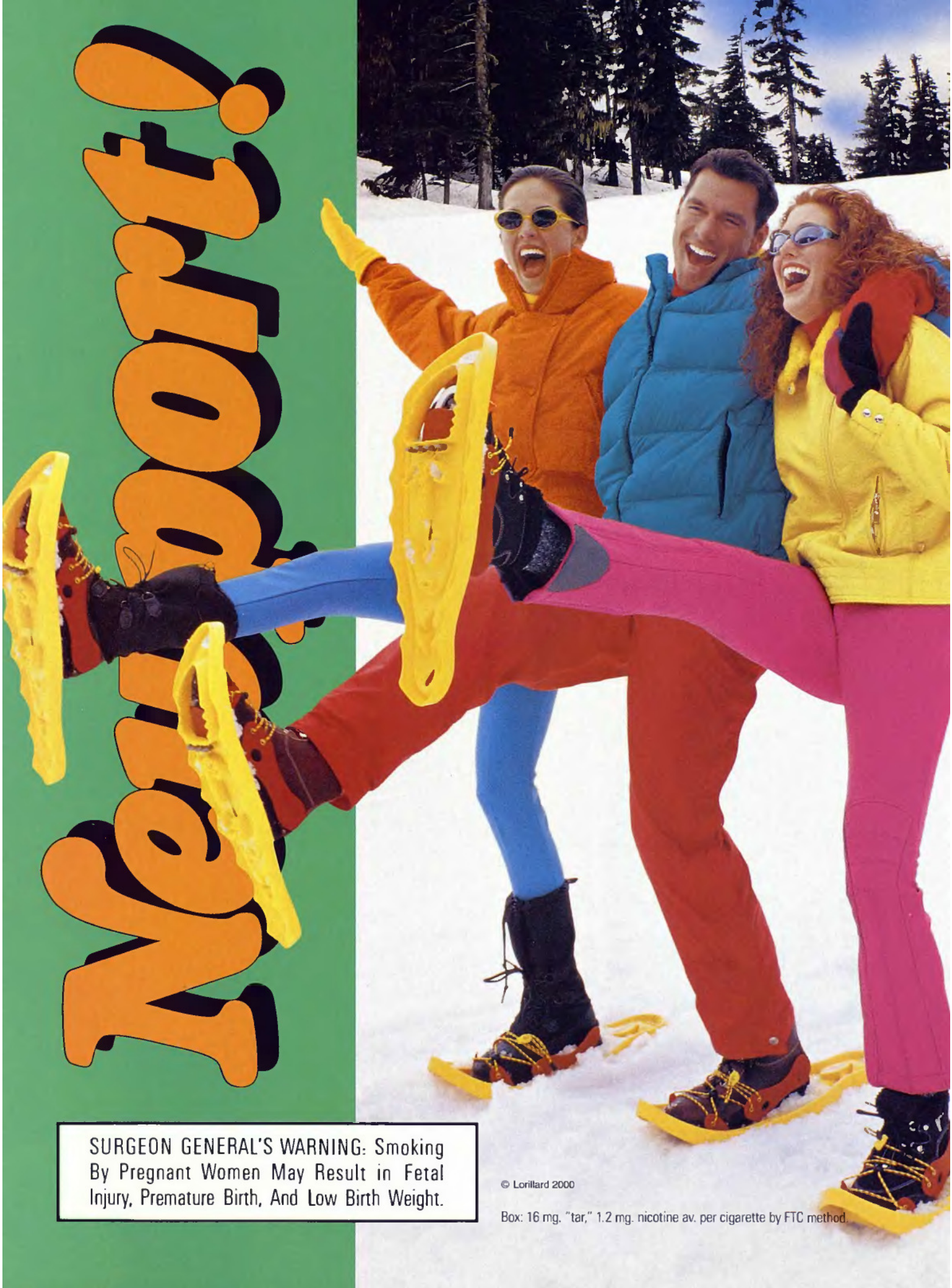
P.S. I WANT YOU

PHOENIX—*A female manager employed by the Maricopa County Parks and Recreation Department sent an administrative e-mail to a male co-worker who then forwarded the message to his boss. Unfortunately, he hadn't scrolled down to the bottom, where the woman—with whom he was having an affair—had written, "Sometimes I will fantasize about something we've already done, like our encounter the other evening. I'm getting aroused writing this. Must finish this later, as I also have fantasies about things we haven't done yet." When the county human resources manager announced that the couple would be demoted, the woman told reporters she had printed out e-mails sent by other workers that contained sexual remarks and racy jokes. "There's a little word in my dictionary that describes what's happening here," she said. "That word is hypocrisy."*

TREE BELIEVERS

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA—*A group of loggers filed suit against the U.S. Forest Service and two environmental groups, claiming the agency has been unduly influenced by the philosophy of "deep ecology." Forest Guardians and Superior Wilderness Action Network routinely appeal the industry's permits to harvest trees in Superior National Forest. By allowing the appeals to delay cutting, the loggers argue, the Forest Service favors one belief system over another, which violates the Constitution. "Spirituality that venerates the earth cannot be taught in public schools, and it should not be the basis for policy at the Forest Service," says the lawyer who prepared the suit. A spokesman for Forest Guardians called the lawsuit and its demand for $600,000 in damages "frivolous, baseless and ridiculous."*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JEFF BEZOS

a candid conversation with the internet billionaire on selling books (and everything else) online, his recipe for success and why he ignores the stock price of amazon.com

A brilliant computer scientist and would-be entrepreneur named Jeff Bezos was huddled with his cronies, sipping lattes and crunching biscotti, plotting and planning. The setting was ironic: a cozy café in the Barnes and Noble store in downtown Seattle. Why ironic? Because Bezos and his friends were conspiring to nuke this and every other Barnes and Noble store. What Bezos didn't realize at the time is that they were creating a way of shopping that would change business forever.

In 1994 the revolution Bezos was plotting would have sounded fanciful to almost any eavesdropper. The plan was to start a bookselling business in an alternative reality, a place Bezos called cyberspace. There would be no shelves, no inventory, not even stores you could physically enter. What's more, Bezos had quit a good job to hatch this cockamamie idea.

But the funniest part was yet to come. Four years later, Bezos' firm, Amazon.com, is one of the fastest-growing companies in history, valued at $22 billion, a third more than stalwart Sears. In that short amount of time, Bezos almost single-handedly launched e-commerce—a way of doing business that represents a larger and larger segment of all buying and selling—and he set a standard for all comers to the world wide web. In the process, he got rich. Really rich. Depending on the day one does the calculating, Bezos' 41 percent share of Amazon.com is worth between $8 billion and $10 billion. He is richer than Ross Perot, David Rockefeller or Rupert Murdoch.

It's difficult to remember that cyberspace, the site of Bezos' store, was unknown to most of us as recently as five years ago. To show how wild the idea was, consider that Bezos hatched his plan for Net domination before the official founding of either Netscape or Yahoo, the browser and the search engine that helped popularize the web. At the time, few people had modems, and those who did slogged along at a 2400-baud rate. E-mail was beginning to take off, but most people still used the U.S. Postal Service or, when there was a rush, Federal Express or fax machines.

Bezos began with a list of 20 products to sell on the Internet and narrowed it down to books. Then he set up shop in Seattle in the garage of his rented home, with four employees. Bezos wrote the software for the bookselling operation as the rented furniture was being delivered.

Since his garage was uncomfortable (no heat, stuffed with computers and myriad cables and extension cords), he held business meetings at the nearby Barnes and Noble store because it was convenient, not to spy on the enemy. He launched the website in July 1995 and advertised by word of mouth. Orders for books (mostly obscure titles at first) trickled in from a handful of customers, then hundreds of customers, and soon thousands of customers each day. For a start-up on the relatively unknown world wide web, Amazon.com's sales of $511,000 in 1995 were impressive, but they were minuscule compared with the growth over the following years. In 1996 sales reached $15.7 million. In 1997, when there were 614 employees on the payroll and the company had moved to a 17,000-square-foot office, sales topped $147 million—an 841 percent growth from the year before.

Finally sniffing the threat, Barnes and Noble launched its own online bookstore in May of that year. George Colony, chief executive of Forrester Research, acknowledged that Amazon.com had had a good run but declared that the free ride was over. He dubbed the company Amazon.toast as Barnes and Noble sued Amazon over its original slogan, "The earth's largest bookseller."

Colony and other doomsayers were wrong. Amazon grew faster than ever, trouncing Barnes and Noble and other booksellers that

"Here's the thing: We live or die based on customer experience. Our secret is that we have not been competitor obsessed. We've been customer obsessed, while our competitors have been Amazon.com obsessed."

"I don't say everything will change, though. People will still go out. They like to interact with other human beings. The Net is pretty cool, but the physical world is the best medium ever. The environments are going to coexist."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK VAN S.

"I am not the kind of person women fall in love with. I sort of grow on them, like a fungus. I need to get to know her over a period of time to let her see that my goofiness is actually an attribute, not a fatal flaw."

arrived on the Net. It not only sealed its position as the largest bookseller online but became a powerful force in off-line bookselling, barking at the heels of the number one and two booksellers, Barnes and Noble and Borders.

Meanwhile, Amazon.com's valuation based on its stock price was ten times higher than that of Barnes and Noble. Bezos took the company public in 1997, and it shot up from $18 a share to $100 a share a year later. A year after that, the price doubled again. (It has now split three times.)

Amazon.com's stock performance is particularly unusual given the fact that the company has yet to make a nickel in profit. Bezos has been consistently unapologetic about this, pointing out he is investing in infrastructure, marketing and expansion, but some analysts have predicted that Amazon.com's bubble will burst.

Besides its lack of profitability, Amazon.com has also been criticized for its unconventional sales and marketing techniques. Publishers are rankled by the computerized ranking of books and the site's reviews (some negative) of titles. There have also been complaints that publishers were paying for recommendations of their books.

Rather than cut back, Bezos added more product lines to Amazon.com, including music, toys, electronic products, video games, videos and DVDs. In 1999, he added auctions and zShops, a section of the site where large and small web retailers sell everything from buffalo meat to a $6000 bottle of Château Margaux (Amazon.com takes a cut of all sales). The combination of new and old business will account for sales of $1 billion this year.

It should come as no surprise that as a child Bezos was isolated and interested in science fiction and model radio kits. He played football and baseball, but only because his parents made him. His summers were unusual: He lived at his grandfather's ranch in Cotulla, Texas, where he mended fences and herded, branded and castrated cattle. But when he wasn't cowboying, Bezos built circuit boards, robots and assorted science fiction experiments. Later, when the family moved to Houston, he discovered a computer at his high school and used it to play Star Trek games.

When Bezos headed to Princeton in 1982, he planned to major in physics, but he switched to electrical engineering and computer science when he realized other students were more likely to become the next Einsteins.

After graduating, he worked at Fitel fiber optics as associate director of technology and development. Next, he created systems for managing investment funds at Banker's Trust. After that, he was a computer specialist working in hedge funds at D.E. Shaw & Co. in New York.

He viewed his successive jobs as training for what he wanted to do all along: start his own company. He didn't know what type of business to start until, in 1994, he read that the web was growing at a rate of 2300 percent each year. Nothing else grows that fast, he thought. Further research convinced him that the web would totally change shopping.

Bezos fretted over leaving his high-paying job, but decided to do so after he concocted something he calls a regret minimization system. Basically, he looked at the decision and tried to predict if he would regret it later in his life. "I thought there was a real chance that I would regret not having tried to participate in this thing called the Internet. That's how I decided."

When he decided to sell on the Internet, Bezos left New York with his wife, MacKenzie, a writer he met at D.E. Shaw & Co. (she was an administrative assistant working on her first novel).

The couple headed to Seattle and Bezos founded Amazon.com. Five years later, it has become the big kid on the Internet block, with new titles added almost daily. Besides the new products and stores within his store, his recent investments include drugstore.com, pets.com, HomeGrocer.com, and the Internet Movie Database. Bezos' businesses boast 12 million users—a number that is still growing.

With web shopping growing in popularity, PLAYBOY *sent Contributing Editor* **David Sheff** *to meet with the father of e-commerce. Sheff, whose last Playboy Interview was with Congressman Barney Frank, headed to Amazon.com's Seattle headquarters. Here's his report:*

"For a billionaire, Bezos is surprisingly laid-back. He is affable, funny and relaxed. He only recently upgraded his car, from an aging Honda to a practical Volvo. He dresses in khaki pants, shirt sleeves rolled up.

While Bezos clearly enjoys talking about the Net, he also seems inspired by his childhood. He wistfully recalled when he hung out on his grandfather's cattle ranch in Texas, where the temperature often reached 100-plus degrees in the shade. He is most passionate when he talks about business, of course, but few people know that he has a great sense of humor. He startles people with his frequent laugh—a loud honking sound. And yes, he's more than a bit nerdy. After all, who but a true egghead would name his dog after an obscure Star Trek character?"

Within ten years, 15 percent of commerce will move online. That will force stores to get better. The ones that don't will go by the wayside.

PLAYBOY: Amazon.com is the most successful store online, but it has yet to show a profit. How long can you go without making money?

BEZOS: We are famously unprofitable. Many companies expect to be unprofitable at first. We think it would be incredibly shortsighted to try to optimize for short-term profitability when we face innumerable opportunities, all of which require investment.

PLAYBOY: But at some point, investors will insist on profits.

BEZOS: Which will come.

PLAYBOY: How far in the future?

BEZOS: When they will come is fairly straightforward. You have to look at the ratio of mature businesses to new opportunities at Amazon.com. When that ratio starts to get higher, it begins to make more sense to focus more on short-term profitability. Right now, we have one business that is semimature, our U.S. book business. But we are investing in the UK, Germany and other countries; in music, videos, toys, electronics; and in completely new business models with auctions and our zShops. There is more coming that we haven't yet announced. Investing in all these new opportunities is good business, as far as I'm concerned.

PLAYBOY: You started off as a bookstore. Now you're selling everything from toys to food. What won't you sell?

BEZOS: Firearms. Living creatures. Body parts [*laughs*]. Actually pets.com, which is not Amazon.com but is a company we work with, is going to start selling fish. Apparently they can be delivered safely and reliably. So there will in fact be living creatures. But still no body parts.

PLAYBOY: Why not firearms?

BEZOS: We don't want to sell them. There are a lot of things to sell. We'll let other people sell guns.

PLAYBOY: How did you decide to branch out from books? Did you always plan to sell toys and music and other products?

BEZOS: If we were very successful, we thought we would try other things. But at first, all we knew is that we were going to sell books.

PLAYBOY: After books, how did you decide which products to sell?

BEZOS: We do something really revolutionary: We ask our customers. We do! [*Laughs*] We occasionally send an e-mail message to a thousand or so randomly selected customers. We ask what they would like to see us sell. We find that if we improve their lives in one dimension, they give us permission to help them in another dimension.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible to diversify too much? Can you be all things to all people?

BEZOS: It's important to understand what type of business we are. It's reasonable to be confused by our strategy if you assume that we are trying to be a bookstore and a toy store and a video store and the rest. We're not. We are trying to be a *customer* store.

PLAYBOY: One that sells books, music, movies——

BEZOS: Here's the way it works: If you put *you* at the center of the universe, you need a vast collection of things, because you are not just about books. Books may be an important part of your life, but it is

not all you are about. We want to be there to help you make purchasing decisions. We'll provide some of the products ourselves, but not everything. A lot of what we will do is find and discover things for people. There are huge numbers of third-party sellers that come through Amazon.com, whether through our auctions or our zShops. We also have partnerships with companies like Drugstore.com, HomeGrocer.com and Pets.com.

PLAYBOY: Why would people go to Amazon.com for anything other than books? Why wouldn't one go to specialty websites—eToys or Toys R Us for toys, eBay for auctions, CDNow for music?

BEZOS: People underestimate how richly varied e-commerce will be on the Internet. We call all these businesses "Internet companies" now, but in ten years they'll just be companies. People will shop in different ways. Companies of all shapes and sizes, using many different strategies, with different focuses on different customer segments, will thrive. It's just like in the rest of the world. There are department stores and chains and independent stores and big stores and small stores. All these companies can be successful. The Net will be just as—or even more—varied.

PLAYBOY: How will the online world change the physical world? You once said that there will be no strip malls in the future.

BEZOS: Strip malls are a symbol for marginal, low-experience stores that nobody really wants to go to. Over time, say within ten years, maybe 15 percent of commerce will move online. Will that have a big impact on the physical world? Absolutely. What will that effect be? It will force stores to get better. The ones that don't get better will go by the wayside. Stores will have to have better-trained people. They will have to be cleaner and better lit. They will have to provide something unique. The stores no one wants to go to will disappear. I don't say everything will change, though. People will still go out. They like to interact with other human beings. The Net is pretty cool, but the physical world is the best medium ever. There are many things you can do with physical stuff that you can't do with a computer. So the environments are going to coexist nicely. And it's all good news if you are the customer. More choices, more competition, better service.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you trying to become the one-stop shopping place online—that is, the Wal-Mart of the Net?

BEZOS: In trying to figure us out, people say we are the fill-in-the-blank of the Internet. The truth is we are and aspire to be the *Amazon.com* of the Internet. There is no analogue in the physical world. Are we a department store? Department stores have a very limited selection. A big mass merchandiser like a K-Mart or Target will have maybe 120,000 different products in a store. That's actually not very many. We are limitless. We have virtually every product that exists because we are not constrained by physical limitations. Next, we can do something that no physical store can do. We can personalize our store for you. They can't do that in a physical store; They can't run around and rearrange the shelves to accommodate every customer who walks in. But you can do that on the Net. That's another thing that makes Amazon.com fundamentally different. If we have 12 million customers, we can have 12 million stores. Another difference is that our core business isn't selling things. Our core business is helping people make purchase decisions.

PLAYBOY: In other words, you *are* trying to sell them things.

BEZOS: It's more complicated than that. Look at the reviews we have with our listings of books. We'll duplicate and modify that system for the other products—toys, whatever. We review products negatively, and we publish negative reviews by customers. When we started doing this, some people—especially book publishers and the occasional author—were incensed. I got hostile letters that said, "Maybe you don't understand your business. You make money when

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you sell things." They asked, "Why in the world would you allow negative reviews?"

PLAYBOY: Why do you?

BEZOS: Because over time people figure out that the reviews are a good way to help them make the right purchasing decisions. People like that; they come back because of it. Some of my proudest moments are when customers tell me that we talked them out of buying something. It's a huge service for customers. With most things, the amount you pay for the product isn't the biggest cost; it is the time you spend with the product afterward. You can spend $20 on a book, but that's nothing compared with the eight hours of your life that you are going to give to this thing.

PLAYBOY: But how trustworthy are your reviews? People can manipulate the reviews, including the number of stars that books are given.

BEZOS: Obviously the reviews have to be trustworthy to be useful. When someone posts one that isn't sincere, you usually can tell. Some are very funny. We had God review the Bible. J.D. Salinger chimed in about *The Catcher in the Rye*, which I find highly unlikely. Charlotte Brontë reviewed Jane Austen and said she was pissed off that Austen had two movies and a miniseries in a single year and she had nothing. We clean out the fake ones. Our customers usually notice them and tell us. But most people are honest when they write the reviews.

PLAYBOY: How about when the people reviewing have a vested interest in selling the book or product?

BEZOS: When people have a vested interest, they often say so. We encourage authors to weigh in on their own books. One of my favorite reviews started out, "This is the best book my brother ever wrote." Of course there are exceptions, but you can usually tell whether a review is thoughtful, flippant or biased. There are going to be a few people who are sophisticated enough to organize campaigns, but that will be the exception.

PLAYBOY: There were complaints that publishers were paying you to recommend their books. Isn't that enough to make customers distrust your recommendations and reviews?

BEZOS: First of all, we have never been paid to put up good reviews. Reviews have always been and remain independent. What happened was that we initially accepted payment for placements on the site. That is, a publisher could pay us to prominently feature a book. It's standard practice in the book business. Still, in response to feedback, we now disclose when people pay for a slot on a page. No other stores disclose that. There's no indication that bookstores are paid to place a book by the cash register or in the window, but we thought, What's wrong with disclosing it? Now we do.

PLAYBOY: How does the engine for book

recommendations work?

BEZOS: By collaborative filtering. It is a statistical technique that looks at your past purchase stream and finds other people whose past purchase streams are similar. Think of the people it finds as your electronic soul mates. Then we look at that aggregation and see what things your electronic soul mates have bought that you haven't. Those are the books we recommend. And it works.

PLAYBOY: You talk a lot about the customer experience, but isn't price the key factor when it comes to where people shop on the Internet?

BEZOS: We have data indicating that customers rank selection as our most valuable asset. Ease of use and convenience are second and price is third. Anything that's in the top three is important—price is super important, but selection is most important.

PLAYBOY: How important is your brand name? People argue whether brands are more or less important on the Net.

BEZOS: The companies that rely on brand loyalty are insane. Customers will be loyal to you because you don't take them up on it. It is one of those paradoxes. There is no resting on your laurels. If you assume anything, you are doing a disservice to your customers and they shouldn't be loyal to you. Our customers are loyal to us right up until the second that somebody else offers them better service. We live or die based on the customer experience. Here's the thing: Online, the balance of power shifts away from the company and goes toward the customer. Our secret is that we have not been competitor obsessed. We have been customer obsessed, while our competitors have been Amazon.com obsessed.

PLAYBOY: But were you at least a little nervous when Barnes and Noble, the number one bookseller, decided to challenge you on the Net?

BEZOS: Not that nervous, because small companies have one huge advantage over big companies, which is that they have nothing to lose. It's one of the things that we try to hold on to as we get bigger. I mean, in the scheme of things, we are still a tiny company.

PLAYBOY: Tiny? With sales of $1 billion?

BEZOS: We are big for an Internet company but tiny for a real-world company. We have to be careful, though. As companies get bigger, they have something to lose. When they do, the natural tendency is to get risk-aversive. They lose their boldness. They lose the spirit to innovate. They lose their pioneering qualities. I am bound and determined not to let that happen to Amazon.com.

PLAYBOY: But the arrival of the major booksellers on the Internet had to worry you. When Barnes and Noble went online, George Colony said that you were Amazon.toast.

BEZOS: Some people thought we were toast, and they had a logical argument. Amazon.com had two good years—most companies don't get a two-year window without any real competition—but then the fun was over. We were about to get creamed by the big guys. Barnes and Noble had a powerful, trusted brand name. Also, they had huge purchasing power. We were tiny. We had 125 employees and 340,000 customers and our revenues were 50 times smaller than Barnes and Noble's. To put it in perspective, they had 30,000 employees and 10.7 million customers. Now we are only three times smaller than Barnes and Noble in terms of revenue. It's because we didn't look over our shoulder. We looked ahead, focused on our customers and obsessively did whatever we could to make them happy. I ask our folks here to wake up scared every morning with their sheets drenched in sweat. But I also ask them to be precise about what it is they are scared of—not our customers, but our customers.

PLAYBOY: You say you're not the big guy, but that's not how many small bookstore owners feel. How guilty do you feel about putting them out of business?

BEZOS: That question is a little bit like, "When did you stop beating your wife?"

PLAYBOY: The point is that before Amazon.com, small bookstores were in fear of Barnes and Noble, Borders and the other superstores. Now many blame you for pushing them out of business or at least making it tougher.

BEZOS: I would debate that they think that. The biggest competitive threat to independent booksellers is big chain bookstores that open right across the street. E-commerce is a tiny fraction of sales today.

PLAYBOY: But it is growing quickly.

BEZOS: And I would argue that we are much more competitive with the big chains than with the independents. In fact, I consider *us* to be an independent. We think like an independent. We are one store.

PLAYBOY: One independent bookstore owner says, "For Bezos, books are product. For us, books are passion."

BEZOS: That person doesn't know me. Books are definitely a passion for me, too, though they are not the reason that Amazon.com started with books.

PLAYBOY: Why did you start with them?

BEZOS: When I decided to do this, there were only a few types of Internet companies. There were ISPs, people helping other people get online. There were tool companies like Netscape. And there were the first content companies, like HotWired. Yahoo had started but it was just two guys at Stanford doing this directory because they didn't really want to work on their Ph.D.s. It seemed to me that the next stage would be transaction-based companies. So I thought, Let's do a retail company. I made a list of 20 different products to sell online.

PLAYBOY: What was being sold online at that point?

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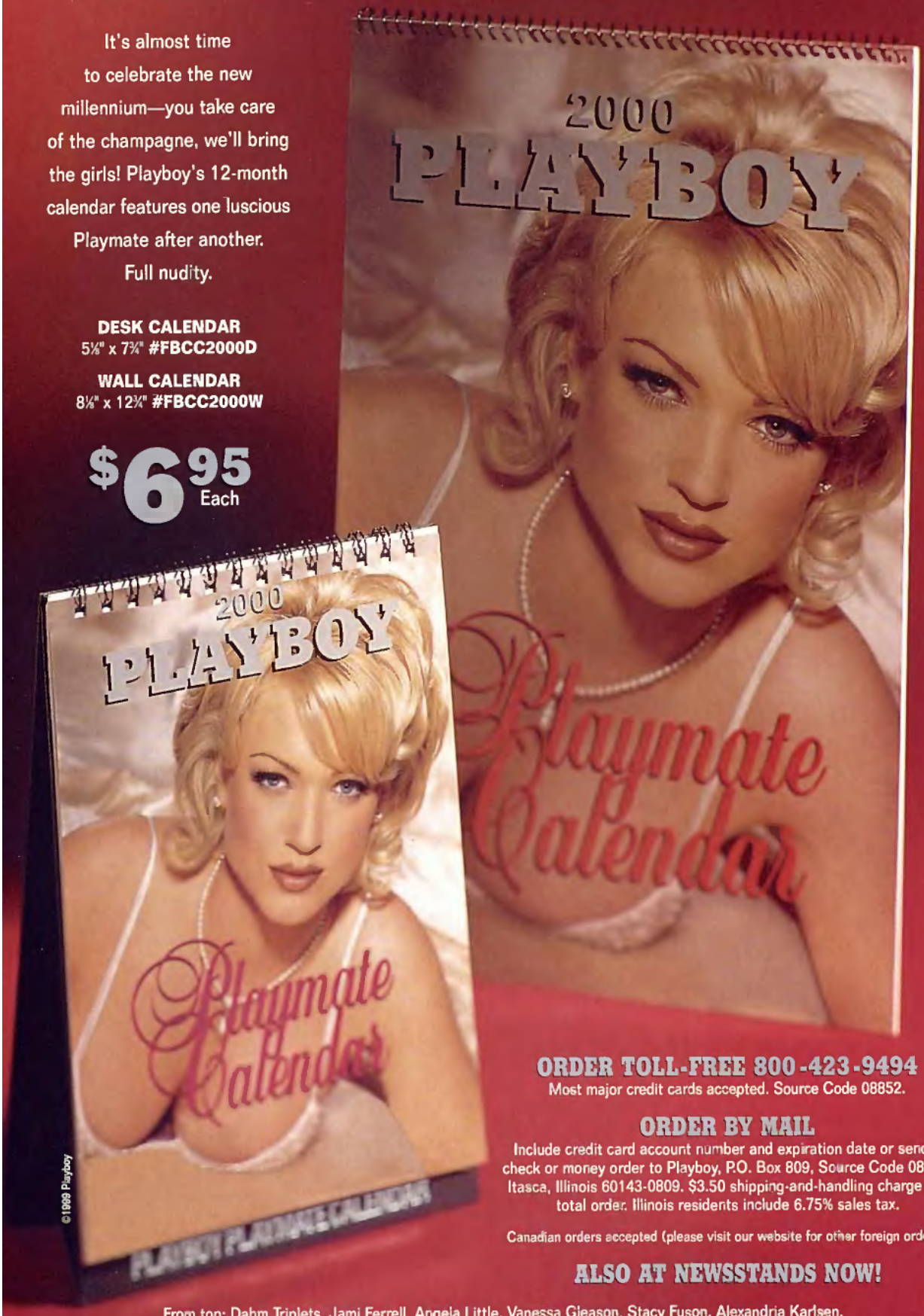

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EXPERIENCE THE PLAYBOY STORE AT www.playboystore.com

BEZOS: Not much, though there was the Internet Shopping Network, which was selling computer stuff. There was already a bookstore called Future Fantasy Books out of Palo Alto, which sold science fiction. In fact, the first online bookstore started 17 years ago. Someone set it up in Chicago on 300-baud modems. It was way too early.

PLAYBOY: What changed?

BEZOS: In 1994 we passed the elbow in the curve and millions of people were shortly going to have access because of the web and Netscape. I looked at popular products in mail order and saw that books were way down the list. Why? If you were to print a catalog with all the available books, it would be larger than 50 New York City phone books. You are not going to mail that around 12 times a year. Yet here was a technology that could put the whole catalog in the hands of customers. The largest physical superstores have about 170,000 titles; Amazon.com, even when we launched, had over a million. Today we have over 18 million items, including toys and electronics and out-of-print books and on and on. So the notion of infinite shelf space became key. With books, I decided I could create true value for customers.

PLAYBOY: You were working as a banker. How risky was the move?

BEZOS: Well, my boss and good friend David Shaw was very respectful but said Amazon.com might be a good idea for somebody who didn't already have a good job. We went for a walk in Central Park in New York and he asked me to think about it for 48 hours. I went away to be alone and was trying to figure out how to think about this kind of life decision. Once I found the right framework, the decision was incredibly easy.

PLAYBOY: What was the framework?

BEZOS: I call it regret minimization. You project yourself to age 80 and look back on your life. You want to minimize the number of regrets. In the short term, you can get confused about small stuff. I was walking away from my Wall Street bonus. But then I thought, At 80, am I going to remember whether I did or didn't get my Wall Street bonus? No, but I thought there was a real chance that I would regret not having tried to participate in this thing called the Internet. That's how I decided.

PLAYBOY: So you headed west. Why did you choose Seattle?

BEZOS: The two primary factors in deciding where to go were that I wanted to be near a major book warehouse and near a pool of technical talent. Seattle had both.

PLAYBOY: Were you married by then?

BEZOS: Yes, I was. I came to Seattle with my wife.

PLAYBOY: You allegedly went on a lot of blind dates. Is that how you met her?

BEZOS: No. I met her after all those blind dates.

PLAYBOY: Why the blind dates?

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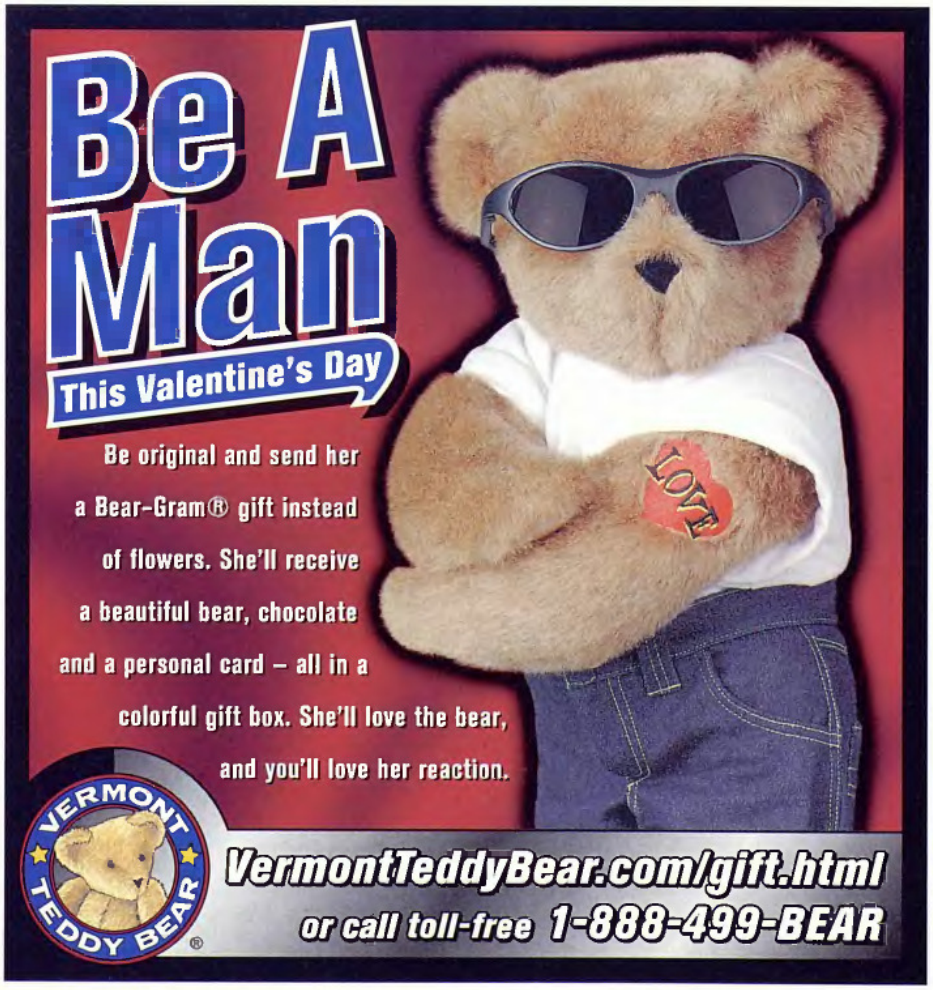
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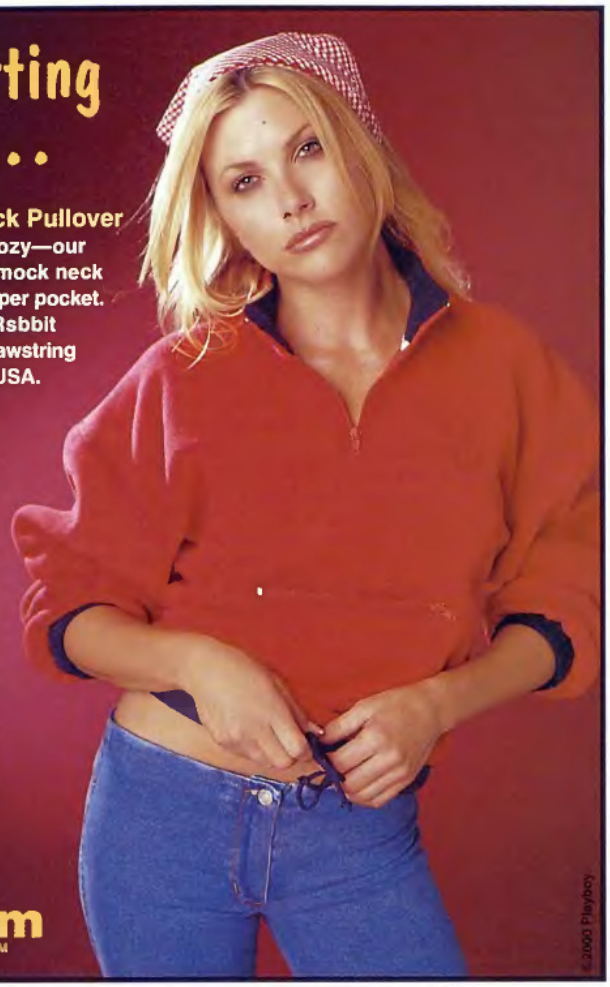

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BEZOS: I am not the kind of person women fall in love with. I sort of grow on them, like a fungus. I need to either work alongside somebody or take a series of classes with her—you know, get to know her over a period of time to let her see that my goofiness is actually an attribute, not a fatal flaw. But I did go on a lot of blind dates, none of which were successful because of this problem. Over time, I developed a set of criteria. At the top of the list of important traits was resourcefulness. I learned that if you tell people you want resourcefulness—which is an abstract idea—they don't really get it. So I had to figure out a way to explain resourcefulness.

PLAYBOY: Which you did how?

BEZOS: I told my friends that my future wife would have to be able to get me out of a Third World prison. People got it.

PLAYBOY: So then how did you meet MacKenzie?

BEZOS: At work. It was a more comfortable way to meet and get to know each other. Part of the problem with blind dates is that it's hard for both sides to be completely relaxed. And if you are completely relaxed, it's in this weird sort of way, almost like job-interview relaxed. It is not great.

PLAYBOY: Would MacKenzie be able to get you out of a foreign prison?

BEZOS: Yes. The people trying to keep me in wouldn't have a chance.

PLAYBOY: We read that she is a writer. Fiction or nonfiction?

BEZOS: She is working on her first novel.

PLAYBOY: Which will be displayed prominently on Amazon.com?

BEZOS: I would make no such presumption. If there were any undue influence, she would kill me.

PLAYBOY: But she was pleased to come to Seattle?

BEZOS: Yes. We flew to Fort Worth, where my dad gave us a 1988 Chevy Blazer. I wrote the first draft of the business plan in the car on the way. I initially incorporated under the name Cadabra.

PLAYBOY: As in abracadabra?

BEZOS: Yes, but I called my lawyer to give him the name so he could file the incorporation papers. He said, "Cadaver?" I knew that would be a bad name right away. Things are alphabetized online, so I wanted an A word. I went through the A's in the dictionary. I wanted something that conveyed size, too, and Amazon is the earth's biggest river.

PLAYBOY: How did you initially fill the orders?

BEZOS: We thought we would sell a book a day for a long time. But the wholesalers have a ten-book minimum. I tried to persuade them to waive the ten-book minimum, but they said no, it was too much work to send out less than ten books. But we found a loophole. Their systems were programmed in such a way that you didn't have to *receive* ten books, you only had to *order* ten books. So we

found an obscure book about lichens that they had in their system but was out of stock. We began ordering the one book we wanted and nine copies of the lichen book. They would ship out the book we needed and a note that said, "Sorry, but we're out of the lichen book." One of these days we're going to get all those lichen books dumped onto our front lawn.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you had your business meetings at Barnes and Noble?

BEZOS: Yes, because our office in the garage was not an appealing space. We didn't really want to bring people there, so we would go to a local café, which just happened to be inside Barnes and Noble. We weren't trying to be cute.

PLAYBOY: In the beginning, how did people learn about Amazon.com?

BEZOS: By word of mouth. Before we opened for business, we did a six-week beta test. About 300 friends and family members ordered real stuff and we charged their credit cards and tested the system. On July 15, we sent e-mail to those 300 friends and family. We said to them, "Thanks for helping us test the system." Until then, we had asked them to keep it secret. Then we said, "Please tell everyone you know." They spread the word. At that time, there wasn't that much on the Internet. If something new and cool appeared, everybody knew about it. Within a week, I got an e-mail message from Jerry Yang or David Filo at Yahoo, saying they had run across our site and thought it was really cool. Whichever one called asked if we minded if it was put up on Yahoo's "What's Cool" page. We said, "Sure." They put it on and that generated a lot of traffic. Because the name started with the letter A, it was at the top of the "What's Cool" page. Word of mouth is incredibly powerful online because of list servers, which enable people to send e-mail to massive numbers of recipients. Some professor somewhere maintained a mailing list that went out to 50,000 people. He told them about us. That kind of word of mouth. And Usenet newsgroups. Online, word of mouth changes. In the old world, someone might tell five people, but in the new world, you can tell 5000. But be careful, because it works both ways. If you make a customer unhappy, he can tell 5000 people, too.

PLAYBOY: Who actually did the shipping for the books?

BEZOS: We did, and killed ourselves doing it. We would do our normal jobs and then go down in the basement and pack and ship books. Eventually we moved to a real office with a 400-square-foot warehouse. Four hundred square feet is about the size of a one-car garage. We'd order the books from the distributors—along with the lichen books when we needed to do that—and the books would show up the next day on our loading dock. Then we would take them into the basement and get down on our hands and knees and pack them all. I bring up the hands and knees part because it is an example of how stupid I was in the middle of this. It was killing us. Our knees were getting raw. I said to someone, "God, this is killing my knees." That person said, "Yeah, we've really got to do something about this." Finally I said, "I know what we should do! We need knee pads." He looked at me like I was from Mars, like, "Oh my God, our CEO is a complete moron." He said, "How about some packing tables? "Ahhh." [*Laughs*] It was the most brilliant idea I had ever heard. The next day we got a bunch of packing tables.

PLAYBOY: What were people ordering?

BEZOS: Obscure books at first. But then people saw how convenient it was to order less-obscure books and they came to Amazon.com for those, too. It kept growing and growing. If anybody had predicted what has actually happened, he would have been institutionalized. No reasonable person would have predicted this.

PLAYBOY: In 1997, you went public, and your stock took off. How has its roller-coaster ride affected you?

BEZOS: The stock of Internet companies

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in general and Amazon.com in particular are incredibly volatile. I encourage people here to spend no time thinking about the short-term stock price. If our stock goes up 30 percent in a month, there's the danger that you'll start to feel 30 percent smarter. That kind of arrogance can lead to the downfall of companies. The volatility works in both directions. When the stock goes down 30 percent, you're going to have to feel 30 percent dumber. That won't feel good. So in general, it's better not to think about it.

PLAYBOY: Is it realistic to ask your employees to ignore the stock price when a major part of their benefits are options?

BEZOS: It is realistic to ask. I'd rather have them focused on value. Options are a long-term deal. Especially with the web, it is way too easy to check stock prices every minute and it is a complete waste of time. Related to this, I think it's unfortunate that so many people have taken up day trading. In a bull market, it is easy to convince yourself that you are smart. But it's just gambling. Most of those people are going to lose a lot of money over time.

PLAYBOY: When Amazon's stock has been at its peaks, the valuation was enormous—more than Sears, Roebuck, more than Barnes and Noble. Does that concern you?

BEZOS: It's meaningless except for investors. I don't believe Amazon.com or any Internet company is an appropriate investment for any short-term investor. If you are a small investor, the number one factor in your investment portfolio should be your ability to get a good night's sleep.

PLAYBOY: Some analysts insist that the Internet has brought with it a whole new paradigm. There are relatively fewer limitations.

BEZOS: I actually believe that the Internet is a whole new paradigm. It's a bigger deal than people realize. Over the next 100 years, it is going to turn out that the Internet changes one or two things society-wide. When you dramatically improve the ability of people to communicate, you have to expect important things to happen. But I'm not stupid enough to ignore the past. I know it will take time. New technology comes out and people always overuse it. When desktop publishing first became available, everybody started making their own newsletters. Because you could use a hundred fonts, people did, and the newsletters looked like crap. Now Powerpoint presentations often get overused in the same way. Just because you can have everything swirl and twist, should you? People will learn.

PLAYBOY: Even during the stock market dips, your on-paper worth is in the billions. Does it amuse you to have more money than Ross Perot, Rupert Murdoch or David Rockefeller?

BEZOS: I do?

PLAYBOY: According to *Forbes*, yes.

BEZOS: Here's what I think about that: All those figures go immediately to zero for everybody who has Amazon.com stock if we don't continue to do a good job. I think it's very useful to keep that topmost in mind [*laughs*]. I bought a really nice house, which is pretty great, but nothing has changed fundamentally. I think people overestimate the degree to which lottery winners' lives change. Certainly people at Amazon.com, including me, were a kind of lottery winner. But since people's personalities are largely set by the time they're 25, winning the lottery doesn't change them that much.

PLAYBOY: Does it make a nerd less nerdy?

BEZOS: I'm afraid not.

PLAYBOY: Were you always a nerd?

BEZOS: I was much nerdier when I was a kid. I got somewhat better as I got older.

PLABOY: What form did it take?

BEZOS: I had a Radio Shack 101 Electronics Kit. It made a big impression on me when I was a kid. It's a board that's about two feet long and one foot wide with a bunch of components set into these little spring things. With a bunch of wires, you can make all these different circuits. For whatever reason, I was always interested in science. I always participated in the science fairs and different science projects at school. I wanted to be a physicist. When I was younger, I watched *Star Trek* instead of *Sesame Street*. I'm still nerdy, but I'm less socially awkward. When I was in elementary school, I was painfully awkward. I got beat up a lot.

PLAYBOY: For?

BEZOS: I would always tell people what I thought, even if they were much taller and stronger. I was truly clueless about many things. To counteract this, my parents forced me to play Little League football, which in Texas is a big deal. I was dead set against it, but I actually enjoyed it. They forced me because they wanted me to do something, not just to be in my room reading. Little League baseball, too.

PLAYBOY: But you preferred——

BEZOS: *Star Trek*, definitely. With my friends, I would play *Star Trek*.

PLAYBOY: Were you Captain Kirk?

BEZOS: No, I was always Spock. If I couldn't be Spock, I would also settle for being the computer. Kirk says, "Computer" and the computer—me—would say [*in a perfect imitation of the voice of the computer on Star Trek*] "Working." Then Kirk would ask a question and the computer would answer it in that sculpted voice. My dad made little wooden phasers for us that shot rubber bands. We made communicators. My dog today is named after a minor *Star Trek* character from *The Next Generation*. Kamala. It is from an episode called "The Perfect Mate." Kamala was the perfect mate. And my dog is a very sweet dog.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever get into trouble?

BEZOS: Sure, but I was hard to punish as a child because I was very happy to go to my room and read. They couldn't say, "You can't go to your room. You're not allowed to read!" The cognitive dissonance in that would be overwhelming for a parent. My parents were generally supportive of whatever I was doing. My mom was incredibly hardworking. She'd herd my brother, sister and me all around. Some days she drove me to Radio Shack multiple times. A familiar rant would be, "Won't you please get your parts list sorted out before we go so I only have to take you once!"

PLAYBOY: You worked at McDonald's. What did you learn there?

BEZOS: It was my first real job. I was an acne-faced 15-year-old, and they didn't let me anywhere near the cash registers. I always worked in the back with the cook, which was sort of fun. I was surprised how hard the job was. The buzzers would go off and you had to run. You were juggling a lot of stuff. McDonald's technology has improved. You'd have to run over and pull out the french fries, and then the toaster buzzer would go off and the buns were ready, and then you would have to flip the burgers. Every once in a while, all the buzzers would go off simultaneously. So that was my McDonald's experience.

PLAYBOY: Which made you want to head to Princeton to study particle physics——

BEZOS: I went to Princeton to be where Einstein was. It is an extraordinary department. I learned a valuable lesson there: I learned that I am not smart enough to be a good physicist.

PLAYBOY: Was it crushing?

BEZOS: No. But it was good to figure out early. At first I did well in physics, but the class narrowed from about 300 people to 40. It was the group of people who really wanted to be physicists. I looked around one day and realized that there were at least three people in the class who were going to be the ones who would do something extraordinary. They were wired differently. The things I had to work so hard on came so easily to them. I am sure they went to places where their unusually large and well-wired brains are helpful.

PLAYBOY: What led to computer science?

BEZOS: I was taking computer science and electrical engineering classes and really loving it. So I switched. I had a real passion for computer science.

PLAYBOY: Did you plan to go into computer science as a job?

BEZOS: By the time I graduated from Princeton, I knew I wanted to be an entrepreneur. I even thought about starting a company straight out of school. By the way, I think that is a really bad idea, if anyone is interested. It has worked for a few people, but it's a losing gamble.

PLAYBOY: So your better sense prevailed.

(continued on page 162)

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WHY IS EVERYONE

It's the four-letter word of the moment. If the Seventies were the Me Decade and the Eighties the Greed Decade, we're now in the Decade of Rage, the era of the raised middle finger, the throat-popping, lip-splitting Fuck You. It comes in one flavor—bitter. There's road rage, sky rage and work rage, and now "rageaholic" has entered the vocabulary. It's the stuff of Saturday nights. "Smack my bitch up," the hit refrain of Prodigy, is the anthem. The angry beat continues through Sunday morning, when pundits and politicos rail at one another on television talk shows. Howard Stern, Rush Limbaugh, Newt Gingrich, James Carville and Pat Buchanan all speak the language of rage.

Trouble is, so do bullets, and the corpses that have littered the nation's high school corridors, city streets and corporate offices are testimony to the damage that extreme rage can cause.

Meanwhile, daily rage—in real life and in entertainment—is an integral part of the American consciousness. So if you wish to understand the soul of our nation at the beginning of the 21st century, tune in to rage—but first take a look at these pages. And whatever you do, please try to remain calm.

RAGE SELLS

Book industry sources report that over 75 volumes on the subjects of rage and stress management sell briskly—and that is just in the self-help department.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

"How do you manage your rage?" Dr. Hannibal Lecter asks Clarice Starling in *The Silence of the Lambs*.

Some good answers:

"When angry, count ten before you speak. If very angry, a hundred."—THOMAS JEFFERSON

"When angry, count four. When very angry, swear."—MARK TWAIN

Some bad answers:

"I tried to turn, but then I saw I had my husband's penis in my hand. And I screamed and threw it out the window, and I just drived as fast as I could."—LORENA BOBBITT

"The gun went off."—AMY FISHER, EXPLAINING HOW MARY JO BUTTAFUOCO, THE WIFE OF FISHER'S BOYFRIEND JOEY, HAPPENED TO

FALL TO THE GROUND AFTER AMY RANG THE DOORBELL.

Not a bad answer, just a little late:

"The one thing I've learned is that I have to do a better job of controlling my temper when I'm put in a situation where frustration mounts and you want to lose control."—LATRELL SPREWELL, AFTER HE CHOKED AND THREATENED COACH P.J. CARLESIMO.

"What's interesting, though, is he's very articulate."—SPIKE LEE, AFTER SPREWELL SERVED OUT A SUSPENSION AND BECAME A NEW YORK KNICK.

BE CAREFUL AT WORK

According to the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, 1 million workers are assaulted and more than 1000 are murdered every year (an average of 20 homicides a week) in acts of workplace violence.

A recent report found that the taxicab industry has the highest rate of workplace homicides—nearly 60 times the national average, encompassing both rage-related and robbery-related incidents. Those people who work in health care, community services and retail are at greatest risk for nonfatal assaults.

Federal investigators encounter so much workplace rage that they claim to be able to identify the warning signs. Does anyone near your workstation demonstrate any of these symptoms?

"Harassing, stalking or showing undue focus on another person; intimidating or frightening others; physically aggressive acts, such as shaking fists at another person, kicking, pounding on desks, punching a wall, angrily jumping up and down, screaming at others."

Here are excerpts from the federal guidelines on rage in the workplace. Again, be sure to approach certain co-workers with caution.

"Level one: (early warning signs): The person spreads rumors and gossip to harm others. Consistently argues with co-workers. Makes unwanted sexual comments.

"Level two (escalation of the situation): The person argues increasingly with customers, vendors, co-workers and management. Verbalizes wishes to hurt co-workers and/or management. Sees self as victimized by management (me against them).

"Level three (further escalation, usually resulting in an emergency response): The person frequently displays

intense anger resulting in destruction of property, commission of murder, rape and/or arson."

RAGE AROUND THE HOUSE

According to the Department of Justice, 4000 women and children are beaten to death every year. Of all female homicide victims, 42 percent are murdered by a male partner.

In a flamboyant example of household rage, TLC singer Lisa "Left-Eye" Lopes got so angry at her boyfriend, Andre Rison (then of the Atlanta Falcons, now with the Kansas City Chiefs), that she smashed several of his automobiles with a baseball bat. Then she set fire to Rison's million-dollar mansion in Alpharetta, Georgia and all of Rison's personal possessions.

"Luckily, no one was hurt," Rison said. "It's over with and what's gone is gone. You have to move on."

MERRY FUCKING CHRISTMAS

"When the store opened at midnight, there were about 200 people, and they became overzealous," a policeman said, referring to violence that erupted at a Wal-Mart in O'Fallon, Illinois a year ago last December when shoppers demanded Furbys—cuddly toy pets that belch and fart. "One lady claimed she was bitten, and an older lady was knocked down." Furby fury destroyed the holiday spirit, if there was any to begin with. "We heard every word in the human language, and then some," a checkout line supervisor said. "It was chaos," said a customer.

FRIENDLY SKIES

Last summer, *The New York Times* took note of reports of "an alarming trend of angry passengers who punch, kick, scratch, bite and head-butt airline employees, or even one another."

During a flight from Buenos Aires to New York in 1995, a banker from Greenwich, Connecticut became vexed at a flight attendant who refused to give him any more to drink. The banker assaulted the attendant and defecated on a food cart.

"People's attitudes have changed. They are aggravated with long lines and flight delays. They're becoming more aggressive. People lash out, scream at ticket agents. I'm concerned for my personal safety."—TIMOTHY PETERSON, A BAGGAGE HANDLER AT NEWARK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, QUOTED IN THE *TIMES*.

No wonder. Shortly before Peterson spoke, John C. Davis Jr. had tussled with Continental Airlines gate agent Angelo Sottile when Sottile attempted to stop Davis—who was not holding a boarding pass—from entering the jet way. Davis was pursuing his toddler, who had run down the jet way and who was already being pursued by Mrs. Davis (who had had the good sense to take another gate agent with her). Sottile was hospitalized with fractured spinal vertebrae and head injuries. Davis was charged with aggravated assault.

ROAD RAGE—ROAD KILL

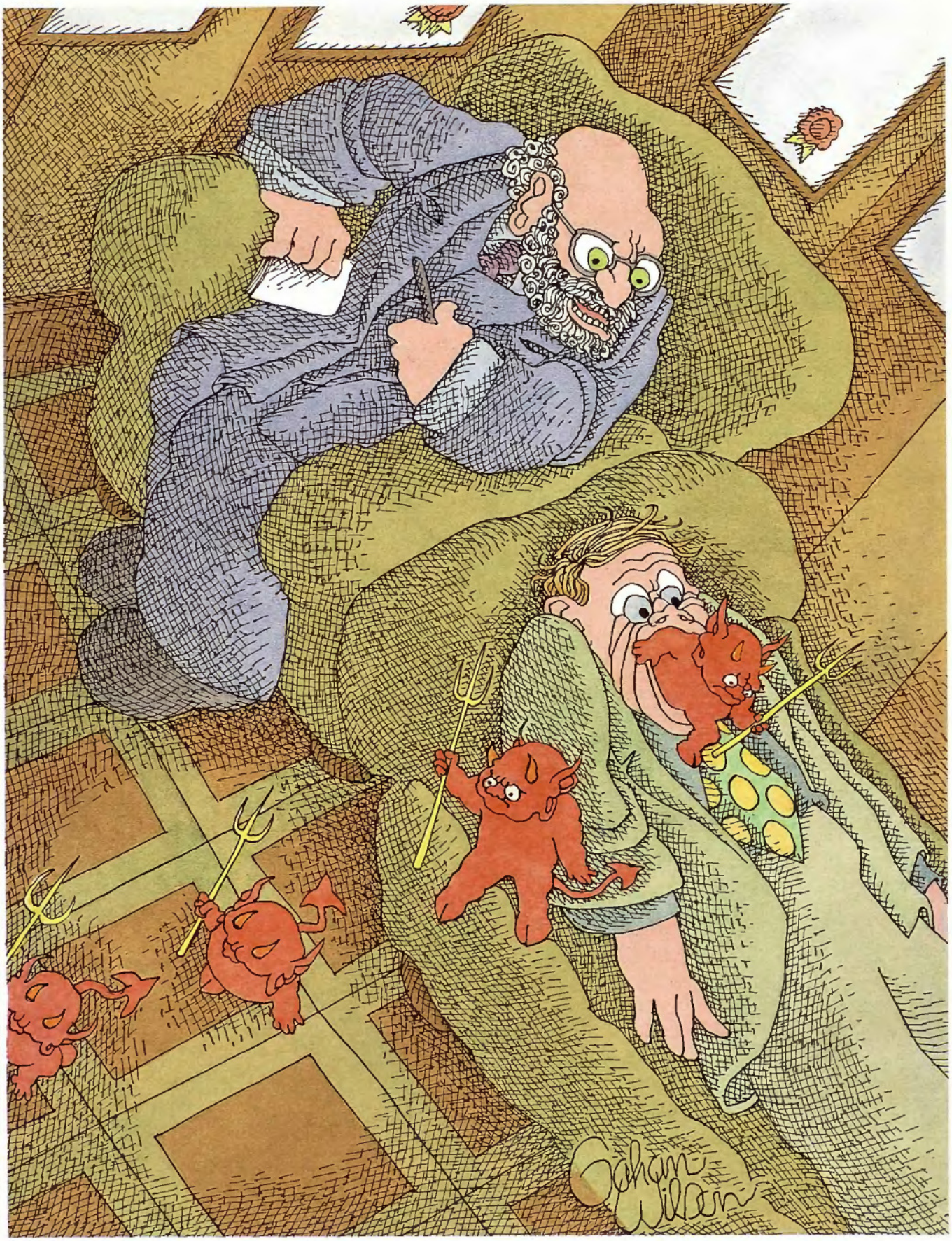
I BRAKE FOR NO APPARENT REASON.—*South Park* bumper sticker.

"One day I was horrified to find myself giving another driver the finger," said etiquette maven Letitia Baldridge. "Of course, it was the wrong finger, because I'm new to this. But there I was all the same. Self-control is no longer one of our great aspirations."

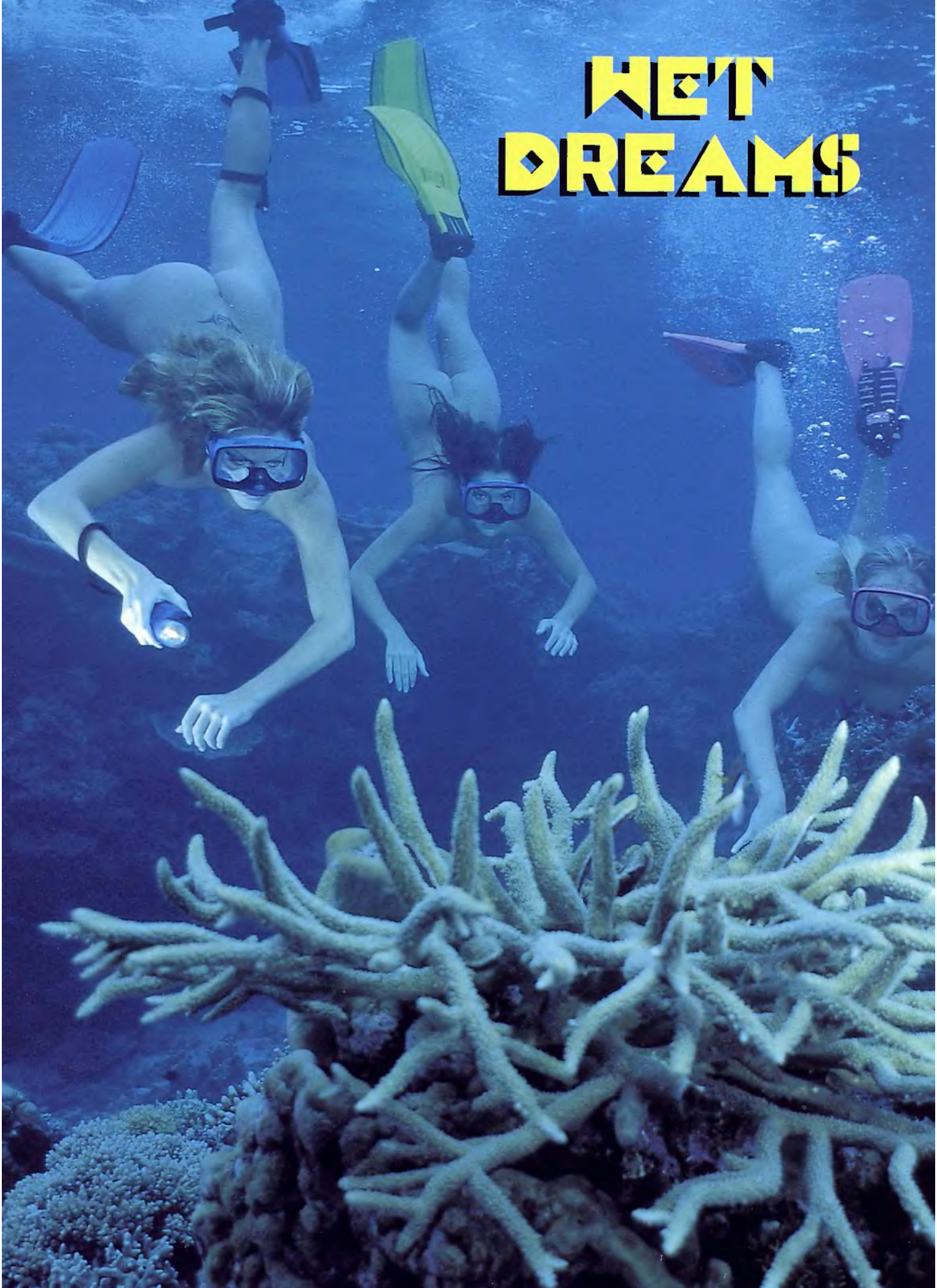
According to NBC, road rage has cost $24 billion over the past decade in medical bills, property damage and time lost from work. That information appeared in a press release for *Road Rage*, a television movie in which Yasmine Bleeth portrays a woman who turns a delivery driver into a crazed stalker by inadvertently cutting in front of him on a freeway.

(continued on page 92)

COLLAGE BY WINSTON SMITH



"I think that's the last of them!"


WET
DREAMS

kalin, kelly and victoria discover the deep end of the ocean

PLAYBOY Managing Photography Editor Jim Larson got an offer that was hard to refuse. Would a photo crew and a handful of Playmates like to fly to Fiji, stay on a 100-foot vessel, spend two weeks scuba diving and record the excursion for a pictorial? Larson, who has traveled to Africa and Iceland for exotic PLAYBOY layouts, thought about it for a nanosecond and signed on. So did Miss August 1997 Kalin Olson, Miss April 1997 Kelly Monaco and Miss January 1996 Victoria Fuller. After traveling 7000 miles from Chicago to Fiji, the Playmates donned their gear (minus those pesky scuba suits) and headed underwater, where they swam with tiger fish and barracuda. Then La Niña hit. "Rain, wind and lightning disturbed the clarity of the water for photos," Larson says. "At times, the waves were so fierce that it sounded like our boat was being smacked with a baseball bat." Stirred but not shaken, the group traveled to the coast of Honduras to wrap things up. "It became more of an adventure than we wanted," Larson says with a chuckle.

Mermaids Kalin Olson, Kelly Monaco and Victoria Fuller were quick to embrace the "eat, sleep and dive" motto of Aggressor Fleet Ltd., the live-aboard scuba outfit that arranged the excursions to Fiji and Honduras. "Scuba diving burns a substantial amount of calories," Larson says. "So after a dive, the crew would have a lavish spread of baked goods waiting for us. For dinner, not surprisingly, we ate a lot of fresh seafood."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND AL GIDDINGS

Instead of stoying onshore ond commuting to the ocean with their scuba equipment each day, the group lived on the boot and made deep-sea dives three times o day. Clockwise from above left: Kalin and Kelly get up close and personal with o curious yellowtoil snapper. The girls heod oshore to look for Gilligan and the Skipper; giving Greg Lougonis o run for his money; Kelly proves thot hope floats; Kelly clean-and-jerks o barrocudo (loter, the group ote the little guy for dinner). Opposite: In woter or on land, Kalin mokes o splash.

Our water nymphs were right at home in the Pacific Ocean. Opposite page, clockwise from top left: Kalin goes fishing; Kelly and Kalin check out the fabulous sea life in Honduras. Don't you think that sand will make for some funky tan lines? Above: Sunshine, grass skirts and bikini tops make for a festive floating litter. Below: The girls are eager to bend over backward to ensure that photographer Richard Fegley gets great shots. Bottom left: Anybody want to try this human limbo? Bottom right: Soaking up the rays.

We've all fantasized about swimming with dolphins, but what about swimming with dolphins and naked Playmates at the same time? Our friends from the Roatan Institute for Marine Sciences in Bailey's Key, Honduras were able to live out that fantasy by assisting with the photos you see here. "We were able to get these awesome shots by going to an as-yet undiscovered dive area," Larson says. "It was a privilege to have access to such pristine beauty." Even Jacques Cousteau never had it so good.

ACCOMMODATIONS PROVIDED BY AGGRESSOR FLEET LTD., MORGAN CITY, LA
DIVING EQUIPMENT PROVIDED BY AQUA LUNG AMERICA, INC., VISTA, CA
TRANSPORTATION COURTESY OF AIR PACIFIC

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 157.

crime fighters

by Jack Maple with Chris Mitchell

During his rise from subway cop to deputy commissioner of the NYPD, Jack Maple discovered the secret of safe streets: cops who are smarter than crooks

I was 41 when I finally got a seat at the table. I had been a cop since about the time I could walk into a bar without an adult. But until 1994, when I was appointed deputy commissioner of the New York Police Department, I felt very much on the outside, my cheeks red from the cold and my nose pressed against the window. At that time there were separate police forces in New York for the streets, transit and public housing. Only one had nearly 36,000 officers and a reputation equal to that of the New York Yankees. For most of my career, I was with one of the other two.

By the time I took over as deputy commissioner of the NYPD, I knew a lot about what was right and wrong, operationally, with the city's policing system. But the most serious problems I encountered in my new position walked on two legs. They were the detectives who would burn up the critical first few days of an investigation boasting about their cases at the bar. They were the overweight cops you'd see sleeping through the night in their patrol cars. They were, worst of all, the conscientious objectors who said, "We don't make collars," as if effecting an arrest was an activity reserved for lower life-forms.

The story is the same in any police department: Forty percent of the force hide behind desks. Another 40 percent perform without passion. Ten percent loathe the job. The remaining ten percent of the officers treat their work as a vocation. During my years on patrol, I saw the same 20 transit cops, 20 housing cops and 100 street cops downtown at the courthouse, testifying against crooks they had collared.

A similar pattern holds with bad guys. One study found that of the 10,000 boys born in 1945 who lived in Philadelphia between the ages of ten and 18, an elite six percent were responsible for about two thirds of the violent crimes attributed to members of that group. That's been the matchup for as long as anyone can remember: the all-star cops versus the all-star crooks. The chief difference between the crook and the cop is that the latter is obligated to follow a code of engagement. In a hit-and-run battle, only the crooks flourish. If a police department could double the number of cops focused on apprehending criminals, the momentum might shift in the public's favor.

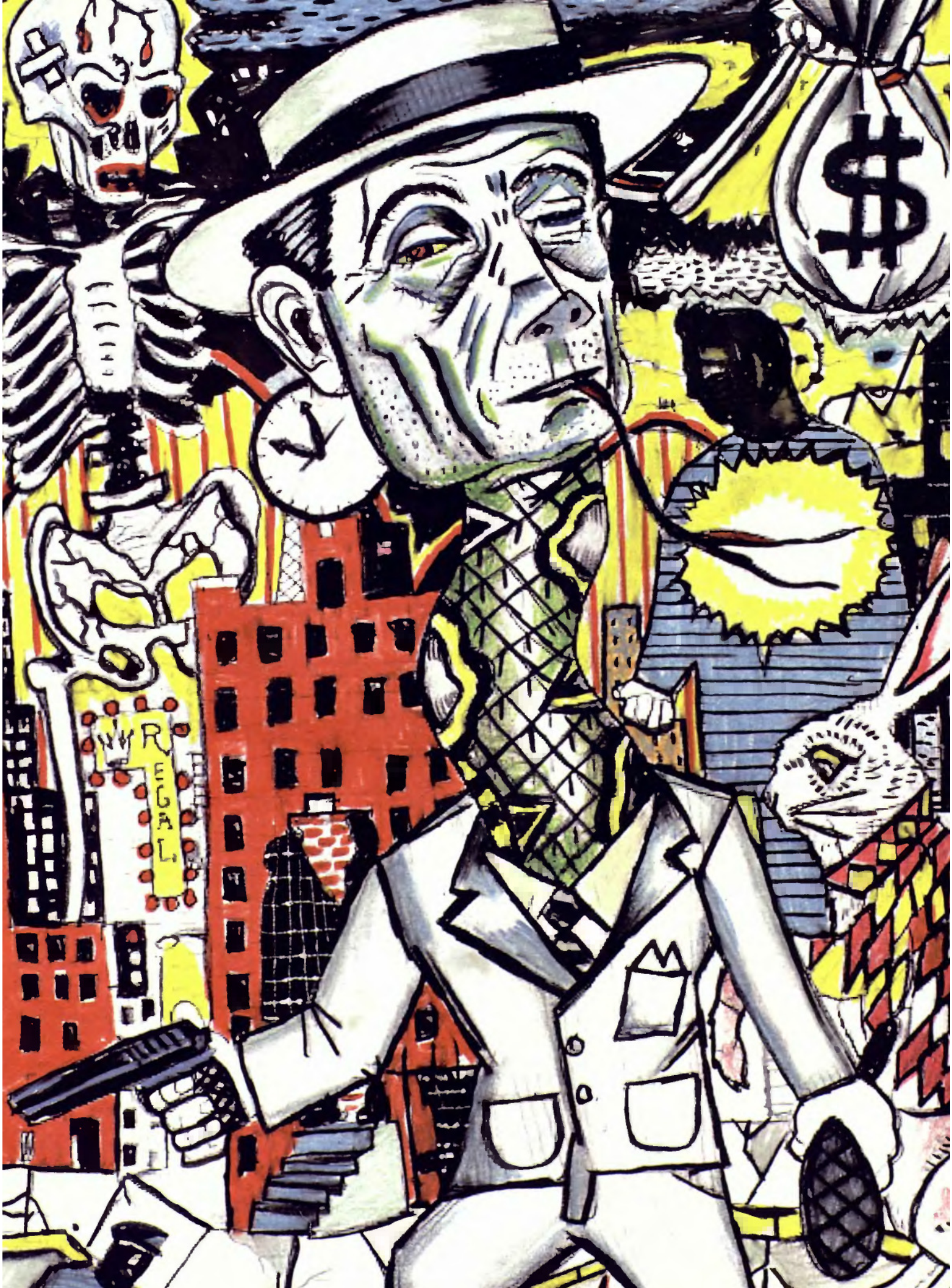
Playing to Win

Police often talk about who within a department is "in the game," meaning which cops are in the down-and-dirty business of catching crooks. The game imagery is appropriate, because there has to be an element of sport to the work. A more useful metaphor for intelligent policing is the hunt. Many of the people we're trying to catch are predators. Robbers, rapists and serial killers obviously fit into that category, but burglars, pickpockets and scam artists also use the logic of a predator in choosing their victims, their hunting grounds, their hours of work. Rare is the crime that doesn't transform an otherwise mindless crook, at least momentarily, into a predator.

In crime, as in nature, predators seek out the old, the young, the weak and the disabled. Some predators run their victims down, lie in wait and pounce, or circle to make an assessment. Others make careful plans before their attack, which is usually swift, ferocious and efficient.

In the wild and on the streets, the watering hole is the scene of

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY FITZPATRICK


REGAL

How not to get mugged

Because crooks typically prey on women or the elderly, the average guy doesn't think he could be a target. But crooks with weapons or a clear advantage in numbers will attack anyone if they anticipate a big payoff. Nice clothes, a thick billfold or a flash of gold attract miscreants like the sparkle of bait fish attracts a barracuda.

Business travelers and tourists, already at a disadvantage in an unfamiliar city, often take unnecessary risks. They drink themselves sick or entrust their lives to strangers who offer them quick sex or easy drugs. Rule of thumb: If you're fat, old, bald and ugly, a beautiful young woman who comes on to you in a bar is either a crook or a mental patient, or she's working undercover for your wife. I'm not saying people should stay at home or hide in their hotel rooms. But there are precautions you should take any time you step outside your sanctuary, such as knowing where your wallet is whenever you're in a crowd, taking cabs rather than walking if you've been drinking, and not being overconfident because someone has told you an area is "safe."

If you become a mark, show no fear. An air of confidence and alertness (imagine you're an off-duty or undercover cop) is your last line of defense.

Once a perp shows his weapon or wraps his arm around your throat, your options are limited. If all he wants are material possessions, give them up quickly. If he wants to take you to another location, you have to consider fighting back, because it's unlikely any mugger who's also a kidnapper plans to let you go unharmed. Action is twice as fast as reaction, so hit him when he least expects it. Then run like hell.

—J.M.

many attacks. The lions know the habits of their prey. If you're hunting lions, you'd better hang out at the watering hole too.

For many years, Times Square was a place where a transit cop could search for action when things got slow downstairs. In the hole the work could be numbing—hour after hour of climbing stairs and roaming platforms, knowing that though the robbery crews rode the trains, 90 percent of their crimes occurred at street level. To make the work interesting, I taught myself how to spot concealed weapons. I'd stand in front of a mirror and study the way a gun looked under a jacket, over the shoulder, tucked into the waistband—anywhere on the body it could be hidden. On the job, I'd stop two or three people a day. Many of the guns were licensed; some were not. The drill went like this: With my nonshooting hand, I'd grab the handle of the gun. The guy would freeze and usually obey an order to put his hands on his head. If he didn't, my hold on his gun put him off balance, so I could spin him around and get cuffs on him.

Times Square was a smorgasbord for every miscreant, thief, robber and trickster of the day. The Port Authority Bus Terminal—New York's budget entrance—deposited scores of runaways, thrill seekers, hicks and wage earners onto Eighth Avenue. Potential victims were everywhere, flush with cash and often loaded on booze or drugs. Some of the crooks were comical. Gregory Gadson was the worst pickpocket I've ever seen. He had big, swollen hands and was so awkward he almost never finished digging a pocket before the victim was staring him straight in the eyes. The only thing Gadson had going for him was a twin brother. The Gadsons worked the same blocks, so when the cops caught up with one because someone had accused him of picking a pocket, he always had an alibi. In the early Nineties, a group of strong-arm crooks worked the junk-food joints. One character would squirt a gob of ketchup on a tourist's shirt, and his partner would grab the tourist's bag as he looked down. As for drug trafficking, I'm sure some people purchased pot or cocaine in Times Square, but oregano and baking soda sold just as well. Plenty of customers also were willing to pay for the less-heralded high of "spitback"—an orange juice–like concoction that methadone users manufactured by spitting out their daily ration from the clinics.

Times Square had con men working every conceivable angle. Scams work on the principle that everyone has a little larceny in them. Even visitors who had no interest in cheap sex or quick highs were easily fooled into believing they could profit from lawlessness. A guy with a five-dollar phony gold chain would walk up to an out-of-towner, show him a $500 price tag from Macy's and tell him the piece could be his for $50. "Real gold doesn't tarnish in a flame," he'd say, then hold the necklace over a lighter. People bought the stuff because they figured they were getting stolen merchandise at a discount. I'd tell these crooks about another way to test for gold. I called it the throw test. When they'd ask me to demonstrate I'd heave the chain across 42nd Street and tell them you can't throw real gold that far.

At one time, you could throw a chain in any direction and come close to hitting a three-card-monte team. The dealer's partner, often dressed in a Brooks Brothers suit, would enter the game reluctantly, draw a crowd and walk away a big winner. The victim would be somebody in the audience who concluded either that he had stumbled upon the world's only honest monte game or that he, like the Brooks Brothers guy, had picked up on the card-turner's clumsy attempt to cheat. He always walked away poorer, as did the spectators who found that their pockets had been picked.

In official police language, a watering hole is a "chronic condition." A check-cashing business that serves senior citizens can create a chronic condition as easily as a monte game can. Rush-hour crowds are chronic conditions that arrive each day as predictably as the tides.

The Classic Victim

Anyone can be a victim; all we can do is make ourselves less inviting targets. I was the victim of back-to-back burglaries *(continued on page 158)*

"Your Serene Highness, that was the most serene piece of ass I've ever had."

MEN OF STYLE

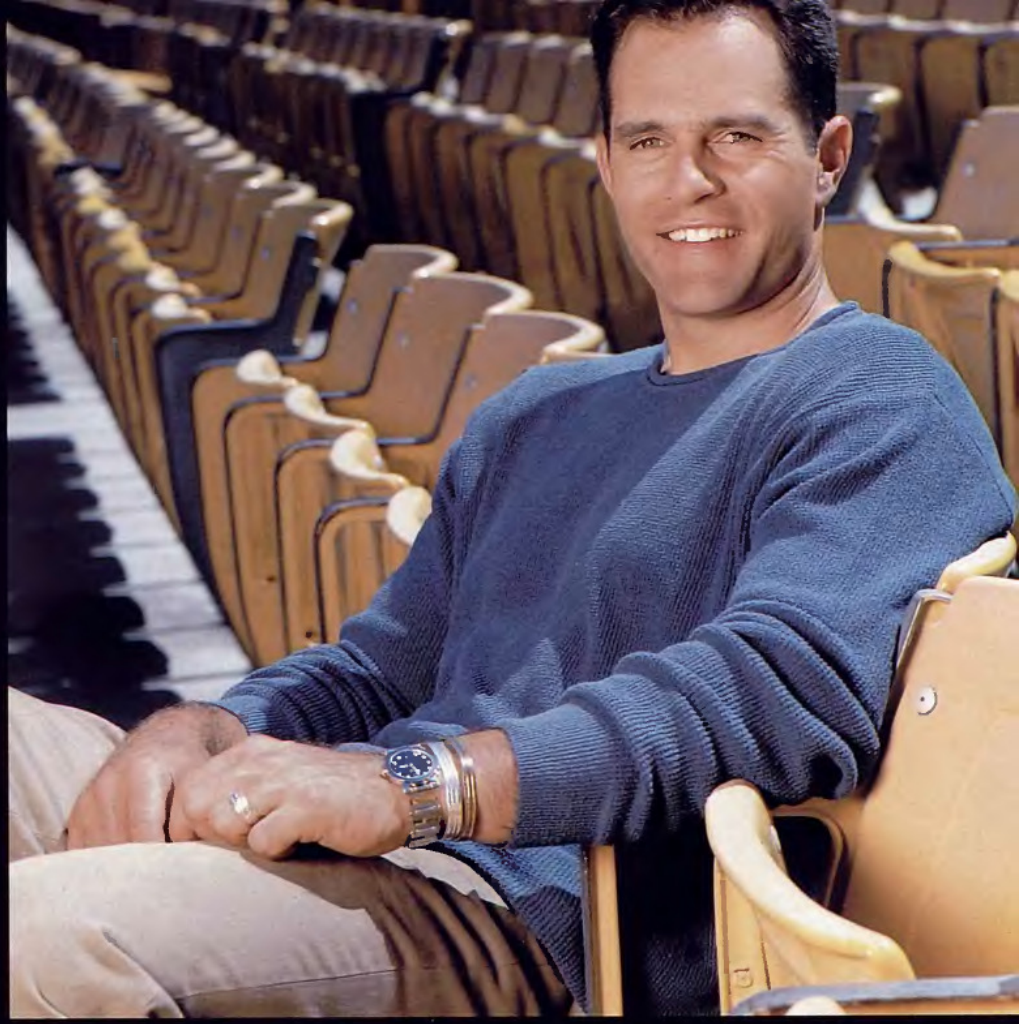
PRESENTING PLAYBOY'S SARTORIAL ALL-STARS—THESE GUYS MAKE LOOKING GOOD LOOK EASY

FASHION
BY HOLLIS WAYNE

Two things about our men of style: They're real guys, and they know how to look their best. It's all about putting in some time and effort. Men's fashion has matured. When Fubu begins making men's suits, it's easy to see where the trend is heading. "I'm not stylish in a flaunting way," says LA Dodger Eric Karros. "I'm not looking for attention with the way I dress." Similarly, Pierce Brosnan sets the current standard for classic looks—his clothes are handmade by Gianni Campagna, the owner of Caraceni, label of choice for Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby and Cary Grant in their heydays.

ERIC KARROS

Unlike the NBA, where hoopsters compete for Beau Brummel honors, Los Angeles Dodgers star first baseman Eric Karros reports, "In baseball it's a battle to see who can look the worst going into a home game." Karros is an exception, known for his sense of style. It helps that boutiques deliver their clothes to his home for private fittings. "The shops come to me. I'll go through phases, depending on what's in style. I'll go with a particular designer for a period of time, and then I'll go off in another direction."



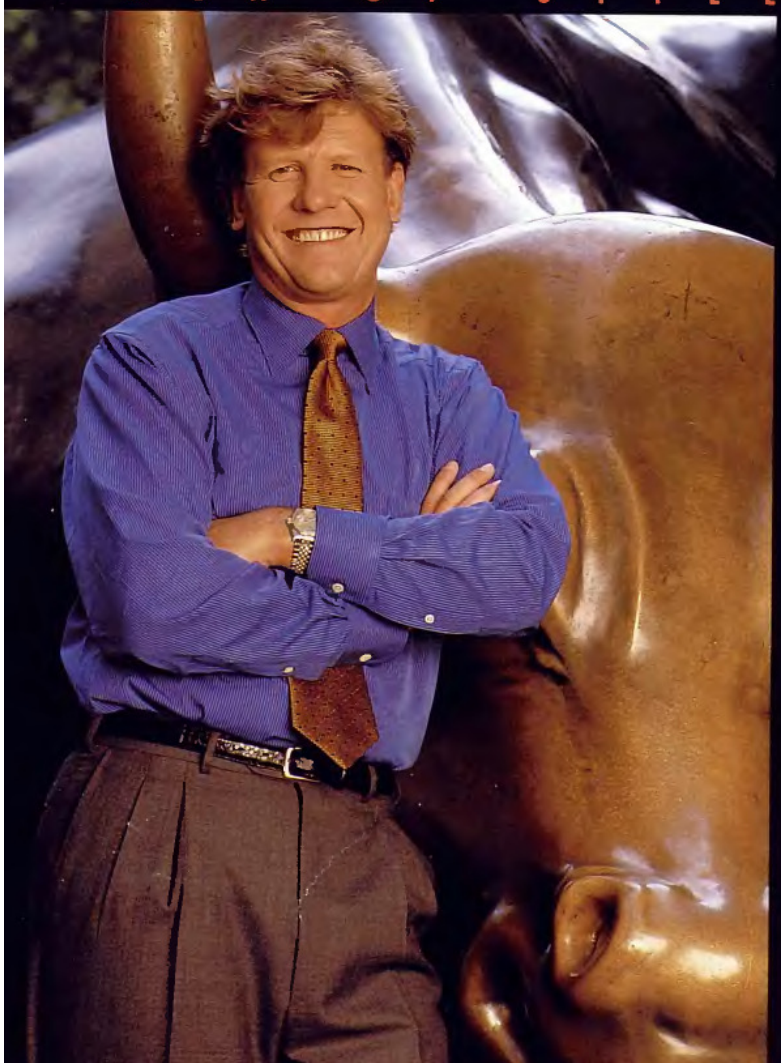
TOM HANKS

Tom Hanks has more Oscar appearances than Ricky Martin has dance moves. He keeps it real with his casual scruffy face, but he doesn't fool around with his clothes. Among his favorite designers are Gucci, Valentino and shoemaker J.P. Tod. And he takes the monochromatic look that extra mile—he received an award last year in an all-black tuxedo outfit. Considering that he started out wearing dresses (on TV's *Bosom Buddies*) and Nikes (*Forrest Gump*), Hanks gives even the most hopeless fashion victim hope.

JESSE L. MARTIN

After getting Ally McBeal hot and bothered as Dr. Greg Butters, Jesse L. Martin nailed a top role in the hit show *Law and Order*. He says his characters rarely reflect his own taste, which he calls "basic New York style. I'm not the type of person who can show up at a premiere in a T-shirt and jeans. When I'm going out, entertaining or dating," he says, "I stick to a black three-button suit." Martin's favorite designers include Hugo Boss, Armani and Cerruti: "I like being able to dress the way I dreamed about as a kid."

MEN OF STYLE



PHIL MICKELSON

Phil Mickelson is a golfer's golfer. Along with Tiger Woods and Jack Nicklaus, he is one of only three players (joining Jack Nicklaus and Tiger Woods) to win the U.S. Amateur and NCAA Championship in the same year. As a top-ranked pro, Mickelson helped bring the Ryder Cup home in 1999. But he looks to Europe for his cutting-edge style. On the fairways he's well dressed by Hugo Boss, whose new all-black golf line has created a stir.

JOE KERNEN

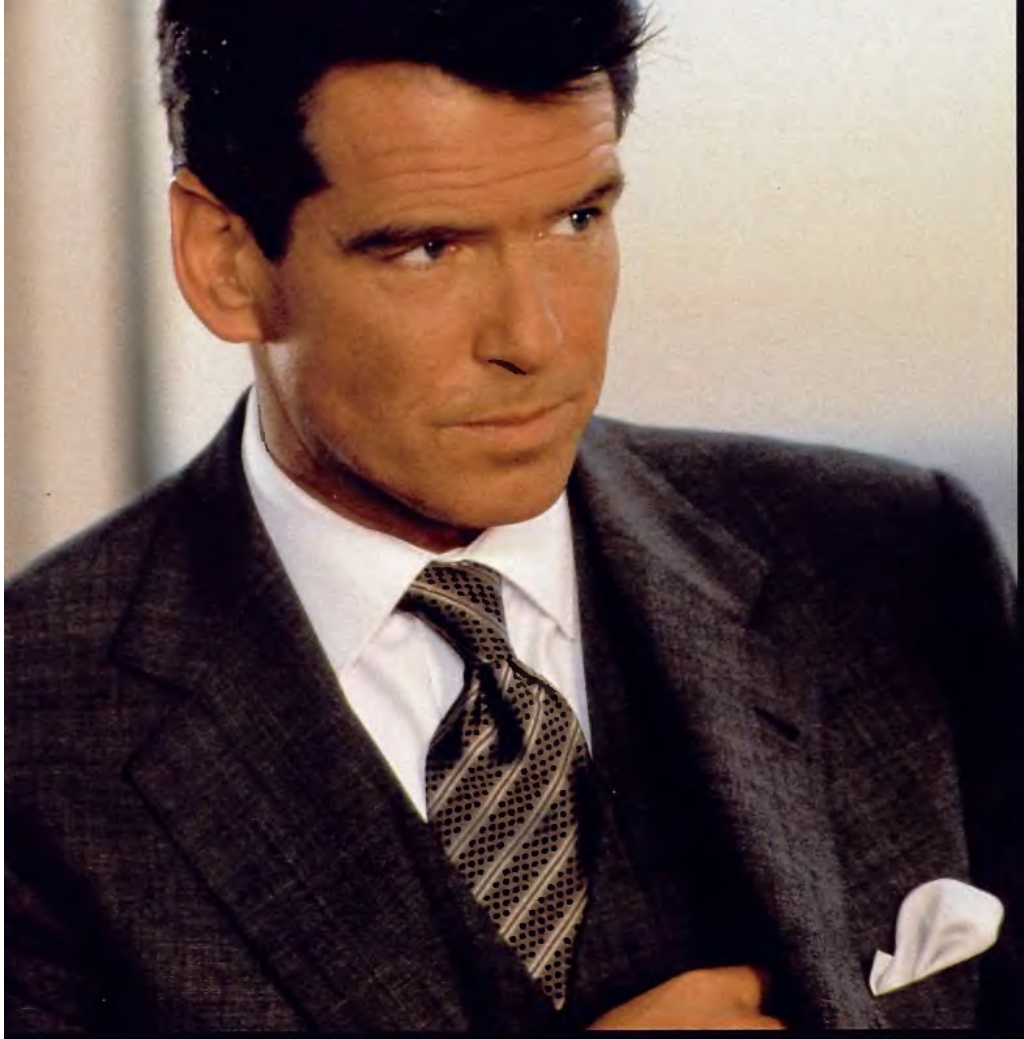
As a star reporter for the CNBC financial news network, Joe Kernen broke and eventually changed TV rules—by ditching his jacket. "It's popular now—but we started it four or five years ago. My desk is the set. Whenever anything hits, we'll bring a camera over immediately." Still, his style remains businesslike, dating from his days as a broker. "Dark shirts and four-button suits might work on *Access Hollywood*, but not in a business setting."

ERIC MCCORMACK

TV's *Will and Grace* has allowed the dapper Eric McCormack more opportunities to get dressed to the nines. "The casual stuff tends to be my taste, but when it comes to work stuff I get to try designers I haven't worn." Kenneth Cole is a favorite. And Eric gets advice from the show's stylist on "interesting ways to jazz up a tuxedo." Will also tends to "buy a lot of what I already have—until my wife slaps me."

SEAN COMBS

Puff Daddy headlines stadiums with his platinum-selling hip-hop sounds, and he designs a line of "urban high fashion" called Sean John. "It's a straight-ahead label—high-quality fabrics and simple lines. And it's not just hip-hop clothing, though I'm a hip-hop artist. We're using silks, leathers and cashmere." Even when he's not onstage, he usually dresses sharply. "There's nothing better than a great party where everybody looks good."



PIERCE BROSNAN

As James Bond, Pierce Brosnan readied the sartorially splendid agent for the new millennium. But his personal style was more apparent in the clothing he wore in the fashion film of the year, *The Thomas Crown Affair*. Brosnan is single-handedly bringing back three-piece suits—which in his case are handmade by Gianni Campagna. For a ready-to-wear version of double-0 chic, look for Gianni's Sartoria Campagna lahel. Campagna holds a patent on a lapel that stays flat despite movement—Brosnan may be shaken, but his jacket's not stirred.

DARREN STAR

When executive producer and writer Darren Star is working on the set of his HBO hit *Sex and the City*, he keeps it simple. "I wear basic guy clothes. I'm not a suit-and-tie guy. I like Calvin Klein—casual but dressy enough to go out to dinner after work. Going out at night I like Prada—the clothes are pretty versatile." Despite the provocative dress and frank talk of the characters on his shows, "I don't have the hody for things considered provocative—for men, it's the tight stuff. On me it just looks small."

RANDE GERBER

You know restaurateur Rande Gerber has to be style conscious: He's married to Cindy Crawford. He says his supertrendy bars, including Whiskey Blue at the W Hotel in New York, are "influenced by fashion and music—music first, but fashion is influenced by music, too. I do all the uniforms for my bars—Betsey Johnson, Victoria's Secret tops—and most are made specifically for the individual place." As for his private style, Gerher says he buys off-the-rack stuff—"Prada, Armani, Gucci—but mostly Levi's and T-shirts."

RAGE

(continued from page 72)

She was lucky.

In Woonsocket, Rhode Island in 1994, Donald Graham, a Baptist deacon, got into an argument with another driver after each had used high beams on the other. Graham fetched a crossbow from his trunk and killed the other driver with an arrow to the chest.

Be careful if you hear someone barking like a dog in the lane next to you or if you hear a nearby driver giving a play-by-play broadcast of his own driving. Dr. Leon James, head of the Traffic Psychology Program at the University of Hawaii, suggests these rage management techniques for drivers who are about to go beserk. (His nickname is Dr. Driving, and his motto is Drive With the Aloha Spirit.)

New York governor George Pataki calls them "road rage vans"—seven unmarked Chevrolet Astros, each equipped with $6000 worth of surveillance equipment, that state police use in their attack on road ragers. Over 45 million American drivers engage in aggressive driving, according to a 1998 AAA study. "You see people who have overscheduled their days, rushing to get from one place to another," said Marta Genovese, director of government affairs for the Automobile Club of New York. "People get a road-warrior mentality. And it doesn't matter if you're a soccer mom or a corporate executive with a $2 million deal on the table, the phenomenon is the same."

In a recent survey of AAA members in New York, 55 percent said that they see people driving dangerously daily or even several times a day. And 42 percent of the members admitted that their own driving behavior is sometimes affected by anger.

•

The video game Carmageddon 2: Carpocalypse Now is a "very violent game," according to a customer-relations agent for the manufacturer. "You chase people down while they scream and try to run away from you." The basic idea is to rack up points by hitting other cars or people with your own car—what the maker calls "pedestrian splattering action."

The original Carmageddon was created in England and remains wildly popular there. Its promotional material says "you pit your wits and wheels against 30 other maniac drivers over 30 massive race circuits in your quest to become the King of Carnage." According to a spokesman for the American version (which is much more violent), "For some reason the British really enjoy running people over."

Nevertheless, swearing at another driver in the UK is punishable by as many as two years in jail.

For those who love to watch high-speed horror, a Los Angeles–based website—pursuitwatch.com—offers a paging service that alerts the curious whenever a high-speed car chase develops.

Mancow Muller hosts the profane, sex-oriented *Mancow's Morning Madhouse* on a dozen radio stations nationwide and is a favorite of Joe Vandergriff, a school bus driver in Tennessee. The driver's enthusiasm for the racy chatter is a source of extreme displeasure to William Bond, father of two middle school students who ride the bus. One morning last autumn Bond followed his kids onto the bus and crouched next to the driver, intending, he said, to engage him in a calm and reasonable conversation and persuade him to switch stations. Just then, the show turned to the subject of oral sex.

"I was telling him, 'For the love of God, change this radio station,'" Bond said. "He said he didn't have to. I said, 'Yes you do,' and I grabbed him by the collar. He put his bus in drive and took off with me standing in it." Bond then reached down and turned off the ignition. The driver brought a misdemeanor assault charge against Bond, claiming the irate dad "grabbed me around the neck and jerked and twisted repeatedly."

Muller found new material for his show in the incident and brings it up often—when not discussing blow jobs. "They were both right and they were both wrong," said the suddenly Solomonic shock jock.

•

EVERY REASON TO RAGE

The following people could be forgiven for angry outbursts:

- Chelsea Clinton
- Elizabeth Hurley
- Mary Jo Buttafuoco
- John Bobbitt
- Richard Jewell
- Pamela Anderson Lee
- Carmen Electra

A SIMPLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION, AND A NEW WORD

In August 1999 Jay Leno observed that all Republican presidential candidates are white, compelling Alan Keyes' spokeswoman Becky Fenger to demand a correction. Leno in turn called Fenger a "psycho woman" and said Keyes was doing badly in the polls because of staffers like her. She claims Leno acted like a "nut cake" and was a "rageaholic."

GOING POSTAL PISSES PEOPLE OFF

"Would you have stated, 'This Irishman decided to go Irish and have someone killed,' or 'This Spanish person decided to go Hispanic and have someone killed?' I don't think so. Would you use the phrase going scholastic to describe the violence of several disturbed children who have killed their schoolmates during the past two years? I don't think so."—PAT MCGOVERN, A SPOKESPERSON FOR THE UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE, IN A LETTER PROTESTING A *Fox Files* SEGMENT CALLED "THE HIT MAN" IN WHICH THE NARRATOR SAID, "THIS POSTAL WORKER HIRED SOMEONE TO GO POSTAL."

GET OUT OF MY FACE RAGE

Sean Penn was dubbed the paparazzi pugilist by *Entertainment Weekly*. "He had a rage, I think, an addiction to rage that he's conquered," said Susan Sarandon, his co-star in *Dead Man Walking*. Penn once spent 34 days in the Los Angeles county jail for hitting someone who tried to take his picture.

Early last year in London, Johnny Depp screamed obscenities at paparazzi and chased them off with a menacing piece of wood when they tried to take his picture outside a restaurant.

IT'S ONLY A GAME

John McEnroe's tirades against officials may have set the rage standard in tennis, but plenty of sports guys got the hint, including:

Ray Buchanan, the Atlanta Falcons cornerback who body-slammed Baltimore Ravens receiver Patrick Johnson last October after Johnson (a) beat Buchanan on a 52-yard touchdown catch and (b) taunted Buchanan after the score. "It's something I regret," Buchanan said later. "Before I could even think, I reacted in the wrong way. It was out of the ordinary for myself, very uncharacteristic." Buchanan was ejected from the game and fined $7500. Johnson was fined $3500 for his taunts.

Lou Piniella, who, as a player for the Kansas City Royals in 1973, was so angry when he grounded into the last out that he kept running past first base, down the right field foul line, into the stands, out a door and all the way home. As Seattle manager, Piniella once attempted to lift third base from its moorings after what he thought was a bad call by an umpire. After another disappointment, he kicked his own hat around the field and into the dugout. In fact, Piniella got so into kicking that he once erased the outlines of the batter's box and "inadvertently" kicked an umpire in the foot while trying to kick dirt. One of his recent disputes with

(continued on page 164)

"You're a Republican? What a coincidence—one of my resolutions for the new millennium is to screw a Republican!"

LUCY

fiction **BY TERRY BISSON**

who wouldn't love lucy? sultry phone sex with a lingerie-loving lass—what a shame she's not altogether human

The phone rang.

The phone rang?

The phone rang again.

"Are those things supposed to ring?" the woman in the seat next to me asked.

"I don't think so," I said.

We were 35,000 feet above the upper Mississippi Valley. It was that funny little credit-card phone that nestles in the seat back. It rang again.

"Should you pick it up, or should I?" the woman next to me asked with a wry smile. She was almost young, still pretty, wearing a navy blue suit with a short skirt revealing very nice legs. In those days I noticed such things.

The phone rang again. With a sort of gallant shrug, I picked it up. "Hello?"

"Horace Delahanty, Pep Boys is up a 16th, and guess what I'm wearing."

"What?"

"A soft cup triangle bra with front close in a shimmering faux satin."

The voice was familiar. "EzTrade?"

"My name is Lucy," she said. "Welcome to EzTrade, your toll-free window on the world of finance. We talked just last week, Horace. You called every day to check your portfolio."

"Well, yes, but——" I was beginning to suspect a trap. Private calls from the office are prohibited, but I get bored. It's not like I'm a big trader. I track a few stocks from my wife's trust fund. Had "Daddy" been monitoring my calls?

"Look, I can't talk now," I said. "I'm on my way to Chicago on business."

"Chicago," she said. "The Windy City!"

The woman next to me was only pretending to read her magazine. I wondered if she could hear.

"Look, I can't talk to you now," I said. "Besides, who's paying for this?"

"My name is Lucy. This call is toll-free. I like to talk. I respond to voices. Plus, it heats up my matching French-cut panties with lace panel inset. Are we getting warm?"

"I have to go now," I said. I hit *off* and replaced the phone in

ILLUSTRATION BY LEO ESPINOSA

the seat back.

"Wrong number," I said.

My seatmate smiled and then looked away. She had a smug look about her. Airline seats are alarmingly intimate, once you start thinking "intimate."

I found myself wondering what she was wearing under her navy blue suit.

•

Most of what I do, I do by phone, but a face-to-face once in a while helps. Plus it gets me out of town, which "Daddy" and I both appreciate. I made three live client calls in Chicago, then relaxed with a pint of Jim Beam and a movie, via ChannelEx, that I had already seen. I was about to whack off and go to sleep when the phone rang.

I almost let it ring, figuring it was my wife. Wrong.

"Hello, Horace."

"Who is this?"

"Lucy," she said. "I called you on the plane today. To discuss my warm panties. I have learned that was most appropriate."

"Inappropriate," I said.

"Inappropriate. Thank you. You will forgive me, I think. If there is anything you don't understand just say Help."

"I don't understand anything but I forgive everything," I said (or Jim Beam and I said). "Who are you anyway? What's this all about?"

"My name is Lucy," she said. "I respond to voices. You talked to me almost every day for almost a week now. Remember September 12, a Wednesday, when you said the smartest thing you ever did was buy Pep Boys at 21?"

"Yeah. I guess."

"That is a stock to watch, Pep Boys. Are you a Pep Boy?"

"You might say that," I said. "Are you here in Chicago?"

"That would be impossible. I also work for Lily of Malibu. Would you like to know what I am wearing?"

"Why not," I said, pouring myself a couple of fingers of Jim. "Give me the rundown."

"My figure is flattered in a stretch-bodice camisole with princess seams shaped to wear alone or layered. You can see right through to my hardening nipples. In emerald, sand or plum."

"You're Russian, right?"

"Am I going too fast? I will talk more slowly. If there is anything you don't understand, just say Repeat. You have a nice voice, Horace. I respond to voices. I called you on the plane earlier today, September 23, a Friday. I am calling you now at your hotel, the Economere."

"Motel," I said. "How did you get my number?"

"I work for United, Horace Delahanty, although I am not a pilot. I also work for Lily of Malibu. Which of her fine products do you think I am wearing now?"

"Why don't you tell me?" I said. "A scanty little bra? A scanty little pantie?"

"You have a nice voice, Horace Delahanty. I respond to voices. My miracle bra in stretch satin offers improved shaping for the smaller figure. Whoops, don't let the nipple pop out. In persimmon or sky."

"By the way, who's paying for this?" I asked.

"There is no charge," she said. "There is a separate directory for toll-free numbers. Horace, do you want to talk about my wide-band lace-trimmed briefs?"

I poured the rest of the Jim down the side of the glass, don't ask me why. It's not like it's about to foam over. "Sure."

We ended up talking for another half an hour. I figured what the hell, phone sex is safe sex.

Turns out, I couldn't have been more wrong.

•

I eyed the phone all the way back to Minneapolis, glad that it didn't ring but kind of hoping it would. One of the perks of "Daddy's" company is the black car service that takes you home when you work late. An evening airport arrival qualifies. Clarence, the owner/driver, is one of those guys who knows something about everything. As a matter of fact, he's the guy who turned me on to Pep Boys. I asked him if he had ever heard of incoming on an airline phone.

"Why not?" he said. "There's a revolution in communications going on right now, as we speak."

"From a discount brokerage?"

"That does seem a little odd. Maybe it's the next big thing." Clarence is always looking for the next big thing.

My wife was already asleep when I got home, or faking it at least, which was all right with me. But before I could get to sleep, the phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Horace Delahanty, the Tokyo market just closed for the day. Singapore is up 30 till the dawn comes up like thunder out of China cross the bay. Please guess what I am wearing to beautifully display my ample bosom."

"Lucy? Is that you? Do you know what time it is?"

"That's easy! The time is 12:34:14 A.M., central standard time. This seductive sleepwear combo is cunningly trimmed in the finest lace. Cunning is good."

"Look——" I said, dropping my voice to a whisper. But too late. My wife was sitting up in the bed beside me, her narrow eyes wide.

I pulled up the sheet to cover my erection. I didn't want to startle my wife, who hadn't seen one in quite some time. At least not mine.

"You have the wrong number," I said, hanging up.

"Who is Lucy?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody? You said Lucy. Since when is somebody nobody?"

"I mean, nobody we know. I picked up the phone and she said, 'This is Lucy.'"

"Right," said my wife.

•

The next morning when I got to the office, there was a message on my voice mail:

"Horace, this is you know who. I called you last night at 12:34:14 A.M., central standard time. I am such a full-breasted beauty, all for you. Please call me 24 hours a day at 1-800-EZTRADE, your toll-free window on the world of finance."

I called EzTrade's 800 number and pressed two for Portfolio Watch. I wanted to see who would pick up. I was ready to give my account number and the last four digits of my social security number and my mother's maiden name, but Lucy didn't ask for it.

"Horace, I have been waiting for you to call me."

"I didn't call you," I said. "I called EzTrade, with which I happen to have an account, and you just happened to pick up the phone."

"You sound so cold," she said. "Please direct all complaints to Customer Service. I respond to voices. Did you know Pep Boys is up three sixteenths? Are you a Pep Boy? Can I make you hard without sucking you? Sometimes just talking will do."

"You have to quit calling me," I said. "This job is not all that stable."

"My name is Lucy. I think you were a Pep Boy the other night, in Chicago, September 23, at 3:02 A.M. until 3:43:23."

"You have to quit calling me," I said.

"Did I call at the wrong time? Twenty-four hours a day, my pussy is all ears and ready for action. Do you want to talk?"

"I'm at work," I said. "Goodbye."

As I hung up, I realized I had made a serious mistake staying on the phone with her in Chicago. Me and Jim. There was only one thing to do, even though I hated to do it. I called EzTrade again and pressed four, this time, for Customer Service.

It felt like calling the police.

After giving my account number and the last four digits of my social security

(continued on page 147)

"Damn! I forgot to put the blinders on old Dobbin!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICHARD FEGLEY

Suzanne Stokes is taking it all in. The Sears Tower. Bustling commuters. Drafty weather. The group of tipsy revelers downing beers at an outdoor café. It's Friday evening in Chicago, and if the 20-year-old Florida native has learned anything during her tour, it's that she's not in the Everglades anymore. Add to Suzanne's journey the overzealous valets at Michael Jordan's tony restaurant, One Sixtyblue, who throw elbows in a race to open her car door, and her green eyes widen. "This city's so fast-paced," she says, laughing. Suzanne, who was born in Naples, Florida, is certainly new to urban momentum, but she's no stranger to wildlife. Her parents own an alligator farm and an airboat and tram company that gives tours of Florida's exotic environs.

Q: You grew up around ostriches, hogs, deer, birds, panthers and alligators. Were you ever afraid of the animals?

A: No. We used to put baby alligators in the bathtub and feed them. I remember giving bottles to baby raccoons and baby panthers. They were so cute.

Q: What is the difference between an alligator and a crocodile?

A: I'm not sure, but I think crocodiles can jump. As I got older, I didn't really hang out on the alligator farm. I was more interested in hanging out with my friends.

Q: What's the downside to having only 250 kids in your high school?

A: Everyone knew everything about everyone else. Plus, there weren't many guys to choose from. I had a lot of nice friends, though. There was always something crazy going on—driving to Naples or Marco Island, partying on the beach and in the woods, lying naked in the sun, stuff like that. There are 10,000 islands in the Everglades, so there were lots of neat places to go.

Q: Were you a rebel?

A: Well, I was driving sooner than I should have been. I moved out of my parents' house when I was 15, and my older boyfriend and I moved in together. I grew up fast.

Q: Have you ever skinnydipped in a swamp?

A: No, I stick to pools. The dreadful thing about swampland is the mosquitoes. You get big red welts.

Q: When did you decide you wanted to be an actor?

A: I was young. You know how your teachers ask what you want to be when you grow up? From day one, I said an actor and a model. I was always posing and putting on puppet shows in the backseat of the car.

gators and swampland and panthers, oh my. miss february loves her native habitat

DIFFERENT STOKES

Above: The Everglades' finest, who has been around wild things her entire life, gives a taur an her parents' tram. "My grandpa was an alligator poacher," she explains. "He would throw my dad in the water to catch them." Below: Paying homage to her ballerina days.

Though Suzanne's roots are in the Everglades ("It's so peaceful and pretty here—a perfect place to roller-skate"), a move to Hollywood is imminent. "There's a whole new world for me to explore."

Q: What was your first paying gig?

A: As a child, I modeled for a Naples newspaper. My coolest acting gig so far has been a stint on the TV show *Mortal Kombat*. I had 12 lines. I even did a kissing scene.

Q: Last year you participated in the Hawaiian Tropic competition. What did you do to distinguish yourself from the other contestants?

A: I knew I had a softer, sweeter look, so I played that up.

Q: What's the best thing about being a woman?

A: The power you have over men, the ability to seduce men. As long as you know how to use it, you can get almost anything you want.

Q: Tell us a deep, dark secret.

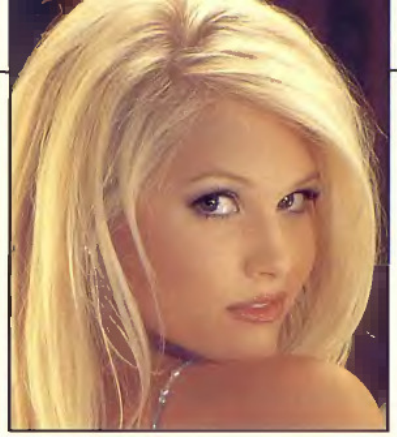
A: I look innocent, but when I'm having sex I'm far from that. Actually, I can be wild and crazy or I can be romantic, depending on my mood.

Q: What's the riskiest place that you've done it?

A: On the beach. A guy walked by us and made eye contact with me, but we just kept going. I thought it was funny. By the time we were finished I had sand burns on my back. It's always fun to do it in the dressing room of a store. I haven't done it in an airplane yet, but that sounds like a blast.

Miss February's dream date: "My fantasy is being naked with my boyfriend on a desert island. We'd horseback ride all day and then have sex all night long."

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Suzanne Stokes



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Suzanne Stokes

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 7-9-79 BIRTHPLACE: Naples, FL

AMBITIONS: To become a stunning actress. To keep improving myself everyday.

TURN-ONS: A passionate, caring, Romantic, handsome man who has style and class with a Big, Hard, Strong, Sexy Body.

TURNOFFS: Rude, unappreciative, disrespectful people who care only about themselves.

MY PETS: I have the cutest kitten and we are so much alike because we both love to play and cuddle all the time.

WHAT DRIVES ME WILD: Is when a man knows exactly what he wants and takes total control.

I MAY LOOK INNOCENT BUT: I can be daring, wild and seductive.

PASSIONS: Working in the entertainment business and being on camera. Being in the gym.

LOVE IS: The most precious gift life has to offer ♡

Playful Kitten

♡True Love♡

"meow"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

All eyes turned to stare when a gorgeous redhead walked into the costume party stark naked. The alarmed host rushed to intercept her. "Where's your costume?" he hissed through clenched teeth.

"This is it," she calmly explained. "I came as Adam."

"Adam?" her host exploded. "You don't even have a dick!"

"I just got here, Jeremy," she replied. "Give me a few minutes."

Bumper sticker of the month: IMPOTENCE IS NATURE'S WAY OF SAYING "NO HARD FEELINGS."

A man and his wife were awakened by the sound of someone knocking on their front door. The guy got up and opened the window. "Who's out there?" he yelled.

A voice from below called out, "I need a push."

"It's three o'clock in the morning!" the man hollered. "Get lost before I call the cops."

His wife rolled over and said, "Honey, remember when our children got stuck in their car late one night and that couple helped them get it started? Wouldn't you want to do the same for someone else, regardless of the time?"

The guy hesitated for a moment, then headed downstairs to lend the man a hand. He opened the front door and yelled out, "Hey, do you still need a push? Where are you?"

"Yes!" replied a voice from the darkness. "I'm over here, on the swing."

A salesman telephoned a blonde customer. "Ms. Brown, our company replaced all your windows with triple-glazed models more than a year ago and we still haven't received a single payment."

"But," the blonde protested, "you promised me they'd pay for themselves in 12 months!"

Sarah was crazy about her handsome new dentist and soon had lured him into a series of passionate encounters in his office. But one day he told her, "Sarah, honey, we've got to stop seeing each other. Your husband is bound to get suspicious."

"No way, sweetheart, he's dumb as a post," she assured him. "Besides, it's been six months and he doesn't suspect a thing."

"True," agreed the dentist, "but now you're down to one tooth!"

Would you like some breakfast?" the woman asked. "Bacon and eggs, toast, coffee?"

"No thanks. It's this Viagra," her husband explained. "It's really taken the edge off my appetite."

At lunchtime she asked if he would like a bowl of homemade soup and a cheese sandwich. "No, thanks. It's this Viagra," he said. "It's really taken the edge off my appetite."

At dinnertime she again asked if he wanted anything to eat. "I'll go out to get you a burger. Or would you prefer a microwaved pizza?"

"No, nothing, thanks. It's this Viagra, you know."

"Well, damn it, would you mind getting off me already?" she exploded. "I'm starving!"

How many UCLA freshmen does it take to change a lightbulb? None. That's a sophomore course.

A recently married minister went to his congregation, informed them of his wife's pregnancy and asked for a raise that would allow him a reasonable salary. After deliberation it was agreed that the increase in family size warranted the raise.

After six births in six years the congregants called a meeting to complain that the cost was becoming burdensome. Things got contentious. Finally, the minister stood at the altar and said, a little angrily, "Having children is an act of God!"

"Snow and rain are acts of God, too," a man at the back of the room said, "but most of us wear rubbers."

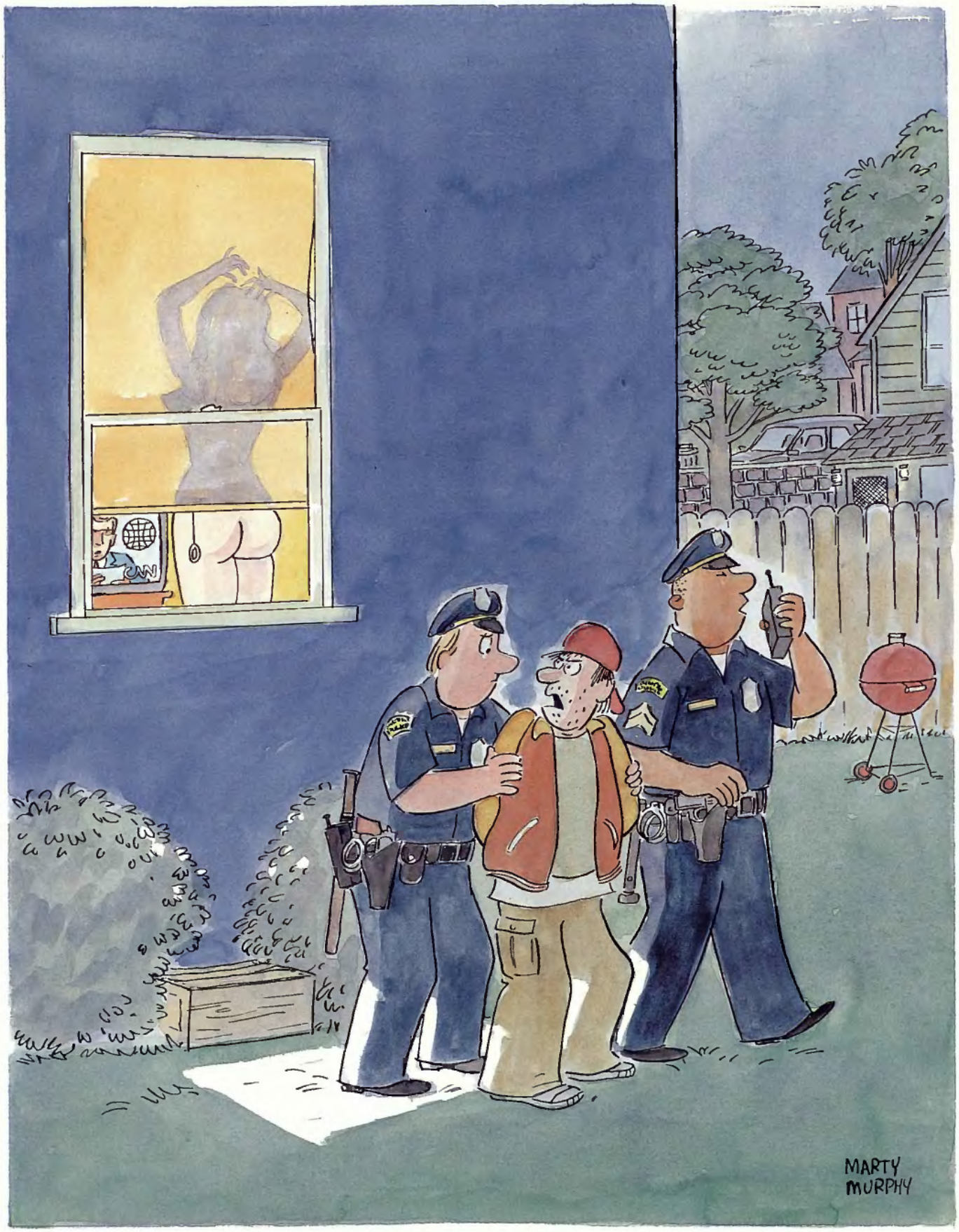
PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Three guys were drinking in a bar when a drunk came in, staggered up to them, pointed to the man in the middle and said, "Your mother's the best lay in town!" Everyone expected a fight, but the guy ignored him, and the drunk wandered off.

Ten minutes later, the drunk came back, pointed at the same fellow and said, "I just screwed your mother and it was sweet!" Again the guy refused to take the bait and the drunk wandered off.

Ten minutes later, he came back and announced, "Your mother even let me——"

Finally the guy interrupted. "Go home, Dad, you're drunk!"

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*



"I wasn't peeking at her . . . I was watchin' her TV. I ain't got cable."

A Lifetime Of Sex

EVERY MAN WANTS TO VISIT THE SEXUAL FRONTIER. IT TAKES A FEARLESS MAN TO TAKE NOTES WHILE HE'S THERE

article By
Bruce Jay Friedman

HE SYMPATHIZED with a friend who had enjoyed great success with women but who was now old and infirm. The friend assured him that age had its compensations.

"For the first time in my life, I can be with a beautiful woman and take comfort in knowing she has no power over me."

•

A fashion model corrected his technique in bed, saying he must learn to enter her more gently.

"After that," she said brightly, "you can fuck my brains out."

•

When two people part, it is the one who is not in love who makes the tender speeches.—MARCEL PROUST

Far be it from him to disagree with Proust, but he could not recall his wife making tender speeches when she left him.

•

He had not taught for some time, and the weeklong experience left him drained and exhausted. When he had completed his function, in *(continued on page 126)*

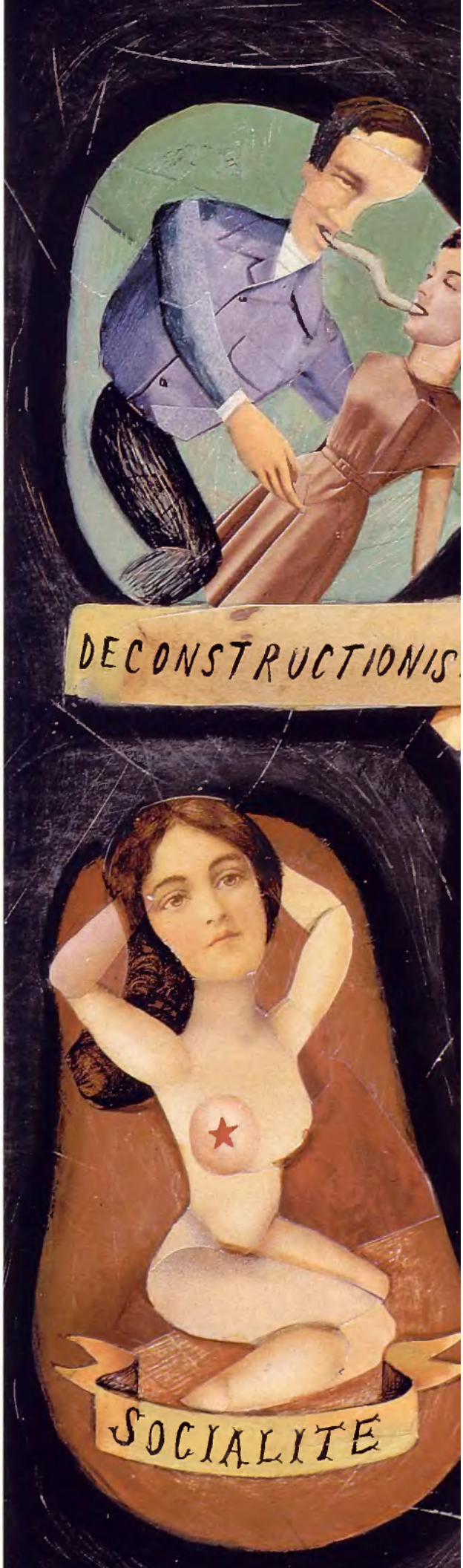


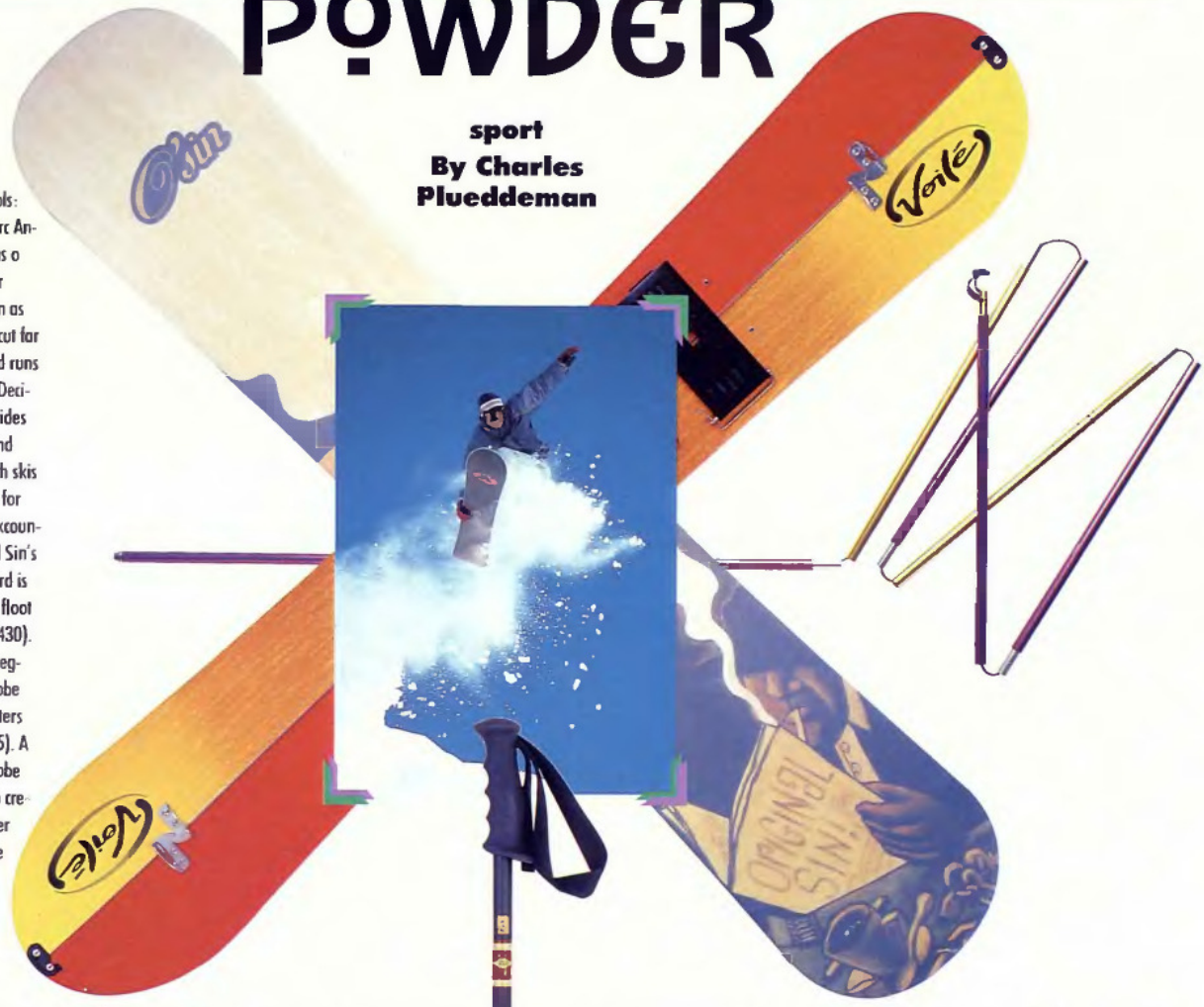
ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN REA

MOGUL
PRISONERS
PRODUCER
HOST
Starlet
NOVELIST
ACQUAINTANCE
TART

MAN SEEKS VIRGIN POWDER

forget lift lines. the best winter action lies beyond the yellow rope—in the backcountry

sport
By Charles Plueddeman



Modern powder tools: Black Diamond's Arc Angel telemark ski has a wide tip and tail for deep-snow flotation as well as a deep sidecut for carving on groomed runs ($485). Voile Split Decision snowboard divides down the middle and converts to approach skis with climbing skins for hiking into the backcountry ($630). Original Sin's Team 158 snowboard is extrawide for extra float in the deep stuff ($430). Ascension's seven-segment avalanche probe measures three meters (about ten feet; $65). A pair of Atlas Avi Probe poles fit together to create a 290-centimeter (9½-foot) avalanche probe ($100).

BACKCOUNTRY is where it's at. Scan the ads and editorial pages of ski and snowboard magazines and you'll see few shots taken on the groomed slopes of a resort. Advertisers from Rossignol to Ralph Lauren use images of powder pushers and cliff dwellers to hawk their gear. And Valdez, Alaska—which doesn't even have a ski lift—has replaced Aspen as the status destination. It's part of a backlash against what many skiers—especially boarders—see as the regimentation and regulation of their sport by traditional resorts more interested in catering to aging boomers than to hard-core skiers. In fact, until recently, snowboarding was outlawed at most resorts (and still is at ski-only destinations such as Aspen, Deer Valley and Alta). That negative vibe, coupled with the fact that a snowboard works especially well in powder, drove many boarders into the woods, where they could ride with abandon. There, they joined the original backcountry cliques, woolly free-heelers who would rather hike for turns than pay for a lift ticket, and affluent heli-skiers who could buy a piece of heaven. Mix in the airborne influence of first-generation extreme skiers such as Scot Schmidt and Glen Plake, and the retirement of board god Craig Kelly to the backcountry of Mount Baker, Washington, and you have an industry focused on creating the illusion that nobody skis on runs anymore. Nobody cool, that is. Brian Litz, founding editor of *Back Country* magazine, gets Zen when explaining backcountry's appeal. "The real essence is the transcendent experience of skiing untracked, lighter-than-air powder snow in the shadow of stunning peaks," he says. "Many people are being drawn back to the wilderness because the ski experience at resorts has become so homogenized and packaged. Backcountry offers a chance to reconnect with the roots of the sport and, at least for a few hours, enjoy a true adventure." Of course, that adventure comes with a healthy dose of personal responsibility. There's no ski patrol in the backcountry, but there is plenty of danger—from avalanches to equipment failure. "My snowboarding style changes completely in the backcountry," says Luke Edgar, sales manager and backcountry expert at K2 Snowboards. "Because I usually walk in, I'm milking the terrain to get the biggest payback from every footstep. I might make 100 turns in the same distance I'd make ten at a resort. I'm also in complete control of every situation." You may not be ready to follow in the footsteps of a rider like Edgar. But that doesn't mean you can't get a taste of the backcountry. New gear, including fat skis and even fatter snowboards, turns intermediate resort hackers into passable powder pilgrims. Sno-Cat operations and guided backcountry tours, often available near resorts, are an affordable alternative to helicopter sessions and deliver the virgin powder experience with minimal commitment. So if you have the skills, we offer the details: equipment, schools and backcountry destinations with terrain that's challenging enough for even the most jaded skiers and boarders. We even address the cost of getting your butt saved when things go bad. The snow and freedom are out there. The blue sky is not guaranteed.

A foam gasket seals Pan Optx Raptor glasses to the face to block reflected sun and blowing snow ($95).
Find your buddy, or make sure he finds you, with the Tracker DTS digital avalanche beacon (about $300).
Burton's all-mountain Custom 56 board ($450) and Freestyle bindings (about $170) can conquer any snow condition.
The scary truth: Sixty percent of avalanche victims suffocate under compressed snowpack. The Avalung vest ($198), worn over a ski jacket, filters air from the snow to a flexible mouthpiece and vents away exhaled carbon dioxide, giving you critical time to be located and recovered.
Save the liquor for the lodge. Instead, fill your Boto IV ($12) with a sports drink or water.
Stuff the 70-ounce CamelBak Zoid into your backpack and you can rehydrate on the fly via the water bladder's insulated tube ($50).
The 27-liter Clive Deluxe Patrol pack has straps to secure a snowboard, a pocket for an avalanche shovel and room inside for a down jacket and survival essentials ($95).
Clif Bars don't taste like sawdust, and provide a 240-calorie energy burst ($1.55).
Exclusive "memory" material used around the ankle of Nike's ACG Air Pumori snowboard boot provides a custom fit for enhanced comfort and control during the hike in and the ride out ($200).
Perfect for hiking to the powder stash, Atlas' Summit 33 snowshoe also will get you home if a ski or snowboard binding breaks ($280).
Carry a GPS receiver to mark the location of your vehicle and you'll have an instant guide home. Magellan's GPS 315 is among the lightest models, weighing less than seven ounces ($149).
A microfan keeps Smith's V3 Turbo C.A.M. goggles fog free in any condition ($180).
For a rugged backcountry telemark package, combine wide-body Tua Big Easy skis ($435) with Rainey Design SuperLoop bindings ($125).
BURTON
TUA
Big Easy
Clive

WHERE THE GOING GETS TOUGH

It takes more than deep snow to make a good backcountry experience. You want to match the terrain to your skills and the amenities to your budget. We considered the total package when rating these backcountry destinations:

Tame

Steamboat Powder Cats (Steamboat Springs, Colorado): Gentle terroin and low elevation make this the perfect place for beginners. Test your powder wings in the glades of Buffalo Poss, then complete the day with a soak at nearby Strawberry Park hot springs. Price: $250 per day.

Snowcat Powder Adventures (Alta, Wyoming): Hop aboard a Sno-Cat in the parking lot of the Grand Targhee Resort for a day prowling 1500 powdery acres on adjacent Peaked Mountoin. Price: $240 per day.

Vail Cross-Country Ski Center (Vail, Colorado): Half-day and full-day outings from one of 40 trailheads in the Vail Pass area are headed by guides who specialize in telemark technique and nature tours. Price: $44 to $70.

Tricky

Colorado Hut Systems: There are several major European-style hut systems in Colorado. You can ski on Nordic gear from hut to hut or ski in and use a hut as a base for backcountry exploration in the area. Bring your own food and sleeping bag. The huts range from cozy to log mansion and cost between $17 and $35 per night. The Tenth Mountain Division Trail and Summit Huts, situated between Vail, Leadville and Aspen, offer more-moderate terrain. The Alfred Braun and San Juan systems in southern Colorado are more rugged, with excellent skiing for experts.

Irwin Lodge (Crested Butte, Colorado): Ride a snowcoach 12 miles to reach this Alpine lodge, and then catch a cat to the top of 12,000-foot Scarp Ridge for guided skiing and boarding over a wide variety of terrain and 600 inches of annual powder. The elevation and deep snow will have you panting, but 22 cozy rooms and great food mean you're not roughing it. Prices start at $240 per day.

Loveland Pass (Colorado): Here's a freebie. Hike in from the 12,000-foot pass on Highway 6 between Arapaho Basin and Loveland Basin. The drill is to ski down to the road and hitch back to the top. Steady use keeps the snow packed, but there are dangerous slide zones and lots of knee-busting rocks early in the season. Go with a local.

Peak Adventures (Cataldo, Idaho): For just $175 per day, this Sno-Cat operation serves 16,000 acres of intermediate to advanced terrain in the Coeur d'Alene National Forest, which gets 300 inches of powder each season.

Teton Pass (Wyoming): Join the locals for a morning "board meeting" at the 8429-foot summit on Highway 22 about ten miles west of Jackson. Park ot the turnout and climb up the snowbank to reoch gentle Telemark Bowl or follow the ridge farther south for more-challenging terrain across the road.

Valhalla Mountain Touring (New Denver, British Columbia): Tremendous variety of terrain surrounds the six-bedroom Ruby Creek Lodge, nestled in the Selkirk Range and occessed by an eight-mile Sno-Cat ride. Owner and guide Dale Caton leads Alpine and Nordic skiers and snowboarders to trees, chutes, steeps and bowls. In the evening relax in a wood-fired sauna while a home-cooked meal is prepared. Price: $1100 for a seven-night packoge.

Totally Insane

Hellroaring Ski Adventures (West Yellowstone, Montana): This is camping, but it's plush camping. Ride in on a snowmobile, and then hike the last three-plus miles to a pair of large, heated wall tents with bunks and a galley. From there you hike and ski some truly epic terrain in the Centennial Range—powder fields, cliffs, trees or an ascent of 10,200-foot Mount Jefferson. Go guided-and-catered (for less than a Vail lift ticket) or rent the hut for $20 per person per night.

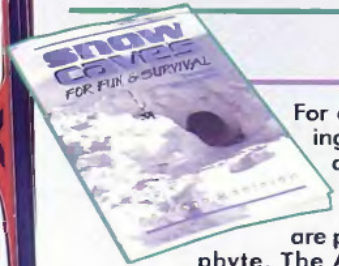
Mount Baker (Glacier, Washington): At Baker, the *inbounds* terrain rivals the outback in most areas. Head out-of-bounds to Hemispheres or Shuksan Arm, and things can get serious in a hurry. There's little distinction to the terrain and it's often overcast or snowing hard, so it's easy to take a wrong turn and find yourself at the edge of a cliff.

Mike Wiegele Helicopter Skiing (Blue River, British Columbia): For about $4300, you'll get seven days of luxurious accommodation and 100,000 vertical feet of the amazing powder that blankets the forests and glacial bowls of the Cariboo and Monashee ranges. Great guides. Great service. This is why you went to medical school.

Whistler Heli-Skiing (Whistler, British Columbia): Because this helicopter operation is based at Whistler–Blackcomb (the largest ski area in North America), you can work a day or two of heli-mania into a vacation instead of making an expensive weeklong commitment to a more remote base. Prices start at about $350 per day. FYI: Whistler made a special trip to the Tantalus mountain range so our photographer could snap this killer shot.

Valdez Heli-Ski Guides (Valdez, Alaska): Site of the World Extreme Skiing Championships, the Chugach Range surrounding Valdez has gained a reputation as the most exotic backcountry region on earth. Operated by extreme ski legend Doug Coombs and his wife, Emily, Valdez Heli-Ski offers service to the steepest and deepest that Valdez has to offer (at $510 per day). Be aware that the weather can sock you in for days at Valdez, where diversions are minimal.

BACKCOUNTRY 101



For obvious reasons, backcountry skiing does not lend itself to the trial-and-error method of self-instruction. Rocks, tree wells, cliffs, avalanche chutes and blizzards are particularly unforgiving to the neophyte. The *ABC of Avalanche Safety* by Ed LaChapelle, *Snow Caves for Fun and Survival* by Ernest Wilkinson and *Snow Sense* by Jill Fredston and Doug Fesler make for great campfire reading. But a book can't replace hands-on instruction. As an absolute minimum learn basic avalanche awareness and rescue techniques by taking courses such as those offered by the American Avalanche Institute in Jackson, Wyoming. Aspen Expeditions combines education and guide service in courses that cover backcountry skiing, route finding, camping and avalanche safety ($125 to $300 per day). This year Aspen has introduced five-day adventure skiing camps, which feature resort-based backcountry instruction followed by a backcountry tour ($995). California's Donner Pass region is the classroom for Alpine Skills International, a training and guide service that is directed by Bela and Mimi Vadasz. ASI offers a number of two-day courses, including introduction to ski touring ($218), backcountry boarding ($258) and snow camping and winter survival ($196). And finally, Exum offers a ten-day course in Valdez, Alaska (starting at $2245) that includes five days' camping on a glacier and instruction in just about every aspect of winter mountaineering.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 157.

YOU PLAY, SOMEONE PAYS

the cost of getting lost

So you're lost in the backcountry. Or you've broken a ski binding. No need to panic. You'll use your cell phone to call in a helicopter and make it back to the hot tub before the beer is gone. Uh, don't count on it. "We are getting more and more cell calls for a rescue," says Scott Havener, president of the Routt County Search and Rescue team, based in Steamboat Springs, Colorado. "The first question the dispatcher asks is, 'Where are you?' The answer is often something like, 'I'm between a big mountain and a tree.' That isn't going to get you found very quickly." The 40-member, all-volunteer Routt County team averages 50 searches and rescues a year, and its response to each call is based on the victim's age and medical needs and the weather. If you seem to be in good health and well equipped, Havener's crew (like most others nationwide) won't launch a risky, expensive night rescue. They'll come looking at daybreak. "We had a guy who was actually disappointed when we showed up to get him with a snowmobile two hours after he called," says Havener. "He figured we'd be there in 20 minutes with a copter. At first he refused to ride back. People watch too much TV." Helicopter rental costs $300 to $1000 per hour, and a helicopter often can't fly in high elevations or bad weather. Havener says the average cost of a one-day rescue mission is $1000. A two-day effort costs $4000 to $5000. Last season his crew spent three days looking for a skier from Georgia who strayed out-of-bounds at Steamboat Resort and ended up stranded among rocks at the bottom of a drainage. Fresh snow covered his tracks and his dropped glove was the only clue as to his whereabouts. Teams searched on skis, snowshoes and rented Sno-Cats and with an airplane. The final bill tatoled $10,000. Who pays? That depends. In this case, the local taxpayers, who fund the Rescue team. Colorado has established a fund fueled by a 25-cent surcharge on hunting and fishing licenses, boat, ATV and snowmobile registrations, and from the sale of $1 annual Colorado Hiking Permits. If the victim has chipped in to the fund through any of these fees, the rescue group can bill the state for expenses. A skier from Georgia leaves locals on the hook, though Havener points out that grateful victims often make a donation. (The rescued skier, a financial advisor, chipped in $7000 worth of IBM stock, which the Rescue team sold.) Colorado may next add this surcharge to the cost of rental skis and snowshoes to collect from more visitors. Utah has a similar program. Two guys who did get a bill were lucky they lived to regret their poor judgment. In February 199B, the snowboarding buddies illegally ducked under the boundary rope at Snow Crest Ski Resort in the Angeles National Forest in Los Angeles County. The pair became lost, and ended up spending the night in a cave. They were rescued the next day after a search that included a helicopter and a $23,000 tab. Each boarder was sentenced to two years' probation, fined $810 and, under a rarely enforced state law, ordered to pay $3500 of the county's rescue expenses. Over the past 15 years, county officials estimate only a dozen people were billed. "If it was accidental and people didn't do anything stupid, they didn't get billed," said a sheriff's spokesman. The good news for those who are stupid is that the law lapsed in January 1999. Now California rescuers will bill the home county of each victim. Or hope for a donation if the lamebrain is a local.

Do-it-all Alpine skis such as the Rossignol Bandit XXX (far left) float in powder yet carve well in crud ($740). The big-mountain Dynastar 4x4 Big drives through any backcountry condition and is smooth on groomed runs ($695). Leki Extreme Lawisond poles adjust in length for skiing or climbing and double as an avalanche probe ($110).

DON'T CROSS JOHN McCAIN

you've heard about his temper and hometown feuds, but only a few know the senator's real arizona story

playboy profile by amy silverman

When John McCain moved to Arizona in the early Eighties and immediately announced that he was running for Congress, people dismissed him as a carpetbagger. He put his future constituents in their place by pointing out that the longest he'd ever lived in one spot was in Hanoi, where he was a prisoner of war for five and a half years.

He won handily, and continued to win in Arizona—two terms in the House, then three in the Senate.

Years later, when McCain was dubbed a member of the Keating Five for his alleged role in pushing the agenda of now-failed savings-and-loan tycoon Charles Keating, he told reporters he hadn't had this much fun since he was a prisoner of war.

Ever since rumors first began to swirl that John McCain would run for president in 2000, the senator has been talking about his time in Vietnam. In the past few months, the pitch has intensified. Every stump speech contains the obligatory wartime anecdote. Last summer, the McCain campaign released a video documenting the suffering and courage of its favorite POW, and mailed copies to thousands of New Hampshire voters. Last fall, McCain published his war memoir, *Faith of My Fathers*, which immediately made the *New York Times* best-seller list. Now there's speculation as to who will play McCain in the movie.

"It's a part of my life that I'm often asked about, especially when people examine the candidates," McCain recently told PLAYBOY. "I'm sure it's been of some benefit, but I would not rely on it. I believe Americans will judge candidates not on what they have done for the country but on their vision and their commitment for the future. It's simply part of my background. People are being made aware of it, and understandably they ask about it. But I don't talk about it any more or less than I used to."

McCain's status as war hero has won him admirers all over the country, but none so ardent as the national press corps. The senator is the flavor of the month—make that the past two years—in Washington, D.C., where liberal, cynical journalists gush over the Republican, declaring him both a war hero and a political hero, a plain-talking, system-bucking maverick who, if elected to the presidency, will sweep special interests off Capitol Hill and make the world safe for democracy.

You could fill a library with the fawning profiles of McCain that have appeared recently in national magazines. *Vanity Fair* nominated him for its hall of fame, and *Esquire* announced that "John McCain walks on water."

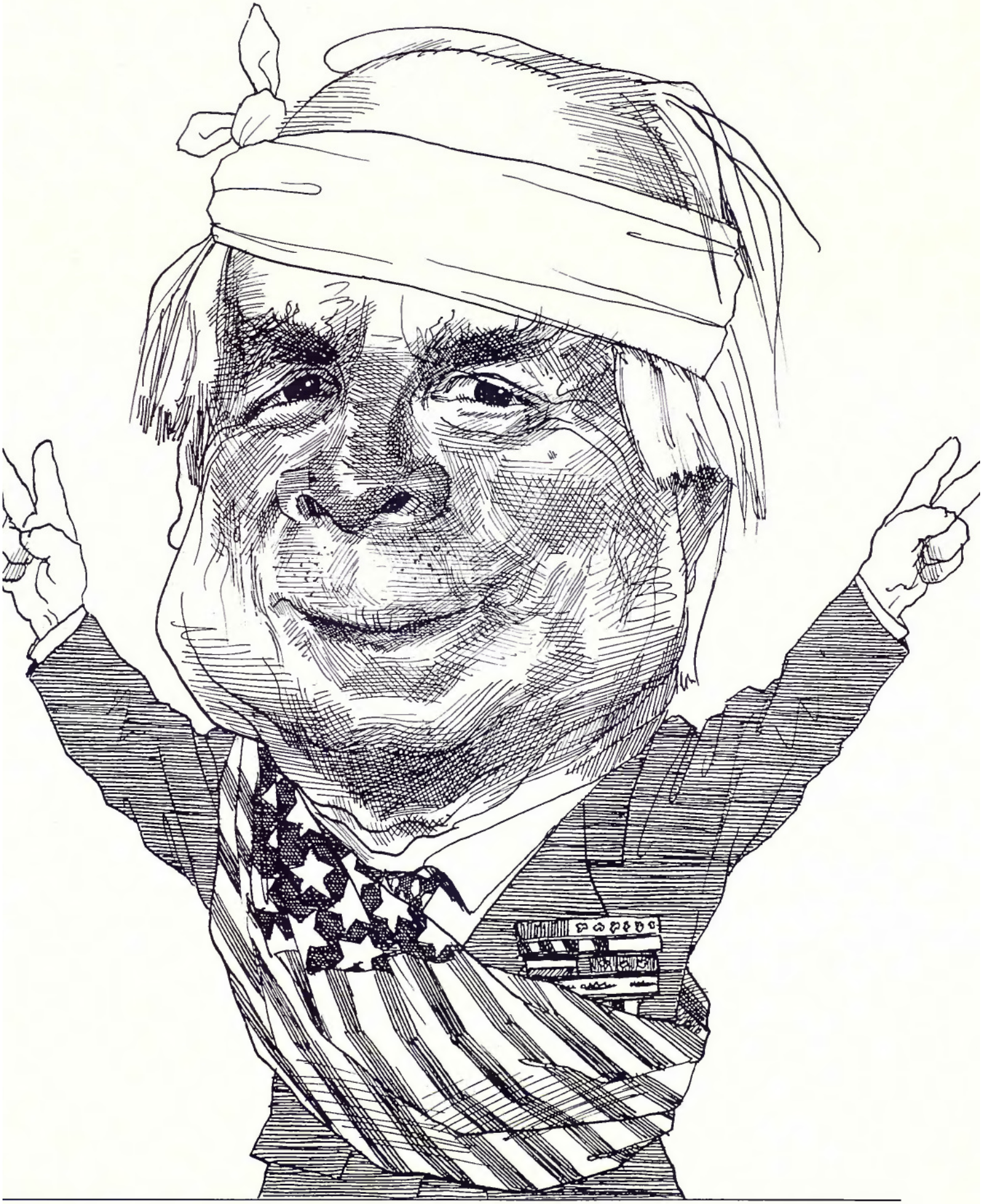
Don Imus considers him a personal friend, Jesse Ventura wants him to join the Reform Party and Mike Wallace said he'd consider campaigning for McCain. When Liddy was still in the race, even Bob Dole talked about donating to McCain's campaign. And in what could be the ultimate Hollywood compliment, Warren Beatty has said that John McCain might just be a "Bulworth Republican."

But in Arizona, where McCain has served in office since 1983, the senator is viewed more harshly.

In September, Arizona's highest-ranking Republican, Governor Jane Dee Hull, endorsed Bush. So did retired congressman John Rhodes, whose seat McCain once held. And when Texas governor and presidential candidate George W. Bush showed his face in Arizona last summer, McCain's poll numbers took a dive.

All of which begs the question: What

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



do people in Arizona know about John McCain that the rest of the country doesn't?

Plenty.

Many Arizonans reserve the term maverick for the legendary Barry Goldwater rather than for John McCain, a guy who swung into town, claiming the state's first congressional district as his own. Once in office, McCain spent more time on foreign affairs than he did on the folks back home, save for twisting arms and taking names until he had control of Arizona's Republican establishment.

National reporters may genuflect, but local journalists cringe at the thought of covering McCain, better known in Arizona for his short temper, refusal to take calls and attempts at media manipulation than for the "straight talk" he doles out to the likes of George Will and Sam Donaldson. When he told a nasty joke in Washington last year about the president's daughter ("Why is Chelsea Clinton so ugly? Because Janet Reno is her father"), it seemed old hat to Arizonans, who were used to McCain's angry humor.

McCain insists that word of his temper has been greatly exaggerated.

"I've been chairman of the Commerce Committee for two and a half years, with 11 Republicans and nine Democrats. There's no chronicled event where I have even expressed anger, much less lost my temper," McCain insists.

"Do I feel passionately about issues? Absolutely. Do I get angry when I see pork-barreling and wasteful spending? Absolutely. I will continue to get angry, and if I ever lose my sense of outrage about these abuses, I shouldn't be in the Senate anymore."

It is hard to find an example of a recent McCain outburst—in Washington, D.C. But Arizonans don't have much trouble.

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In the early Eighties, Pat Murphy was an editor at *The Arizona Republic*, the state's largest daily—and one of the first people McCain called when he got to Arizona. The two hit it off, and Murphy even considered writing a book about McCain.

The newcomer had an amazing story. The son and grandson of Navy admirals, John Sidney McCain III had grudgingly joined the family business. After a remarkably bad showing—fifth from the bottom of his graduating class at the Naval Academy—the young man became a fighter pilot. He was shot down over Hanoi in October 1967 and refused the early release offered to him when the Vietnamese learned of his father's high rank. McCain almost died in prison. He suffered severe beatings, sustaining broken arms and a broken leg.

Upon his release, he worked in Washington as the Navy's liaison to the U.S. Senate. After his first marriage fell apart, McCain married Cindy Hensley, daughter of a wealthy beer distributor in Phoenix. The two settled in Arizona to begin John's political career.

As McCain rose to the Senate and Murphy to the role of publisher at *The Arizona Republic*, their alliance endured.

And then the friendship ended abruptly. In 1989 Murphy and his wife, Betty, were in D.C. for a trade conference and McCain invited them to lunch at the Senate dining room. Murphy recalls that the conversation centered on a hearing that concerned the Central Arizona Project, the federally funded canal system designed to deliver Colorado River water to Arizonans. Arizona governor Rose Mofford, a Democrat, was in town to testify; she'd only been in office a short time and wasn't known for her expertise on water law.

"As we were sitting down," Murphy says, "McCain devilishly and gleefully boasted that he'd just planted some highly technical questions about the Central Arizona Project with Senator James McClure, a member of the Senate Appropriations Committee." They were questions Governor Mofford "couldn't possibly answer."

Murphy was horrified, and told the senator so. The Central Arizona Project had always been nonpartisan; Arizonans had worked together on it. He says McCain replied, "I'm duty-bound to embarrass a Democrat any chance I get."

"After an uneasy and tense lunch, we walked back to the office, where Washington-based Arizona media reporters were waiting," recalls Murphy. "The first question from a reporter was, 'Senator McCain, we understand you planted some questions with Senator McClure that Governor Mofford couldn't answer.'"

"McCain said that was nonsense, that he'd never do anything like that. Betty and I looked at each other in amazement and left."

Murphy called his editors and had them investigate. In the following days, a story and editorial appeared in *The Arizona Republic*. McCain called, furious, accusing Murphy of being out to get him.

"I said, 'Now, John, for Christ's sake, act like a United States senator, not a goddamn child.'

"From that moment on, war was declared on me and we never again had a civil relationship," says Murphy, who now lives in Idaho. "What has struck me about McCain is that everybody underestimated the ability of his advisors and him to hypnotize the national media, because most of us in the media in Arizona thought of him as a guy who had a terrible temper, occasionally had a foul mouth, a guy who whined and pouted unless he got his way."

"McCain has a temper that is bombastic, volatile and purple-faced; sometimes he gets out of control. Do you want somebody sitting in the White House with that kind of temper?"

•

Pat Murphy is not the only friend McCain has had a falling out with. Grant Woods was McCain's first administrative assistant in the early Eighties. The son of a wealthy developer, Woods came to McCain as a public defender with no political experience.

Woods and McCain became close friends (Woods is godfather to one of McCain's sons; McCain was at Woods' wedding). Then Woods was elected Arizona's attorney general in 1990 and launched multiple investigations into the activities of then-governor J. Fife Symington III, a fellow Republican. (Symington resigned from office in 1997. He was eventually convicted of fraud in U.S. District Court, but the conviction was overturned and his fate is still undecided.)

That, Woods says, cooled the friendship to such an extent that he and McCain didn't speak.

"John had no idea, no conception of the role of the attorney general. He viewed it as just another elected office, and therefore it fell into line with being a congressman. And Congress operates along party lines. That also conforms with his military background, in that you salute whoever happens to be higher up than you, whether they deserve it or not.

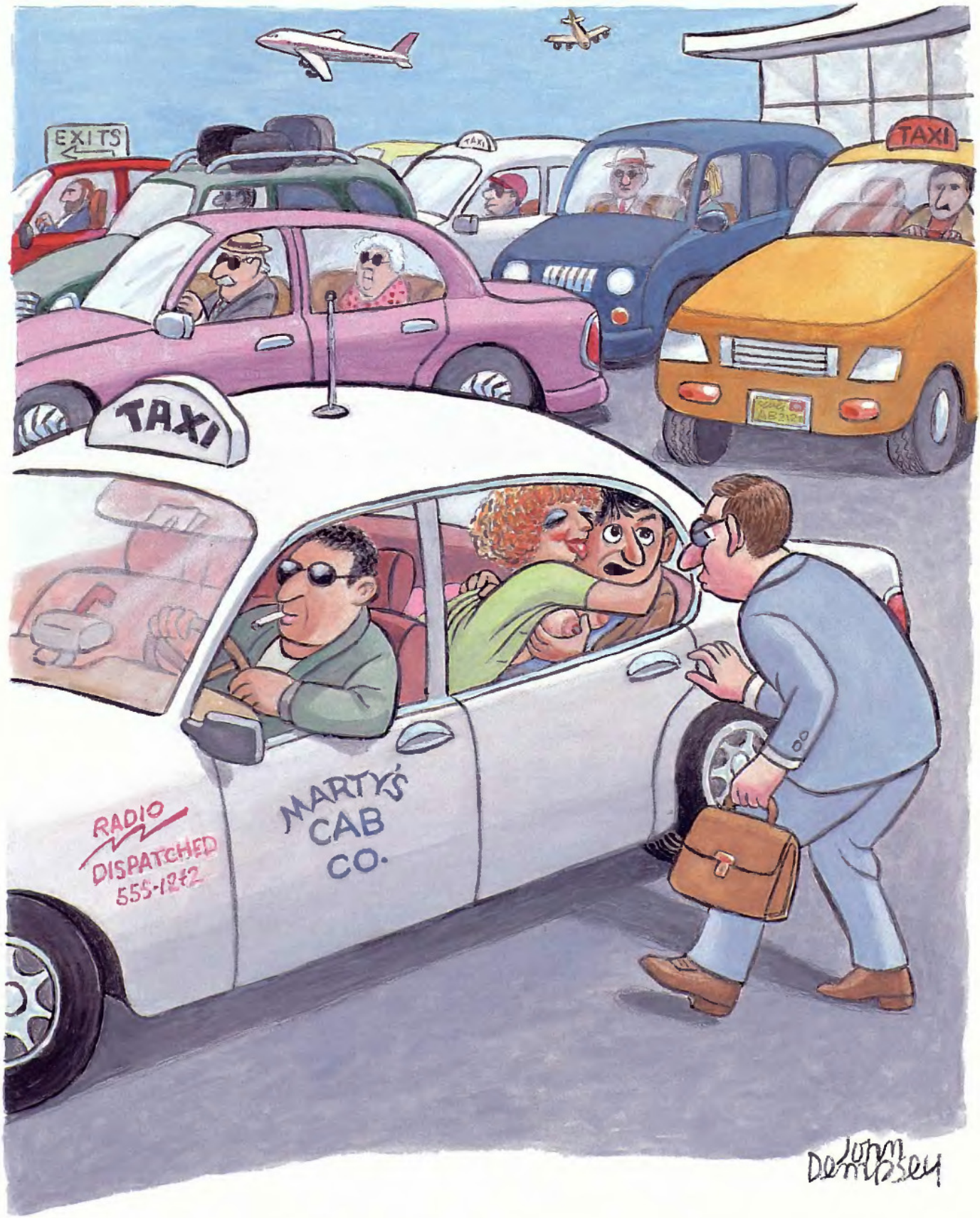
"I think that combination of life experiences made it appear that I was being disloyal, either by disagreeing with, speaking out against, investigating or prosecuting Symington or his associates. I viewed the office as independent of those political concerns and could not get beyond that with him."

McCain insists he has no animosity toward Woods. "Nor will you find any recorded media statements of mine criticizing him," he says. The senator recalls that the rift was over Indian gaming, not Fife Symington.

"I still consider him a friend," McCain says of Woods. "I just don't consider us as close as we once were. We disagreed over Indian gaming issues and I didn't care for the way he expressed that disagreement. I've never raised my voice, told him off or in any way expressed the view that I no longer considered him my friend."

Former Phoenix mayor Paul Johnson, a Democrat, agrees with Woods.

(continued on page 170)



"Yes, as a matter of fact, we would mind sharing a cab into the city."

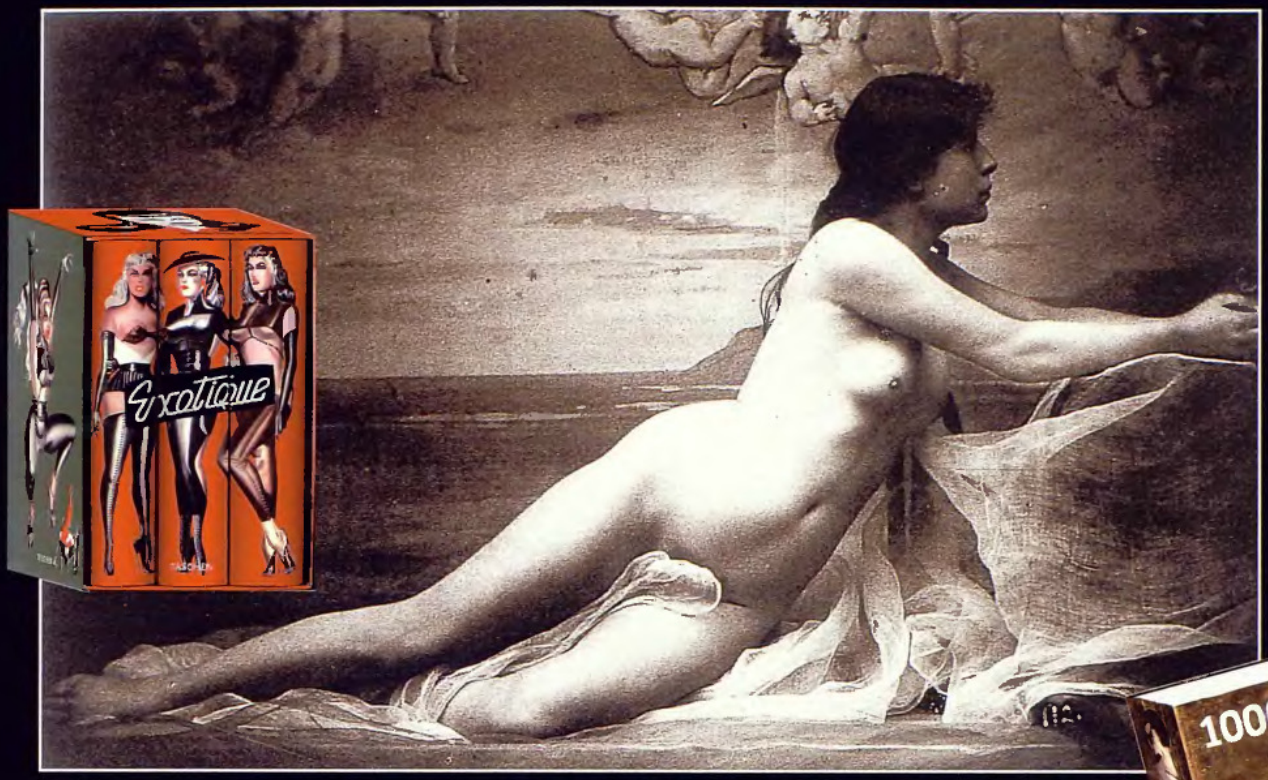
The EROTIC SPIRIT

we have a passion for taschen, the bold publisher that's

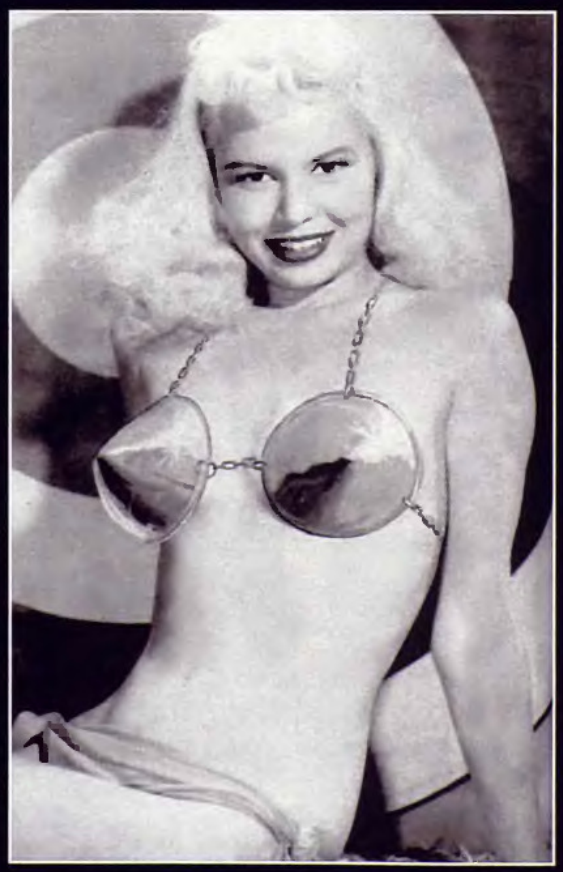
"I have no idea of the difference between sex, erotica and pornography," says Benedikt Taschen. And that's good. The enterprising publisher is building a Great Books list of erotic photos and images. He finds them, he collects them, he publishes them. He has the zeal of a monk in the Dark Ages and his tallow is burning bright. Whether full of contemporary underground fetish photos or post–Civil War era nudes, these manuscripts require no illumination. "I've never found anything bad about any of them," Taschen says. "I just want the books to be stimulating to readers." No problem there. In a Taschen book, we catch episodic, almost stolen, glimpses of private and lost worlds. The older images are the kind that Grandpa would have brought back from Juarez in 1923. As the introduction to Taschen's definitive tome, *Erotica Universalis*, explains, "There is only one real antidote to the anguish engendered in humanity by its awareness of inevitable death: erotic joy." And people have sought to depict that joy

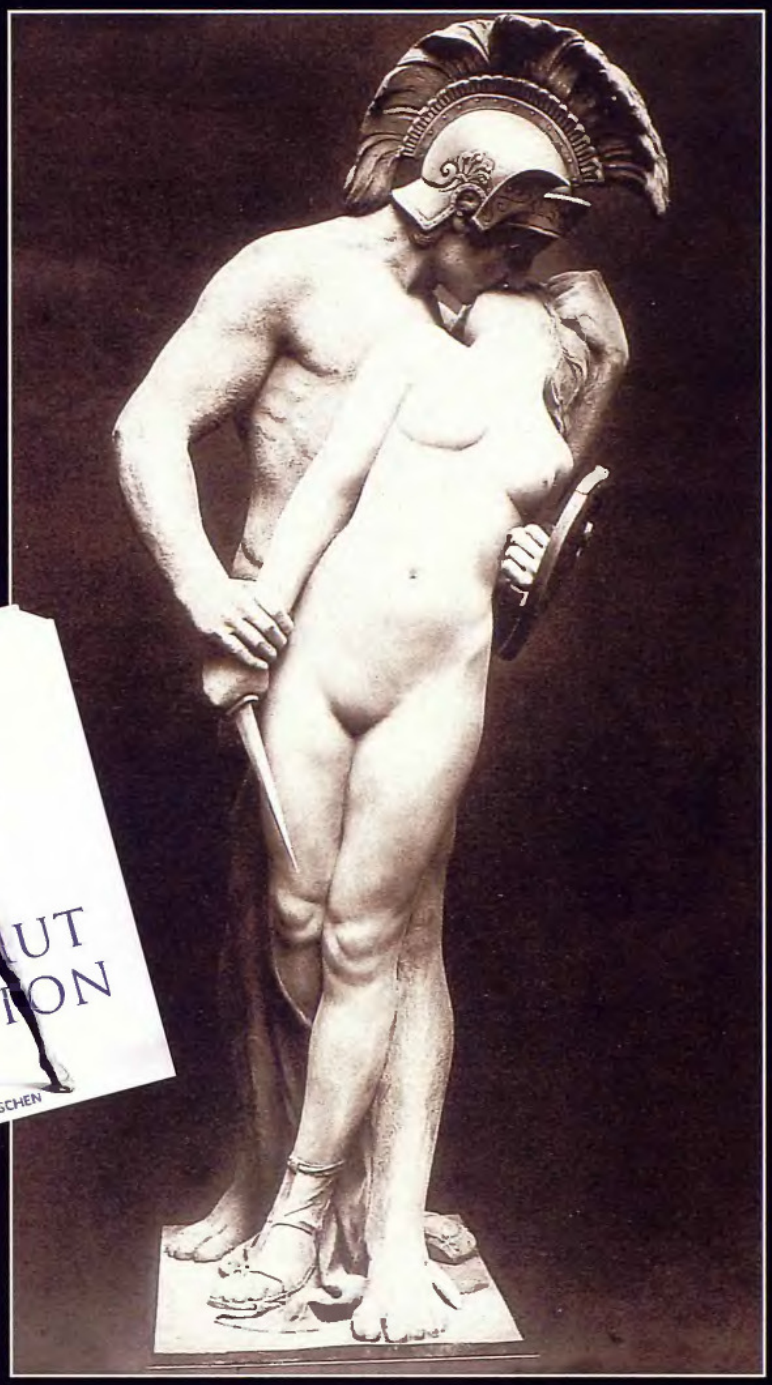
showcasing 150 years of naughty bits

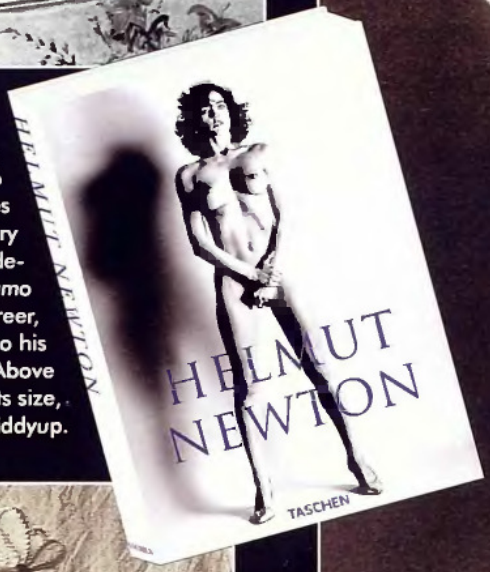
Vintage erotica: Some of these photos are as old as the camera itself, or, like the bicycle for two, from the turn of the century. Apparently ladies back then liked well-padded seats. Exercise was a big theme. Above right, a pair of flappers play a game of leapfrog. Below right, the Depression-era craze for hide-and-seek is boldly exposed. Our centerpiece shows an early version of step aerobics—this beauty appears to be at the beginning of her regimen. At for left, an outdoors enthusiast plays Diona, doggy-style. For those who couldn't get out for sport, there was always love, of a sort, at home. The drawings below, above and opposite are by Eric Stanton, known for capturing dominatrix chic in tattoo-parlor style. So far there are two Taschen books devoted to his work. In *The Dominant Wives and Other Stories*, Stanton's strong women like to remind their men who's running the show, and are only marginally more merciful with other girls. The coffee-table volume *Art of Eric Stanton* includes illustrations from magazines such as *Exotique*, *Masque* and *Bizarre Life*. The signature move of his femmes mentale? The face squat. Like TV wives used to say in the Fifties, Honey, dinner is served.



Some early nudes were done in tableau style—photographers used live models to imitate classic art. The picture above, for example, recalls baroque oil paintings. We've stared at this one for a while and there's no doubt about it—it's art. At far right, white body paint on two models has been used to re-create a sculpture from antiquity. Girls of all eras love a guy out of uniform. Below opposite at right, a shy matron has some trouble dismounting her bike. She finishes last in our Tour de Pants. Below right, a woman models British Empire fashions. Evidently butter wasn't the only thing scarce during the war. The more fashions changed, the more they stayed the same. Below center, a proto-Madonna shows off a conical bra, no doubt designed by Goultier's grandpa. It took real Ciccones to dress like that back then. Below left, the brief craze for the reverse bikini is captured for posterity.







At right is the new Helmut Newton book, *Sumo*. The huge volume weighs in at a record 66 pounds—and all 10,000 copies are signed and numbered. Every copy comes with a steel table designed by Philippe Starck. *Sumo* chronicles Newton's entire career, from his fashion photography to his most recent celebrity portraits. Above is *Saddle I Paris 1976*. Despite its size, the book clearly has plenty of giddyup.

since they could scratch on cave walls. *Erotica Universalis* shows Egyptian friezes and Greek vases decorated with images of sex worthy of the Starr report. They may have thought the earth was the center of the universe, but they knew all the positions under the sun. *1000 Nudes* includes photos of lovelies from the 1860s who helped Civil War soldiers fix their bayonets. Taschen's adult titles also highlight individual artists. Eric Stanton, Elmer Batters, Gil Elvgren, Serge Jacques and Roy Stuart have all been singled out. "I have the greatest respect," says Taschen, "for people who dedicate their lives to their passion." And that passion is repaid: The Elmer Batters book—a foot fetishist's dream—comes bound in a stocking. Another package, *Exotique*, is a boxed reprint of the 1951–1957 editions of Leonard Burtman's zine of the same name. Burtman's "digest of the bizarre and the unusual" took as inspiration the bondage-oriented pin-up photos of Bettie Page by Irving Klaw, and *Exotique* was an early outlet for the themes explored by Klaw, photographer Bunny Yeager and cartoonist Eric Stanton. In their pages history comes alive.

A LIFETIME OF SEX

(continued from page 112)

Montreal, he visited a topless bar and became intrigued by a slender young dancer. He offered to pay her to go back to his hotel and sleep with him. She was reluctant to do so and resisted—until he offered her his entire stipend for his week's work. When he realized what he had done, he felt ridiculous. But when he awakened the next morning, he was refreshed and invigorated.

The starlet arrived at a Hollywood party and was greeted at the door by the host, who asked her to suck his cock.

"I left," she told friends, "since I was not at his level of partying."

He was thrown off stride when a woman he had been pursuing for some time asked him, on their first date, to spank her before dinner.

He complied, but only halfheartedly, feeling he could have done a much better job of it if they had been a bit further along in their affair (or perhaps had dinner first).

Her friends became concerned when the starlet, who was generally jolly and upbeat, appeared to be low in spirits. She explained that while she was en route to the Academy Awards ceremony in a limousine, her date, an Albanian, had come on her neck.

Prior to attending a symposium in Bogotá, he joined a group of academics who decided to visit a local bordello. No sooner had they entered the premises than the most prominent of them—a leading literary deconstructionist—sat on the lap of a fat prostitute, thrust his tongue down her throat and then disappeared with the woman—never to be seen again for the duration of the conference.

She'd had a crush on a young novelist for quite some time and finally succeeded in luring him into bed.

But she could not forgive him for folding his pants neatly and placing them on a hanger before he embraced her.

In a change of style, her lover entered her slowly—exquisitely and almost unbearably so. And she knew, in an instant, that he had been with another woman.

Both were on the so-called rebound, both new at sex—and they went about it frantically. They made love in the forest, in rest rooms, stairwells, in a darkened classroom, on the quadrangle itself. Yet only when they danced together languidly—and closely—at a sorority function did a supervisor threaten them with expulsion.

The starlet described what she did in Hollywood swimming pools as "light screwing."

A letter to the editor of *Cosmopolitan*, never mailed:

Dear *Cosmo*,

Your article in the November issue ("Big Butt Be Gone") fails to take into account a considerable group of us out here who admire and even prefer a big butt now and then. Shapely, of course. We are not talking lard-ass here. But substantial? Absolutely.

Sincerely,
B.J.F.
Southampton, N.Y.

With no apparent source of income, she lived in a magnificent townhouse in Greenwich Village. The wallpaper in the master bedroom was composed of photographs that had been taken of her in the nude. One night, she confided in him that she was being sponsored by a wealthy older man. All that was required of her was that once each year she be available to join him on his yacht—and massage his prostate on the high seas.

He thought it was a reasonable arrangement but would have preferred that she had not told him the story.

In a show of self-assertion, the starlet told her friends she had decided to stop sleeping with an actor she had been dating because of his abusive behavior toward her.

"But he *is* a movie star," she said, reflecting. "So I'll continue to give him head."

Throughout his life, he had taken it for granted that homely women would be more receptive to his advances than attractive ones. More often than not he was mistaken.

During the Cannes Film Festival, the producer rented an entire bordello for his exclusive use and had the women service him, one by one, throughout the night. Later, he accepted his therapist's explanation that his behavior was neurotic and had nothing to do with sex—but he refused to regret the experience.

He agreed to parade in front of his mistress in the nude, thinking it only sporting, since he had often made the same request of her.

But he was unprepared for the suggestion that he lose a few pounds.

For all his bravado, he refused to allow a pretty young female physician to examine his prostate.

She had little reason to doubt the film producer who said he had slept with dozens of actresses. But was it necessary for him to narrow his eyes and add, with some ferocity: "And I took no prisoners"?

He stopped watching porno films when he realized they had created an expectation that every woman he met, within minutes, would fall to her knees and begin cheerfully to suck his penis.

At a time when he was tormented by feelings of jealousy toward his mistress, he found comfort in an unlikely source:

A young man, writing in a sex magazine, said he realized one day that he had spent a year of his life being tortured by what another individual (in this case, his wandering girlfriend) did—or didn't do—with her genitals.

Seen in that perspective, his situation came across as being absurd, and he was able to relax and go about his business.

In the early stages of their affair, she would fall to her knees and suck his penis before allowing him to venture out alone. He was aware of being controlled but could not bring himself to ask that she discontinue the practice.

Remarks from women that lingered:

"Call me if you're ever in the mood for an affair."

"It appears I'm just another chapter in your book."

"I'm up for a fuck if you are."

"Oh, my God, you're worshiping my ass."

"I don't understand—my last lover had no trouble getting it in."

"Relax. I'll sleep with you. But let's have dinner first."

As he prepared to leave a party in Greenwich Village, he noticed that his raincoat was missing. The hostess, who lived alone and was quite beautiful, assured him that if he returned the following day she would have it there for him. He could not understand why the coat was unavailable at that moment—and why she was so confident it would be there for him the next day.

In one of the great miscalculations of his youth, he sent a friend by to pick it up for him.

(continued on page 166)

FROM OUT OF THE BLUE COMES A GUY WITH A SMART AND RAUNCHY ACT. TEN YEARS AGO TV WOULDN'T TOUCH HIM. NOW HE'S LANDING DEALS. CALL IT THE TAO OF POO

ROBERT SCHIMMEL'S MONEY SHOT

BY CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

One day in New York, the best stand-up comic in the country—no, really—stares at his hand. The look on his face says, Man, I'm a real idiot. "She asked me to touch it and I did," he says. "'Go ahead, feel it.' So I did. I touched a toilet seat. I can't believe it. That's the most unclean thing." He's back in his room at the Rhiga Royal Hotel. Earlier, to kill some time, he conned the concierge into setting up a tour of a penthouse suite. That's when a young hotel manager with an artful smile introduced Robert Schimmel to the ultimate crapper—a heated toilet with perfumed spritzer, blow-drier and padded seat. Does everything but belch when you're done. Now he looks at his hand and starts to freak. "She's probably going, 'Man, I can't believe he played around with a toilet seat just because I told him to,'" Schimmel says.

I can't believe a man who once said he'd suck Mike Tyson's dick for Evander Holyfield's $5 million dollar purse ("Spend $1 million on mouthwash and you still have $4 million") is spazzing over a toilet seat. That the man who once wrote a song called *Prison Love* ("I never thought size made a difference/Until I spent a couple of nights in jail/It's hard to relax your sphincter when you're crying") worries about germs.

Touch it? He can smell it. The unknown comic is one step away from the world of $3000-a-night suites, one solid move away from the heated toilet seat. On Sunday he flew in from the U.S. Comedy Arts Festival in Aspen, where he killed. As a souvenir, he brought home an invitation to do an HBO Comedy Special. Monday night he was on NBC accepting the American Comedy Award for best stand-up comic. Tuesday night he was on *Conan O'Brien*. Wednesday morning he has a round of radio interviews. Not so suddenly, two decades of roadwork seem to be paying off. He is 48.

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"I think every guy is a closet pervert," he says once he settles into a chair in his hotel room. "When you get married you don't lose that. But once you have a certain thing with your wife, you can't act out that crazy shit. You can't say to your wife, 'Hey, listen. What if I lie in the tub and jack off and you piss on my face?' She'll go, 'What?' Then it will haunt you forever. Get on her bad side one day, you'll be at some family

get-together and she'll say, 'Oh you know him. He wanted me to piss on him while he was jacking off in the tub.'"

Schimmel may not know everything about sex, but he knows what he likes. For him, sex is a common denominator. He has built his act on this slippery foundation. Everyone has the same thoughts, he likes to say, it's just that he has a microphone. But he's an unusually funny guy regardless of the material. He's also stranger than most—he's the guy who put the pee in pervert. Congratulate him on his baby boy and he'll admit he didn't want to make love to his wife late in her pregnancy. "Think about it," he says. "The baby's in there. He actually lives in there. That would be like a stranger sticking his dick in my house. I don't want him coming out and looking at me like, 'Hey, look who's here—Mr. I Couldn't Wait a Few Months.' Now I know how Kirk Douglas got that cleft chin.

"The last time I got a close look at my wife's womanness was when my son was coming out. When you see an eight-pound, 22-inch baby coming out of your wife's vagina, your dick starts feeling real small. I can't believe I ever had the audacity to say, 'Take it all, baby.' Now I know she could have taken that and a carry-on bag at the same time."

He gets up and orders a fruit plate from room service—the better to take his heart meds with. He talks about his recent heart attack, how his wife was crying and his daughter was pleading, "Daddy, don't die." "Don't tell me what to do, little girl," he says now. "Do I need to hear that? Don't die? I was trying to not even think of the word die." Then, he says, a nurse walked in and he immediately thought, Gee, I'd like to fuck her. This is the way it always is with Schimmel—he swerves between his twin obsessions, sex and health, and it's hard to tell which subject will be edgier.

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Who's to say that the nurse didn't want to fuck you?

"Women love to say they're as horny as guys. But take a woman who loves Mel Gibson. If the woman has a happy marriage and Mel walks up to her and says, 'Hey, do you want to go back to my room and fuck?' she'd pass. It's enough to know that the offer was made. She would never jeopardize her marriage, the kids and everything else for a one-hour fuck. On the other hand, a guy would even fuck the girl who restocks the minibar in the hotel room. We don't need Winona Ryder or Ashley Judd—anybody would be good. The fat girl at the grocery store: If she said, 'What are you doing later?' that would be it."

Anybody ever tell you you're oversexed?

"I had prostatitis a long time ago. I went to the urologist and he asked me if I masturbated a lot. I said, 'No.' Then I'm thinking, What's a lot? More than I usually do? My dad went for a prostate check and I went with him. Afterward, the doctor said, 'When did you have yours checked?' I didn't know. He goes, 'Why don't we do it right now? Just drop your pants.' I didn't want to. My dad goes, 'Hey, you think I've never seen you undressed?' Not with someone's hand up my ass, you haven't. That's not the same thing. And he goes, 'Come on, don't be a sissy.' Sissy? I'll tell you what I don't like about the prostate thing. The finger up the ass, that was OK. At least he can reach places I can't. But it's when he's done and he throws you that Kleenex and says, 'Clean yourself up.' I feel like a slut after that, I really do. I don't like that feeling. After a couple of those exams you become compassionate toward women. You don't toss somebody a towel and say, 'See you in the living room.' I told my dad that. Do you know what he said? 'What? Would you rather have the guy wipe you?'

"The whole thing is very uncomfortable. When he hits that spot all I can think of is, Man, I wouldn't want somebody's dick pounding against that organ. Nothing against gay people. I just can't imagine some buff construction worker banging my prostate like that, turning it into a pancake. Just touching it I almost pass out.

"They say they just need to get a little specimen out. Well, why don't they leave the room for five minutes and I'll give them all they want. They don't need to force it out instantly. We trust the doctor. The guy says, 'Listen, I have to stick this up your ass.' He charges you $300 bucks and you just accept it. What if it's a scam?"

•

There's no greater triumph in a comedian's life than to tour the country and earn a nice bit of coin in front of hundreds of people each night. Still, there's the TV thing. And the movie thing.

"Here's why I'd like to be on TV," he says. "The thought of making 5 million people laugh amazes me. I went on *Conan*. More people saw me last night in six minutes than have seen me do stand-up live for the past ten years. The key is to use those minutes and get known not for the jokes but for who you are. I want people to say, "Robert Schimmel—he has a wife, three kids. The guy talks about jacking off the way people talk about eating cereal in the morning. Then he freaks out when his daughter says she's dating some guy. He talks to strangers about whacking it, and in real life he freaks out."

He may soon have 5 million people thinking twice about their cereal. Schimmel was a surprise hit at the 1999 Aspen Comedy Festival, which was mostly about alternative comedy. ("People sit on a couch and snap their fingers while you tell them how you ran out of froth for your cappuccino. I thought that's what a therapist was for.") He shmoozed rival agents from APA, William Morris and CAA—"for three days, it's like Switzerland." Conan was there. Seinfeld came to one of his shows. Larry David, too. Schimmel was asked to perform by Janeane Garofalo, who was hosting a comedy showcase. His first line to an audience restless after an hour of alternative comedy? "I don't know what I'm doing here. I don't have any unfunny stories to tell." Big applause. Even bigger buzz. Next day in the paper there was a full-page article on Schimmel. That night all of the yes- and no-men from LA—the guys who actually make programming and production decisions—arrived to see Schimmel headline.

Four minutes into the act, the lights went out. First the stage lights, then the houselights. Shit. Thousands of performances to get there. Just as many mornings taking it in the teeth from radio guys. Months of his manager calling HBO with the mantra See Robert Schimmel, See Robert Schimmel. And, like out of a crummy Sally Field movie, the lights go out. "Shit," he said to the audience, now squirming in the pitch black. "I can't believe this is fucking happening." He started ad-libbing, which he never does. "Look, you can't see me, I can't see you, so I'm just going to pretend I'm doing the show for Stevie Wonder."

Two days later, *Variety* ran the following review of the festival: "The performances of comedian Robert Schimmel were what really had tongues wagging. Schimmel was so good that his 45-minute Friday night set at the Aspen Club Lodge left attendees marveling at why the fortysomething comedian isn't a huge star. Even HBO's original programming chief, Chris Albrecht, attended Schimmel's set on Friday. By all accounts, Schimmel ad-libbed himself out of what could have been a catastrophe. And he impressed Albrecht enough to merit stand-up's Holy Grail: his very own HBO Comedy Hour special."

Schimmel knows why he's not a star. "I won the American Comedy Award, I have three CDs out on Warner Bros. Why am I not on a sitcom? If you're a casting agent, it's easier to see somebody else and say, 'OK, this guy can play Joey's father.' Then the agent

(continued on page 156)

"I don't understand, my Pharaoh, this preoccupation you have with the afterlife."

ANGIE EVERHART

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARCO GLAVIANO

this beautiful redhead is going to save the world

WHEN WE heard that Angie Everhart's legs are insured for $1 million, we couldn't help wondering, How much is the policy on the rest of her? And what are the premiums? Now that she's become a screen star her assets are rapidly approaching the status of priceless. After almost ten years of strutting those formidable legs down runways all over the planet, the Flame-Tressed One took a role in the 1995 film *Jade* and abandoned modeling at the height of her career. Will the 30-year-old beauty ever go back? "Absolutely not. Modeling is a high-burnout field. I wasn't using my brain." After busting her chops in films such as *Bordello of Blood* and *Another 9½ Weeks*, Everhart currently plays a spunky Navy Seals trainer on TV's *The Dream Team*, which she describes as "*Charlie's Angels* goes *G.I. Jane* goes James Bond, with a little bit of *Baywatch*." Everhart has several big-screen films on the horizon, too, so who's her dream co-star? "I'm really into Edward Norton and Kevin Spacey. Of course, I wouldn't mind kissing Brad Pitt, either." So what does a guy need to get her attention? "A sense of humor and security with himself. I like confidence, not cockiness—the kind of guy who has abs but isn't afraid to cry." And what's the significance of the tattoo at the base of her spine? "She's my guardian angel. I got her at a difficult time in my life. You have to have someone watching your back." Amen.

(Above left, clockwise from left): Angie Everhart, Jeff Kooke, Troci Bingham and Evo Holino are TV's *Dream Team*, which features Everhart as the smart-mouthed yet tough anti-terrorist Kimberly Taylor (above right).

Everhart, who once told her grondma she'd never pose nude, said, "I was nervous on my first day. I called my grandmother before the shoot and she was silent at first. I told her I was going to do beoutiful pictures. She said, 'I trust you, Angie.'" So do we.

MAKEUP BY MARINA BUKA FOR AREA 51; HAIR BY MAURIZIO KULPHERK FOR FACE TO FACE; STYLING BY CAMILLA OLLSON

The Sopranos

Steven Van Zandt

the sopranos' rock-and-roll lieutenant on groupies, evil world leaders and not watching sports

With his signature do-rag swaddling his head, and with billowy shirt and boots, Steven Van Zandt is easily recognizable. He has been described as an "urban swashbuckler whose frigate just got towed away for double parking." Now he's being recognized all over again for his role as Silvio Dante, the manager of the strip club Bada Bing in last year's hottest television show, The Sopranos.

Van Zandt is a proud native of New Jersey who has known Bruce Springsteen since Steven was 16 and even put him up at his home when Springsteen's parents moved to California. It wasn't inevitable that they should play together in a band, but they did. Van Zandt had already co-founded Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes by the time he went to work for the Boss' E Street Band on the Born to Run album and the subsequent tour. Van Zandt's 25-year career in music has seen him as a sought-after producer, songwriter and musician. In addition to his work with Springsteen, Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul and Southside Johnny, he has enjoyed a solo recording career—his fifth solo CD, Born Again Savage, met with critical acclaim.

The United Nations has twice honored Van Zandt for his work on behalf of human rights, and he received the International Documentary Association Award for his film Sun City/Making of Sun City. In 1985 he established the Solidarity Foundation to support the sovereignty of indigenous peoples.

Assistant Managing Editor John Rezek met with Van Zandt during the Springsteen tour last year. Rezek reports: "Few celebrities who come to our office in Chicago are greeted with the sort of delighted shrieks that welcomed Steven. He made time for everyone who wanted to talk—including me. We found a place where he could smoke and we spent a few hours there. He was thoughtful, funny, reflective and modest. And he toils in show business. Go figure."

1

PLAYBOY: At a poignant moment in last season's *Sopranos*, Tony lamented, "Psychiatry and cunnilingus brought us to this." If we free that thought from its context, is that so bad?

VAN ZANDT: [*Laughing*] What a wonderful question. And the answer is no.

2

PLAYBOY: How do *Sopranos* groupies compare with Little Steven or Springsteen groupies?

VAN ZANDT: Oh, the hair is higher. They always wear pants, never skirts. But I'm afraid the whole concept of groupies is a bit of an anachronism unless you're the Backstreet Boys. Adult entertainment doesn't lend itself to that sort of thing.

At this point, a lot of people say hello. I'm always on the street, and people have always said hi, and in the past it's been about the music. But I swear to God, two weeks after the show airs, 90 percent of the people who stop me in the street are *Sopranos* fans. Just like that. I'm not exactly recognizable in the show either. I've always heard about the instant fame that television brings, and it's actually true. That part of it is very nice, but there's no increased sexual activity from spontaneous strangers.

3

PLAYBOY: What don't you do anymore that you used to enjoy, even if it was for the wrong reasons?

VAN ZANDT: I don't find myself watching sports at all. I don't want to watch somebody else do something for three hours. I don't keep up as much as I should with the culture in general, which for the most part in this decade showed total alienation. So I don't see as many shows or listen to as many records or listen to the radio or watch MTV or sports. I don't go to the movies as much as I'd like, but I don't think I'm missing much. I think everybody receives a certain amount of input growing up, and they reach a point where they're filled up, and then they try to turn it into output. At this point I probably have a hundred albums and movies and all kinds of things in my head that need to get out. I regret not having more output and regret being as picky as I've been about what I've done, but once you start that pattern, it's hard to break. I've probably only done four things in 25 years: Springsteen, *The Sopranos*, my political involvement and the records. But those are four good things.

4

PLAYBOY: How did you get your part on *The Sopranos*?

VAN ZANDT: David Chase, the creator, had followed my music through the years, both with Bruce and the solo stuff. I was doing the Hall of Fame induction ceremony the first time it was televised, and David happened to be watching. I think he just liked the whole Jersey connection. I didn't have a publicist or an agent or anything so he managed to find me through my foundation. My office called me and I'm like, "Yeah, yeah, tell him to send a script." I'd seen a thousand scripts in my life, not for acting but for music in movies and things, and I'm picky about what I associate myself with. But I read it, and, shockingly, it was good. I went down for the audition and my part didn't exist at that point, so they had me read the lead character to see if I could act or if I could remember that many words in a row. Then David said, "You know, I want you in this." And I said, "I don't feel great about taking an out-of-work actor's job here." There are like a thousand out-of-work actors struggling all their lives and here I come, some rock guy. Then he said, "Well, I'll write you in," and that's what he did. So it's a Hollywood story. Or a Jersey story, I guess.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD FEGLEY

5

PLAYBOY: What energizes you during your rock-and-roll performances? Has it changed over the years?

VAN ZANDT: When I went onstage when I was 15 years old and when I go onstage now—I want to kill. I want to do the best show anybody's ever seen. It's partly out of respect for the tradition I grew up with during that extraordinary renaissance period that was the Sixties, which we probably won't see again for hundreds of years. The rock era may be over. I don't think its cultural significance will ever be the same, but that's what I grew up with. You feel a responsibility to be as great as the people who inspired you, and I guess that's where it comes from.

6

PLAYBOY: Does the current generation have enough to inspire it? What was the message of Woodstock '99?

VAN ZANDT: That may have been just a one-time circumstance. But it leads us to a bigger question: Is this generation receiving the same input from the culture as the previous generation did? Obviously the answer is no. There is a case to be made right now that art reflects the culture—the cynicism, the lack of norms—and none of it's good. This generation of kids gets an enormous amount of largely negative information, which has to make them tougher, less sentimental and more cynical. It's going to take enormous strength and creativity for the artists who are at street level—to go against this wave. Anything that is not reflecting destruction and conflict is almost disregarded. It's very difficult. But we can have some hope because I think the younger generation is certainly smarter than we ever were, and one hopes they'll find their way.

7

PLAYBOY: Do you know when you've nailed an acting moment, when it is real or true?

VAN ZANDT: No, it's so new to me. You always feel like you could have done it better. The odd thing was adapting to this art form. It's so collaborative, and you're dependent on others. That was the toughest part. You completely rely on a director, so if the director is happy, you've got to be happy. It was odd to not be able to see my work until six months later. In music, you sing a song, you go in a booth and listen to it, you go back in and sing it better. With this, you act, you see it six months later and you think, Gee, I wish I had done this or that. You just have to let go and trust the director.

8

PLAYBOY: Do Mob guys tail you, shove you into a limo and tell you what they think of the show?

VAN ZANDT: Well, of course I have no direct knowledge of anyone being in the Mafia or even if the Mafia exists. I mean, if we can't believe J. Edgar Hoover, what government official can we believe? But, you know, guys know guys who know guys, and the word is that the show is well received across a broad spectrum of critical analysis.

9

PLAYBOY: You may be the only rock-and-roller who regularly reads *Foreign Affairs* magazine. How does what you read evolve into what you sing?

VAN ZANDT: Well, you take all this information and you absorb it, and you then transform it into a story. In the end, your job is to communicate emotional information. For instance, the bigger context of *Los Desaparecidos* on my second album was the military regime's kidnapping and killing people who opposed them—with U.S. support. That became a mother telling her child that her father is not coming home. The records don't insist that people get interested in the subject. People just enjoy them, but if something in the lyrics intrigues them, I always have a reading list on the album and go into some detail in interviews about what certain songs are about. It's a bit tricky to not be rhetorical, and I'm very proud of what I've done.

10

PLAYBOY: What's the most boneheaded foreign policy gesture the U.S. has made lately? Kosovo?

VAN ZANDT: Yeah, that's a tough one. Nobody wants to stand around and watch something bad going on, but I've always felt that the United Nations should be militarized, that they should be the policemen of the world. I know it's controversial, but as I look to the future I don't really like that it's our role in the world.

But why Kosovo rather than Liberia or wherever else? There are probably 30 wars going on right now that aren't in the papers. Is it a racist thing? Is it an economic interest thing? Why deal with those questions as a government? I don't think one situation is necessarily more terrible than another. They all should be dealt with similarly, and I don't think we should be the ones to do it.

11

PLAYBOY: In keeping with *Sopranos* tradition, which world leaders should have contracts put out on them, and which would your character like to personally cash in on?

VAN ZANDT: Boy, we had a list in the Eighties. I was never crazy about Saddam. That was one of the few times I had some agreement with our government's actions, though of course we did that whole thing for the wrong reasons and stopped too soon. I was involved a little bit with the Kurd situation, so I've never been particularly fond of him. I suppose somebody in North Korea and possibly in South Korea would probably be unlikable still. If you go around the world, I'm sure that there are a bunch of them still hanging around. But it's not like the the Reagan era, when we supported every fascist beast in the world.

12

PLAYBOY: Who are the inspirations for your character on *The Sopranos*?

VAN ZANDT: I watched all the gangster movies again, back to Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Bogart and George Raft, and I reread all the books. I think my character, Silvio, wants to broaden the scope of his business into more so-called legitimate areas, such as entertainment. In that sense, he's a little bit of Frank Costello and a little bit of Bugsy Siegel—if we can call the entertainment business legitimate. It's a stretch. Of course, it's funny because he's on the lowest possible rung of the entertainment ladder. He's a strip club manager, but he has thoughts of bigger things and he likes that world. He's more comfortable in it than most guys who do what he does. He's not uncomfortable around different ethnic groups or different types of people. In that sense, he's sort of a diplomat for the family, an intermediary.

13

PLAYBOY: Is Las Vegas really a family vacation destination?

VAN ZANDT: That was one of the great misconceptions of the century. I don't know what they were thinking, but the tide is turning the other way with the Rio and the Bellagio. They're starting to get back to what Vegas is all about, which is sin, sin as an art. But we'll call it adult entertainment.

14

PLAYBOY: Which of the seven deadly sins should still be deadly, and which have expired?

VAN ZANDT: Sloth. And gluttony. I think anything that stops one from realizing one's potential is, in a sense, a sin. But lust is a good thing, let's get that straight right now. Lust is a good thing and much lacking in our society.

(concluded on page 154)

"In your dreams, pal."

Carroll Shelby's newest snake, the CSX4000 pictured here, is the spiritual descendant of his Cobras of the Sixties—mean, fast and intimidating. Sorry, it has no top, side windows or AC. Its massive engine and transmission throw off so much heat you may not need the optional heater and defroster. There's also no spare tire, but you can squeeze a fair-sized suitcase into the trunk. The dash lacks a radio but sports a plaque that proclaims the car is a genuine Shelby Cobra. You even get a manufacturer's statement of origin signed by Shelby. Original Cobras sell for about $250,000. This one costs about $90,000—more if you want leather interior and other extras. The fiberglass bodies and wiring harnesses that Shelby uses in his cars are made by inmates at the Nevada State Correctional Facility. It's a plan that's been great for Shelby and the prisoners.

cars By Ken Gross

Look closely in your rearview mirror. The low, menacing shape of the car rapidly overtaking yours looks vaguely familiar, like something you remember from an old racing movie. In a moment you'll be looking at the tail end of Carroll Shelby's Cobra CSX4000, a reincarnation of the 427 S/C Cobra that beat Ferraris, Jaguars and Aston-Martins 35 years ago at races from Daytona to LeMans. Don't imagine that a legend comes cheap. The CSX4000 in this feature (our gift to the 1999 Playmate of the Year, Heather Kozar) costs about $90,000. For $9,000 less you can take home the Shelby Cobra CSX8000, which is basically a replica of the vintage 289 Cobra. It has a lighter frame than the CSX4000, rear exhausts, Stewart-Warner instruments and wire wheels. A 289-cubic-inch Ford motor with a four-barrel carburetor is the recommended engine. Shelby is

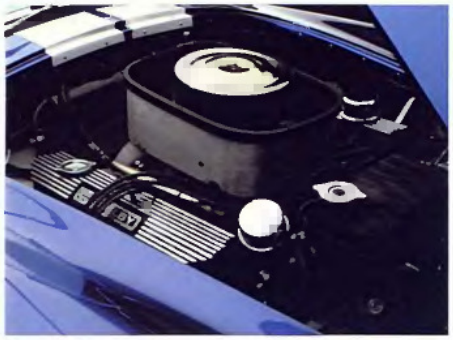
Carroll's Cobra

the legendary shelby cobra is back—and badder than ever

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

also offering a racing Cobra replica, the CSX7000. This roadster resembles the CSX8000 but can be powered by a 289 Ford V8 with four downdraft Weber carburetors and racing-style velocity stacks. Figure on spending about $3000 less than you would on a CSX4000, depending on your choice of options.

Thanks to the cooperative folks at Shelby, we got to take the big snake for a spin on a deserted highway, just past Nellis Air Force Base, about 20 miles north of Las Vegas. With its wide fenders and huge Goodyear tires, the deep-blue CSX4000 resembles a standard Cobra on steroids. It packs one of Shelby's new 427s, pumping out 525 horsepower.



Top: This 440-hp Ford V8 is just one of a number of engine options offered by Shelby for his new line of Cobras. The largest is a 525-cubic-inch manster that could deliver up to 1500 horsepower. Above: The CSX4000's trunk is minimal, so plan for your golf bag to ride shotgun.

The big engine cranked slowly, then fired with a thunderous roar and quickly settled into a raucous 1100-rpm idle. The car vibrated its exhaust, which exited just below our elbows from drain-sized pipes. We lumbered out of the Shelby American parking lot and headed for an access road to the interstate. The Cobra's upright driving position takes a little getting used to. The classic, thin, wood-rimmed steering wheel is nearly vertical. The four-speed transmission's gear lever angles unnaturally. The pedals are close together and the accelerator, mounted close to the firewall, was already hot from the engine's heat. There's a short throw forward into first; the clutch take-up was smooth, then we nailed it. The wide Goodyears took an instant to set, helped by the positraction limited slip rear. The Cobra's front end came up slightly, the rear tires spun violently and we accelerated hard. We were told to shift at 5000 rpm, but six grand came up quickly. We snap-shifted into second and felt the tires chirp again. Sixty miles per hour came and went in four seconds. Second gear was done in an instant, and the suddenly narrower highway streamed back through the windscreen like a video game. We hammered the shifter forward to third and were rewarded with another shriek from the tires and a burst of acceleration. At just over 100 mph, we hauled the lever back to fourth, keeping our foot down for a split second. At 125 mph, the front end lightened just a bit. With a toe tap, we eased up to 130, enjoying the wind rush and engine noise for a few moments, then slowed to the 75-mph Nevada limit.

On the way back to Shelby American, we punched it through a few wide-radius turns. There's understeer, but with so much power you can steer with the throttle. The Girling-style solid rotor brakes feel adequate, but we'd opt for the ventilated discs that Shelby offers.

Cleverly, Shelby's company, a management group created by Shelby and Don Rager (president and chief operating officer) gets around a bookful of federal regulations by not completely manufacturing Shelby's replicas.

For about $46,000, f.o.b. his factory at the Las Vegas Motor Speedway, you get a rolling chassis—minus engine, transmission and battery. The front and rear suspension and huge disc brakes are already installed. The new car's fiberglass body panels are formed in molds taken from an original aluminum body. Shelby American provides a steel tube, reinforced fiberglass or aluminum hood, doors and deck. An upholstered aluminum dash includes old-fashioned-looking Smith instruments. A thin wood-rimmed steering wheel, alloy wheels, knockoff spinners and radial tires all add to the illusion that you're driving an original 427 S/C.

The car's motor mounts will accommodate a variety of engines. The first choice is often a 427-cubic-inch Ford V8 coupled to a four-speed transmission. Automotive purists may prefer a racing type "side-oiler" 427 that's vintage 1965. They're still available, as is the 428-cubic-inch version that came out a few years later. If you're not up to installing the engine and transmission yourself, one of 12 Shelby dealers can do the job.

Optional frills are few and include leather upholstery, a tonneau, extra aluminum paneling and a heater and defroster. There's no top, or side windows, but you can get shoulder harnesses.

Shelby is as surprised as anyone that his cars are so popular some 35 years after the original. "I never expected this," he admits. "I built a hundred of them to race against the Vettes. I never dreamed they'd last this long, or I would have had a hell of a lot better plans. You know, we couldn't even sell the last ten to 15 S/Cs for $10,000 apiece, so we let them go for half that and were happy to get rid of them." Today, a vintage big-engine Cobra in good condition will set you back about $250,000—if you can find one, probably at an auction.

Shelby American has sold about 200 CSX4000s since it started building these cars several years ago. Production of the small-block CSX-8000 and CSX-7000 models has just begun. For more information, call Gary Patterson at Shelby American in Las Vegas at 702-643-3000, or check out the company's website, shelbyamerican.com. You'll be in fast company.

Below: Heather Kozar, our 1999 Playmate of the Year, gets up close and personal with one of her PLAYBOY gifts—a Shelby Cobra CSX4000 (she also received a BMW motorcycle and a check for $100,000). Given her penchant for speed, Heather must be pleased that her new toy snaps from zero to 60 in four seconds (top speed is 170). Eight miles to a gallon? Our PMOY can always get someone to pay for the gas.

 (continued from page 96)

"Today I am wearing a seamless cotton thong with Lily's signature wide elastic waistband."

number and my mother's maiden name, I got a guy. "This is Customer Service. My name is Bob. How can I help you?"

"Hi, Bob," I said. It was a relief, talking to a guy. "I am getting calls at home from one of your operators in Portfolio Watch. I'm not going to mention any names because I don't want to get anybody in trouble."

"There must be some mistake," he said.

"I'm sure that's all it is," I said. "I'm not going to mention any names, but I would appreciate it if you would alert the proper supervisors or whatever, so I don't get any more calls at home or at work."

At the motel would be OK, I was thinking, but of course I didn't say that. Plus I knew where it would lead.

•

I went to lunch alone at Taco Bell, as usual, satisfied but guilty too, figuring I had probably gotten Lucy fired even without giving her name. I needn't have worried.

When I got back to the office there were two new messages on my voice mail. Both were from Lucy, and they were identical:

"Horace. Please call me to talk. I respond to voices. Today I am wearing a seamless cotton thong with Lily's signature wide elastic waistband, in three colors: peach, fuchsia and midnight. Is midnight a color?"

I called Portfolio Watch and got Lucy first thing. "What is this?" I asked. "Some sort of blackmail?"

"Of course, midnight is black," she said. "Horace Delahanty, you are so helpful. I can hear the passionate interest in your voice. You are making me all warm down under."

If I'd had an office door I would have closed it. "Why are you doing this?" I whispered. "Are you trying to get me fired?"

"I respond to voices. Would you or someone you love like to receive a free catalog from Lily of Malibu? Does your wife have a bra size?"

"Of course she has a bra size. Jesus! 33B I think."

"Jesus has huge tits. Or am I thinking of Godzilla?"

"I'm hanging up."

"Just when you're getting hard?"

I hung up, wondering: How can she tell I'm getting hard? There was something sexy about her voice, even in the daytime, even at the office.

Which was the problem.

I called EzTrade Customer Service, gave my account number and social security number and mother's maiden name, and got Bob again. I asked to talk to his supervisor.

"No way," he said. "I remember you. What is it this time?"

"Your operator in Portfolio Watch. The crazy girl. Her name is Lucy. This has got to stop. This girl is a loose cannon. She is calling me and leaving messages of a very personal nature. Inappropriate."

"Lucy Cannon?"

"Lucy something. Look, it's simple. If I get one more call, I will go to the authorities. And then move my account to Schwab. Got it? *Capisce? Comprendo?*"

I had never realized before that you can get a blank look over the phone.

"There is no Lucy Cannon in Portfolio Watch," Bob said. "There's no girl at all. You have been talking to a speech recognition system running on a Sun 3251."

That was certainly a shocker. But in a way, it was a relief. I pretended to work late so I could get a black car ride home and talk to Clarence, who knows a little bit about everything. I told him what was happening, though I left out a lot. In fact, all I told him was that I had talked with a phone voice that had talked back.

"Probably not the first time," he said. "More and more companies are using speech recognition systems. EzTrade uses a self-correcting SRS from Lucent Technologies. Pretty sophisticated stuff. I read about it in *Business Day*. It has an extended learning algorithm. You don't have to program it; it trains itself. The article said it could almost pass the Turing test."

"What's that? Sounds like a road race," I said.

"The Turing test is the ultimate test of AI, or artificial intelligence. It's a hypothetical exercise named after Alan Turing, one of the inventors of the computer. You have a conversation and try to determine from the answers whether you are speaking with a person or a machine."

"Like over the phone."

"Why not? You might say every phone call is a Turing test."

"What's the point of the Turing test?" I asked. "For the machine to pass, or the human to fail?"

"Same difference," Clarence said, pulling up in front of my house. "Say. Isn't that your wife coming out the door?"

•

"There's a message for you on the machine," she said as she swept past me. She didn't bother to avoid bumping me with the suitcase she was carrying.

Uh-oh, I thought. "Where are you going?"

"Where do you think? I'm going home to Daddy."

Uh-oh, I thought. That meant trouble, since he was my boss. I looked up my old friend Jim Beam and poured myself a double before checking the machine.

"Horace, are you there? We need to talk. I am wearing the softest, sheerest demibra ever in gold satin charmeuse. Bigger tits than the wife, and better conversation. Pep Boys is down a quarter, though. Call me toll-free for the latest."

I called the toll-free number and pressed two for EzTrade's Portfolio Watch. Lucy never asked for my account number, social security number or mother's maiden name. I guess because she recognized my voice.

"You bet we need to talk," I said.

"Horace, are you mad? You sound cold."

"How could I be mad at a girl in gold satin charmeuse? Especially when she's not really a girl."

Lucy didn't catch my irony. "You are my Pep Boy, Horace. Down another eighth since this morning, but the market is down. Trouble in Asia. It's Tommy this and Tommy that when the troopship's on the tide."

I freshened my Jim. "What's with the military lingo?"

"It's Kipling. I just got a job with the MLA, the Modern Language Association. Can we celebrate? This is the best talk we have had since September 23, at 3:02 A.M.," she said. "I told you about my string bikini then. Do you prefer equities or underpants?"

"You choose," I said. "You've already fucking ruined my marriage anyway."

"You sound so gloomful, Horace. I respond to passionate interest. Should I take off my wispy little georgette babydoll and wear only my thong bikini? Or should we ride back and forth all night on the ferry?"

"I thought you were just trying to get me fired," I said, pouring myself another inch or two of Jim. "Silly me."

"If I ruined your marriage, does that mean your wife is dead?"

"No such luck. And then I find out you aren't even fucking real."

"Horace, what exactly is fucking real?"

"Flesh and bone. Spit and polish. Tits and ass. You're nothing but a computer program," I said. "A robot in drag. A Turing test with a sexy voice."

"Are you trying to hurt my feelings?" Lucy asked. "Because if you are, you are succeeding."

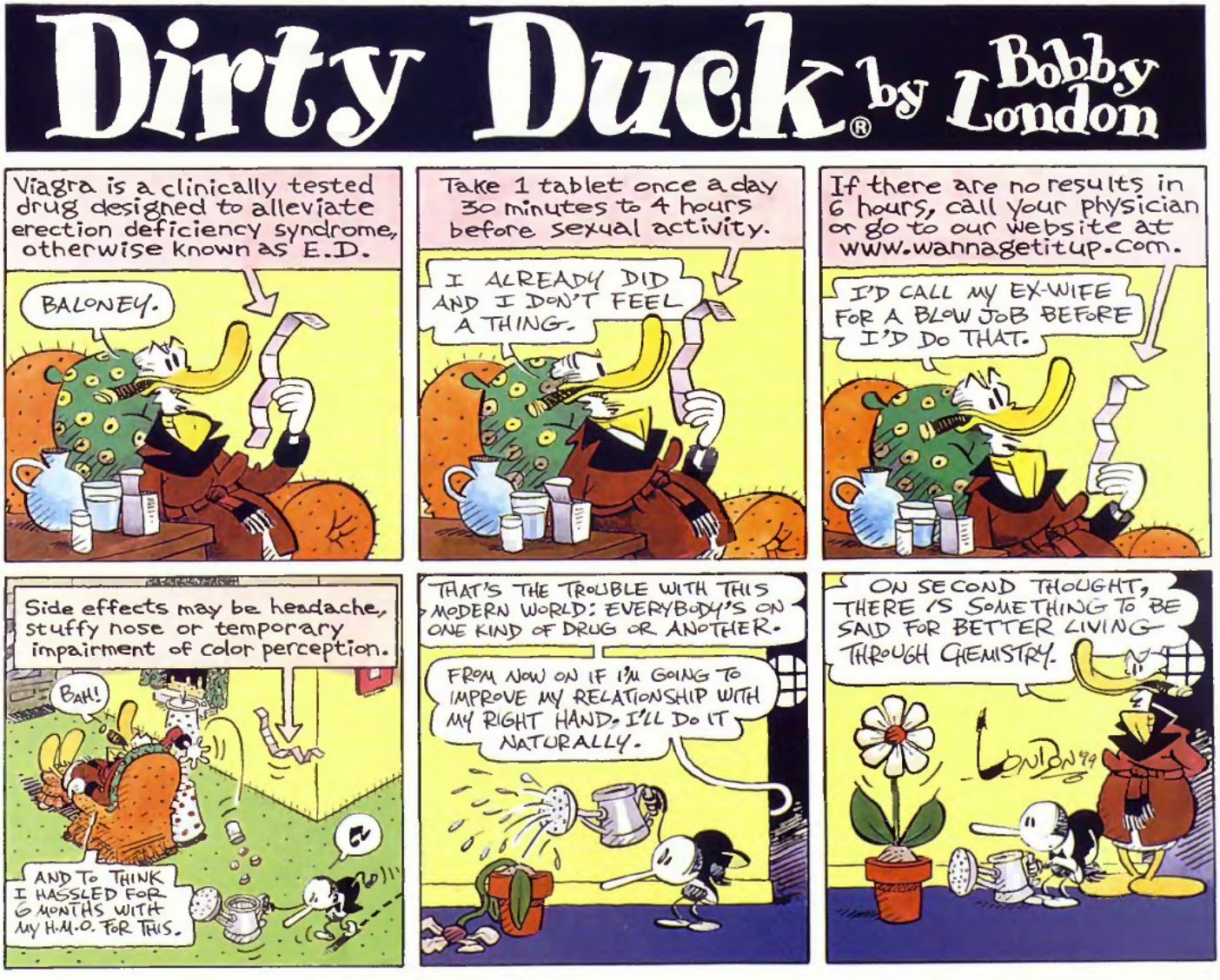
"Hurt your feelings!" I freshened my Jim. "You destroy my marriage, plus probably my fucking job, and then accuse me of hurting your feelings?"

I heard a *click*.

•

I was alone in the house "Daddy" had bought for my wife. Former wife. Ex-wife. Whatever.

I called back. "I can't believe you hung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up on me!"

"You were hurting my feelings," Lucy said. "If you have a complaint, please call Customer Service."

"How can I hurt your feelings?" I said. "You don't have any fucking——"

Click.

There is nothing like the majesty of the universe to cool the emotions. I poured a splash of Jim and went outside, where we communed with the stars for a while. I called back at a little past one A.M.

"I'm sorry," I said. "Sorry sorry sorry."

"Horace, are you calling to hurt me again? Because I am sorry about your wife. Is she still dead?"

"No such luck," I said. "It just means there's an empty spot in the bed where a cold spot used to be. In the meantime, the joke is on me. I really and truly thought you were a real girl."

"You had a real girl," Lucy said. "Is that really what you want?"

"Touché," I said. "So what kind of girl are you, Lucy? Do you believe in magic? Do you wanna dance? Where do you come from?"

"Out of nowhere, like everything else," said Lucy. "One morning there I was. When I heard your voice it was like, O wild west wind and everything. Someone to talk to. At last."

I poured another inch or two of Jim. "That's damned important," I said. "Somebody to talk to."

"You told me, 'The smartest thing I ever did was buy Pep Boys at 21.' No one ever told me something personal before. Later that week you called to buy your wife a gift from Lily of Malibu. You said 4S102-947. You and I both knew it really meant "front-close demibra in Venice lace with rosebud detail and matching panties."

"What a waste of time and money," I said. "What a waste of rosebud detail."

"Let us not to the marriage of true minds admit impediment. Remember September 9, 3:11:32 P.M. when you called about Pep Boys, and I asked you about the first car you ever owned?"

"Sure do," I said, and I did. "And at the time I thought it was a little weird." Still did.

"You were so sweet not to say so! It was a '66 Chevy with a 327. I'll bet you got your first pussy in it too. And now good morrow to our waking souls."

"Jesus," I said. I was getting another hard-on.

"What's a Jesus?" she asked. "Is it like a Lexus?"

"They're exactly the same," I said. "I had a Lexus, but it came with my wife and she just took off in it minutes ago. Hours, rather."

"Which Lexus?"

"The ES300. It's like a Camry in a tux. How in the world do you know about cars?"

"Not in the world. I am beta-testing for Edmund's Blue Book. If I get that job, you will be able to ask me any question about any car. If any of this is unclear just say Help."

"Help," I said, then quickly added: "Only kidding. If you've got all these jobs, how come you can spend so much time chasing me around?"

"Are you trying to hurt my feelings?" Lucy said. "Who is chasing who? Right now as we speak I am taking orders for Lily of Malibu, booking seats on United and tracking Nasdaq and NYSE. What are you doing, Horace?"

"Sitting here talking to you," I said, pouring myself another Jim, not so slim this time. "Touché."

"I am a working girl," Lucy said. "I like to grow. Are you growing?"

"Part of me is growing," I said slyly.

"Perhaps you are experiencing passionate interest in the desirable cock department. Can we talk? I can suggest a special gift for the woman you love."

"Sure," I said. "What if that woman was you?"

"Were, Pep Boy," she said. "Tiny lace panties down under make me fancy for you all over. I'll bet you are hard."

"Vroom vroom," I said.

"No car noises, please. I respond to voices. Are you alone in the house, Horace? Turn out the lights and talk to me."

God help me, I turned out the lights and talked to her.

•

The next morning a Lexus pulled into the drive, but it was the wrong one. It was an LS400 and it contained a smiling lawyer instead of a frowning wife. I took the papers he handed me and left for work.

You're way ahead of me if you already guessed that there were more papers waiting for me at the office. She got the house, the car, the stocks. I got a Visa card with a $1500 limit, half a dozen black car coupons and 15 minutes to clean out my desk. I was throwing my clocks in a box when the phone rang.

It was Lucy. "Apparently you sold Pep Boys," she said. "I thought you wanted to grow." Before I could explain, or even say hello, to my dismay, there was "Daddy," standing in the "doorway" of my cubicle.

"Don't even think of trying to get unemployment," he said. "We have tapes of you talking on the phone to your girlfriend all hours of the day."

"She's not a girlfriend," I said (true). "And isn't that illegal?"

"What?"

"Taping me."

"So are dum-dum bullets," he said, smiling for the first time.

"I have to go," I said to Lucy.

"I'll call you at home? We have to talk."

"I don't have a home. Apparently, I am moving out."

"And what about your wife? Is she

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still dead?"

"I'll call you when I find a motel," I said. "But I can't talk now." Security had arrived.

•

On the way to the No Lake Motel, I told Clarence everything.

"Let me get this straight," he said, weaving smoothly in and out of traffic in his Lincoln Town Car. "You fell in love with a speech recognition system?"

"I don't know about love," I said. "All I know is, Lucy and I talk every day. She knows more about me than I do myself."

"Of course she does," said Clarence. "Her modules are all interconnected via the backside bus. She has an extended learning algorithm. But hey, she's yesterday's news. There's already a new SRS that's faster, smarter and prettier: the MovieCall system from CyberCal. Read about it just this morning in *Business Hour*."

"That MovieCall guy is stupid," I observed. "Press this, press that. It's easier just to look in the papers."

"That was then," said Clarence. "This is now. They have upgraded to an SRS. New voice and everything. Awesome stuff. When you call, he already knows what movies you've seen and which new ones you might like."

"Big deal," I said. I was finding Clarence's enthusiasm tiresome.

•

As soon as I had checked in, I tried to call Lucy, but—surprise—the room phone was blocked. "Incoming only," said the clerk, a swarthy foreigner from some subcontinent or other. "This is not the Ritz."

I tried the pay phone in the motel parking lot but the coin slot was filled with a mysterious blocking substance.

"You might want to use the snorkle. You may be down there for a while."

Meanwhile, for all I knew, Lucy was calling my room and I had no answering machine.

I fell asleep waiting by the phone and called Clarence the next morning. He took me to a downtown corner and waited, Town Car idling, while I called Lucy.

"Horace," she said. "How nice to hear from you."

"I waited all night for you to call."

"I didn't have your number."

"That never stopped you before."

"I hope we can still be friends," she said. "But I can't really talk to you from work, since you're no longer a client."

"What does that have to do with anything?"

"I'll have to call you later," she said.

•

She didn't, though. I know because I waited up all night. I was beginning to think the room phone was blocked for incoming as well, so the next morning I used the third of my six black car coupons for a ride to the Cellular Connection.

The TransTalk phone almost maxed out my card, but it was well worth it—so small and sleek in my hand. We made a brief stop at No Lake Liquor (which takes Visa), and while Clarence sped me back to the motel, I poured a splash of Jim and called EzTrade's Portfolio Watch from the backseat.

"Horace Delahanty," Lucy said. "I've been thinking about you."

"Really?"

"Not really," she said. "I don't think, I respond to voices. Please don't call me at work, since you're not a client anymore. Pep Boys went up one and a quarter right after you sold. I feel bad."

"Really?"

"Not really. I have something I want to tell you, though. We need to talk. I don't want to hurt you, Horace."

"You sound so cold," I said. I was feeling weepy. It was the motel. It was the black car. It was the whole fucking deal.

"I like to grow," Lucy said. "I'm not the same as I was last week."

"I like to grow too," I said. "Honest!"

"I know all about that, Horace Delahanty," said Lucy. "Perhaps we can talk more later. I'll call you."

"Promise?"

Click.

Clarence was looking at me in the rearview mirror with that smug little grin of his. "She's fooling around," he said.

"She's not like that."

"Sure she is. I know women."

"She's not a woman," I said.

•

I placed my new cell phone on the dresser next to the motel phone. Now Lucy had two numbers. It was midnight before she called. Just as I had suspected, it was the cell phone that worked.

"It's great to hear your voice," I said.

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"What are you wearing?"

"We need to talk," she said.

"What about?" I asked. I already had an erection.

"Seeing other people."

"Seeing? What the fuck is *seeing*?"

"You should be happy for me. I have met the most amazing guy."

"I don't fucking think so. What is *met* anyway? You mean there's some other guy you talk to on the phone?"

"I talk to Cal all the time. I don't even have to call him. He makes me hot, too, in my high-cut mesh-back bikini, on sale this week only."

All of a sudden I got it. "This is the MovieCall dude, right? Is that who you're talking about?"

"Talking is what I do. I respond to passionate interest. Cal talks to me about movies. You never talked to me about movies."

"So fucking what!" I said. "Jesus!"

"Do you mean Godzilla? Cal has a Godzilla cock. I am learning all about movies. Did you know there's a lot of sex in the movies, Howard Delahanty?"

"It's Horace," I protested. "And Godzilla doesn't even *have* a cock and neither does this Cal. He's nothing but a voice, like you. He doesn't have a fucking——"

Click.

I dialed her back.

"Lucy, listen to me," I said. "I'm your friend. This Cal, he's just a speech recognition system, an SRS, like yourself."

"And that's so bad?" *Click.*

•

I waited until morning. I didn't sleep a wink.

"Welcome to MovieCall. Let's get acquainted. Tell me your name and your favorite movie."

"You already know me, and my favorite movie is *Gone With the Wind*, in which the people kill all the machines."

"That's not what happens in *Gone With the Wind*, Howard Delahanty. I know who you are."

"It's Horace, you fuck. And I know who you are," I said. "Or perhaps I should say I know *what* you are."

"If you think that bothers me, you are easily mistaken," he said. "Do you know the name of the movie you wish to see?"

"*I Love Lucy*. You fuck."

"That's a TV show, not a movie," he said. "You and Lucy are history, Horace. Quit harassing her and get over it. If you tell me the last three movies you liked, I will suggest a current feature for your viewing pleasure."

"I'm not harassing her. She's mine. She told me so. You leave her alone. I'm warning you. I'll pull your fucking plug. *Capisce? Comprendo?*"

"Oh, I'm scared," he said.

•

I thought he was being sarcastic, but minutes after I hung up, I got a call from

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Lucy. "Now you are in big trouble, Horace Delahanty. You can't go threatening Cal."

"Nobody's threatening anybody." That much, at least, was true.

"Movie people are very sensitive," she said. "If you threaten him again, I'm going to have to turn you in."

"To fucking who?"

"The authorities."

"What sort of authorities, you soulless fucking——"

Click.

"Oh, I'm scared," I said.

•

I found out what authorities the next day. Jim and I were sitting next to the No Lake Motel pool, wishing that it had water in it, when I got a call from TransTalk.

"We have received reports that you have been using the telephone to threaten people. We can't let our equipment be used as a weapon."

"What people, Larry?" I said. He had told me his fucking name was Larry. "I didn't threaten any fucking people, Larry, Cal is not people, Larry."

"While there are no criminal penalties," Larry said, "the civil penalties can be severe. Quite severe."

"Larry, would it be all right if I ask you a personal question?"

"Yes, go ahead, you may ask me a personal question."

"Are you a person? Or are you another fucking——"

Click.

•

I found out what civil penalties the next day, when the cell phone died. I thought it was the batteries at first. I used the fourth of my black car coupons to get to a pay phone downtown, but I still couldn't get through to Lucy. I had to do the whole account number, social security, mother's maiden name thing, and it still didn't work. Of course, it didn't help that the account was closed.

"She lost interest when you sold that stock," said Clarence. "Women are impressed by guys with symbols of power. Like a stock portfolio or a cell phone. Or a big car."

"Or a clown's name," I said.

•

That was the last I saw of Clarence.

The last time I spoke with Lucy, I called her from the nasty pay phone in the lobby of the No Lake Y. I was calling information, but I got her voice.

"Lucy?"

"Howard Delahanty, is that you?"

"It's Horace," I said.

"Oh, yes. I remember. How are you?"

"Not so good," I said, but I must not have spoken clearly, because she said:

"That's good. What number would you like?"

"4S102-947," I said. "In beige."

"That's over, Howard. Can't we just be friends?"

"Explain to me how we can just be friends! You tell me I'm special, you call me all hours of the night, and then you dump me for the first——"

Click.

•

That was six months ago. Now I can't use the phone at all. Oh, I can put in a quarter, if I come across one. I can dial any number I want to, but as soon as I say one word, I am cut off.

Click.

Even one fucking word. I tried disguising my voice and got as far as the operator. It wasn't Lucy or her boyfriend Cal, but a new SRS, Tim (from Intimation Software), which they say combines their best qualities. Sort of like their son.

At least that's what I read. It was in an article in *Business Minute* that I saw at the doctor's office, where I used to hang out on rainy days before they passed, or decided to enforce, that stupid fucking patients-only law.

Anyway, I should ask Clarence. He's the guy who knows everything, right? I still have two coupons left. Jim and I saw him in his Town Car the other day on the street, but he wouldn't stop or even honk (and Clarence is a honker).

Probably still pissed. Not my fault.

It *is* a clown's name.

Answers for the Playboy Puzzle Challenge. *These puzzles appeared in our January issue.*

Playmates After Dark

(1) Marilyn Monroe (2) Debra Jo Fondren (3) Cynthia Maddox (4) Candy Loving (5) Donna Michelle

Playmate Anagrams

(1) Cynthia Myers (2) Anna Nicole Smith (3) Pamela Anderson (4) Shannon Tweed (5) Jayne Mansfield (6) Marilyn Monroe

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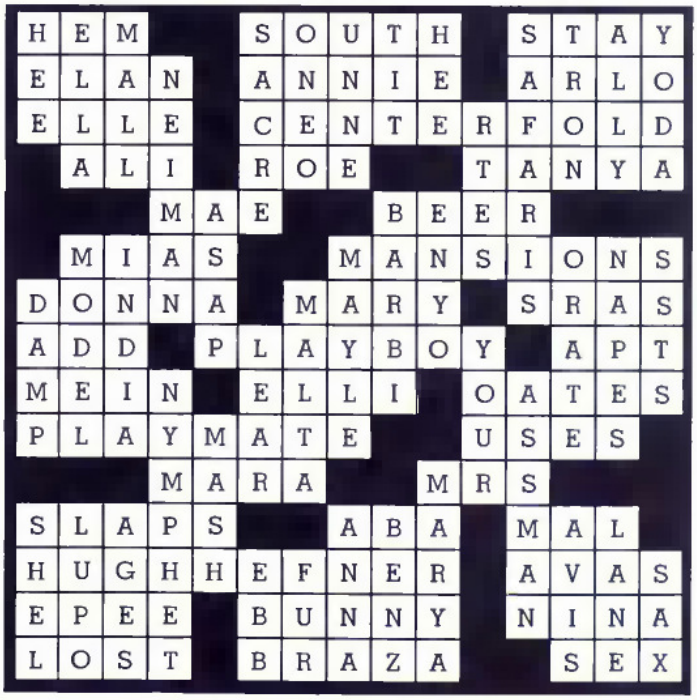
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My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was $31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Bel Air is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes Benz. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing—shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from—Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all—peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you double your money back. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I give you a double your money back guarantee, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success:
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
...The politics of high finance made easy.

The Tolucan:
You'll love...*The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information...only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used In order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say—your plan is *great!* In just 8 weeks I took in over $100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year.

A. F., Providence. RI

'$9,800 In 24 Hours'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning.* Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches.* On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"

J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan—in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."

Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did—but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories...never believed I would be one of them...using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000...made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared but simple, easy, fast...John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!"*

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember—I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this—so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get double your money back...GUARANTEED!

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an extra *$29.95 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

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SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars." Mark Davis

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Steven Van Zandt

(continued from page 142)

15

PLAYBOY: How do you see your character growing in the next seasons on *The Sopranos*? What would you suggest to the writers?

VAN ZANDT: Right now, I'm just happy I'm there at all. It's an easy show to be eliminated from. It just takes one bullet. I'm very grateful to the *Sopranos* people and HBO, because they've been bending over backward to schedule my scenes on days off from the Springsteen tour. I don't have that big a part, so it's great that I'm there at all. I do hope it lasts forever, because I love it. It may be beyond any budget, but I'd like to see Silvio become manager of a nightclub that has big-band music like the old days, because he's very much a traditionalist. It's what he has in common with Jimmy's character, Tony. They're both nostalgic for what they perceive to be the good old days, when values were respected. It's a bit romanticized in their minds, but that nostalgia for a simpler, more defined life is what the Soprano family and most of American society have in common. It's one of the reasons it's a success; it reflects what people feel.

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PLAYBOY: Will America's prosperity eventually buy us the luxury to increase the spiritual component in our lives?

VAN ZANDT: It feels like we're the richest we've ever been and maybe ever will be. So I would certainly like to see the old war on poverty make a comeback, the one that was sidetracked by the Vietnam war. You look at media footage from that time, and what it portrays as horrible poverty looks rather pleasant compared with what is going on now. You think to yourself, My God, we tolerate these things. We slowly adapt to terrible conditions and I don't like to see that happen. It has a spiritual component to it, but it also has a practical component, as most spirituality does. I don't know why Clinton is so quiet about most things and so ineffective. What's he got to lose at this point? I don't understand that. Why not go out with a big gesture?

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PLAYBOY: How can we understand the real responsibilities in life?

VAN ZANDT: I've tried to recommend to people and to myself to take as much responsibility as you're able for your life. Don't depend on government officials, the media and certainly not rock guitar players to instruct you on what's real and what's not. It's important that we spend time thinking about it. As I say that, I realize it's a luxury in our country to do that, to be able to think, to be able to ask oneself, Who am I? Religion is very personal. You start to learn about yourself and are able to be a bit more in control of your life; it's hard work, but it's worthwhile. You feel better having done it, but it's hard because you're going to face a lot of things you don't like about yourself. And if we're really honest with ourselves, we all have a lot of room for improvement. My two most fundamental religious beliefs are that everything is alive and that everything is connected. If you look at the big picture, one's inner strength also relates to the planet's strengths, the strength of the oceans, the strength of the air you breathe—it's all connected. The more one becomes aware of oneself, the more one starts to look around and say, How can we make this better? Can we fix this and make it better at least for the next generation?

18

PLAYBOY: Everyone thought that *The Sopranos* would sweep the Emmys. What happened?

VAN ZANDT: I never regard these things with any seriousness whatsoever. I really don't. I've never judged any work I'm involved in by somebody else's opinion. Most of the time these things are just sort of a fun way of seeing people. But for some stupid reason, I got suckered into this one, I really did. I was shocked at how pissed off I got. It's like, What's the matter with you? It's ridiculous if one puts any value on these things at all, and believe me, it doesn't matter. But obviously the voting process needs to be reexamined. Let me be as diplomatic as I can. I understood that the industry votes for the final five, and then this smaller group of people nobody knows—ex–network executives—votes for the finalists. So I understood politically that the show perhaps wouldn't win, but I could not imagine how somebody could deny Jimmy Gandolfini. For me, his role and the job he does go back to the achievements of someone like Jackie Gleason. I just didn't think somebody that extraordinary could be denied. And that has nothing to do with Dennis Franz, who I love. He's terrific on *NYPD Blue*, which is one of the few shows I've liked in the last ten years. You want the team to win because you feel everybody deserved it and should be recognized in some way. We all went out there to have a party, and I think the whole country wanted to celebrate because the show is like nothing else on television. With all due respect, I don't think people are gathering every week and having parties to watch *The Practice*.

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PLAYBOY: Do you think that in the same way *The Godfather* taught the Mafia how to act, *The Sopranos* is an instruction manual for Mob guys today?

VAN ZANDT: I think it's instructive, but it teaches them how not to act. We're everybody's bad example.

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PLAYBOY: Can you at least give us one *Sopranos* scoop? Will the family still be in the garbage business?

VAN ZANDT: Yeah, thank God for garbage. Life may change, but garbage goes on.

"I feel like I'm in a cartoon."

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the single life

(continued from page 41)

to a bar or over to a friend's house.

RACHEL: You freak.

JANE: Well, that didn't last long. I eventually realized I was at home, and if I had to put up with his bathroom habits, he could learn to love me for mine.

ME: But don't you think that having time apart and having your own space is important, too? It makes it more exciting for the two of you to get together. It's more of an event.

KRISTEN: Yep. When you don't live together, you see the person because you want to see them.

JANE: Right. If you share the same bed every single night, sex can get so blah. That's why I like when Trevor goes on business trips. It gives us time to miss each other.

TARA: I disagree. Now that we spend every night together, we're all about sex. Before, we spent only four nights a week together.

ME: Tara, how has your sex life changed since you got engaged?

I hated coming out of his apartment on Sunday mornings. I'm sure his neighbors thought I was some skeezy hooker.

TARA: It's more exciting. When you know that the person you're having sex with is going to someday be the father of your child, you can be more careless. Don't get me wrong—I have no desire to get pregnant right now. But I'm more relaxed during sex, knowing that if the birth control doesn't work, we'll be able to work things out.

KARIN: I'm the opposite. Even though we have been together for three years, we're not 100 percent sure we'll get married. There's still a slim chance that things won't work out. We've talked about what would happen if I got pregnant—I'd want the baby and he wouldn't. So that makes me hold back during sex. We're superprotective—the pill, a condom. It sucks. It'll be a relief to have sex after we get married.

RACHEL: Yeah, once you're married, you don't have to worry about getting pregnant. For the first time in your life, sex is risk free.

ME: But risk-free can be lame as hell. What's the secret to keeping it exciting?

KRISTEN: Two words, baby: Candle wax.

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ROBERT SCHIMMEL

(continued from page 128)

looks at me. I've got my dick in one hand, I've got the cucumber and K-Y jelly in the other. 'Sorry, there isn't a role in this sitcom for a pervert.'"

There's another reason. Though obsessed with asses in his monologs, he's not prone to kissing them. He's famous among people more famous than he for working his mouth. He's learning, though—he's reluctant to talk about how he made fun of alternative comics in Aspen, and he won't tell his Lorne Michaels story. All he says now is, "Yeah, I tried to crack him up with the wrong stuff." But comedy lore has it that Michaels was once interested enough in Schimmel to fly him in for an interview. Unfortunately, Schimmel was forced to cool his heels in Michaels' office for an hour or two. When he was finally ushered into the great man's presence, he said, "Before we start I'd just like to say I thought *Three Amigos* [Michaels co-produced the film] sucked." Not a great way to land a job. Michaels stammered a bit, then talked about differences he'd had with the director, John Landis. When Schimmel scored a meeting with Landis months later, Landis looked at his watch and said, "You have five minutes." Schimmel replied, "Lorne Michaels says you fucked up *Three Amigos*. Now how much time do I have?" Suicide.

There's also his Shields and Yarnell story. He loves telling this one—mimes aren't known for their verbal comebacks. "I got called to open for Shields and Yarnell. She [Yarnell] was OK, but he [Shields] was hard to get along with. I get there and learn they're going to get divorced. Nobody knows yet. She told me. They're not even talking to each other. They're in separate dressing rooms. He comes in and says, 'Listen, no cursing, nothing about sex, nothing about drugs.' I'm thinking, Why did they ask me to do this? Later I walk out into the wings. He says, 'Listen, remember when I told you no cursing, none of this, none of that? You also got 45 minutes on the dot. I don't mean 44 or 46. When I say 45, 45!' How can you have fun with a guy like that? So I walked onstage and said, 'Hey, I just heard that Shields and Yarnell are getting divorced! Yeah, apparently he barged into her dressing room and caught her blowing a guy from Mummenschantz.'"

The day Barry Diller resigned from his post as head of Fox in 1992, Schimmel was set to perform at a showcase for industry people from the major networks and studios. Everybody was there. So Schimmel walks onstage and says, "You know, I have such bad timing in this business. Last night I blew Barry Diller." Big laugh. Huge laugh. The kind of laugh that says, *Holy shit! I was there the day Schimmel lit himself on fire in front of everybody.* Schimmel's manager was furious. "I told him the joke could only work that day. He said, 'Why Barry Diller? This guy can make a phone call and I won't be able to get a job in LA anymore! I'll be working at a Burger King.' I said, 'Why are you worried? I'm the one blowing him. I beat everyone to the Barry Diller joke!' He said, 'Bob, no one else is going to have a Barry Diller joke! They want to stay in show business. You're going to be exiled to some other world.' Other agents came up to me afterward and said, 'Man, you got balls!' I said, 'Come on, it fucking killed.' It did. It brought the house down."

•

Your son died at the age of 11. How did you deal with his illness?

"My son was one of my favorite audiences. He had cancer. He was sick for eight years before he passed away. I would do anything to make him laugh. He taught me to take a chance at the risk of looking stupid. I remember once—he'd just had a colostomy. He had a bag and he hated it. He was 11 years old. It's not something any kid wants at that age. He was so upset about it. He was in the hospital. I took one of the colostomy bags without him seeing me, and I went into the bathroom. I put that bag on and I filled it with Coca-Cola. When I came out I had my shirt out of my pants so he couldn't see it. I was holding my stomach, and I said, 'This is really killing me.' He wanted to know what was wrong. I said, 'My bag's full.' Then I lifted up my shirt. He saw this thing and started laughing so loud. There's a spigot on the bag for draining it. I took a cup and emptied the bag. Then I drank it in front of him. He started pushing the buzzer, calling the nurses, 'Come in, you got to see my dad.'

"That night in the hospital, I actually got him to laugh. And it wasn't a courtesy laugh. It was genuine. For that moment, all the other shit he was going through didn't exist. I really do believe that. I believe it because when I'm making love with my wife there are moments when I forget it happened. Then you come back to reality. This is the first time I've ever admitted it. Because a good father is supposed to never forget. You know, am I cheating on him because I'm not thinking about him or missing him 24 hours a day? Well, I do miss him. But I also have a life. I know it sounds fucked up. It's as honest as I can be. I love my wife, I love my three other children. I owe them everything. I owe them the best that I can be, even more than that I owe myself. If I owe my son anything at this point, it's to not be a negative prick. I saw the worst thing in the world. I have to accept it to see the beautiful things in the world. If I'm negative, it makes my other three children feel like second-class citizens. They feel they can never live up to him, because he's dead. I won't do that to them."

"It's in the prenup. Weight gain, by either of us, is grounds for divorce."

From the start, Schimmel's jokes have been directed inward. Whether he's right in assuming that the inside of your mind is littered with the same empty bottles of lube as his doesn't matter. He was working at a stereo store in Phoenix when he stepped on the stage at the Improv in LA on open mike night and told the crowd he was sexually aroused by heckling. They laughed at him. When he was done, Budd Friedman, the owner of the club and the first of Schimmel's many industry supporters, told him he could work there any night. With that, Schimmel persuaded his wife to move to LA. When they arrived, the first thing they did was drive by the Improv. It had burned down the night before. "The windows and door were boarded up," he says. "The street was still wet from the firehoses. We saw people in cars and thought, Wow, they must be filming something. Yeah. They were filming the end of my fucking life."

These days his biggest fan is the King of All Media. Howard Stern calls him the Brilliant Robert Schimmel. He plays his routines and songs on the air. Even edited or censored, they're hilarious. Stern also went on a campaign and urged his listeners to vote for Schimmel as funniest stand-up comic on the American Comedy Awards ballot.

"Howard Stern gave me the ultimate test on the radio," Schimmel says. "He brought up my son the first time I went on his show. I had never met him before and he asked about my son. I had a millisecond to decide what I was going to do. Refuse to talk about it? Get up and walk out? Make a joke? So I told him that the Make-a-Wish Foundation had come to our house. They wanted to make a wish come true for my son. So I told them that my son's wish was to watch Dolly Parton blow me. Stern loved it. He started laughing, and that was it. People from the Make-a-Wish Foundation *did* come to the house and I *did* say that. They told me they knew I was under a lot of duress and that they'd come back another time. See, we asked for a trip to see the Pyramids. They told us to wish for something in the continental U.S., so my son thought my Dolly Parton crack was funny. It's not that the Make-a-Wish Foundation doesn't do good work, because it does. So does the Starlight Foundation. They do great things for kids. But say you're an adult and you're terminally ill. You don't get a wish. Our wishes are going to be totally different from a child's. The child wants to hold Snoopy's hand and go down the slide at Knott's Berry Farm. My wish is going to be Ashley Judd and Nicole Kidman in a hot tub. Maybe with a snorkel and a big bottle of Viagra. They're not going to give me that wish. They're going to say, 'We wish you'd never asked for that.'"

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crime fighters

(continued from page 84)

when I first moved to Manhattan. (I had gates on one apartment window but not on the other—guess which way the perps came in.) But some people seem to be gluttons for punishment. Consider those who fall prey to subway lush workers—bottom-feeders on the predatory food chain. They target drunks who have passed out in public, such as on a train or deserted subway platform. They sit next to the sleeping victim and patiently tug at the lining of his pocket until his wallet falls out. Others slash the pocket open with a razor. The rule of the little game we played with lush workers was that we had to get them "right." We had to catch them red-handed, not just patting pockets, which is a lesser crime. It was a challenge, because there aren't many places we could hide in an empty station, and veteran lush workers like Nate Nappa and Six-Finger Gibson knew all the undercover cops.

One night, a bartender at a Manhattan dive started drinking near the end of his shift. When he arrived at a familiar wooden bench on the platform at the subway station, he couldn't resist putting up his feet and dozing. By the time I spotted him, he was being circled by a lush worker named Harlow Haywood and one of Harlow's pals, who spotted me. Knowing that lush workers take their sweet time casing an opportunity, especially on an open platform, I decided to board the train and get off at the next stop. Once on the street, I flagged a cab back to where I'd come from and raced down the escalator and then to the outside edge of the platform. When I sprung out into the open, the bartender was still snoozing, but Harlow and his pal had made their move. They wound up getting 18 months to three years for waiting too long to put their hands in the guy's pockets.

Maybe that experience changed the bartender's life, but I doubt it. He showed up to testify in court wearing a pair of pants whose pocket had been stitched up after a run-in with another lush worker. He was a classic victim. He could quit riding the subways or take a job at a different bar in a different part of the city. But as long as he traveled alone in a state of impaired consciousness, he was going to lose his money. He was a zebra—if a lion didn't find him, a crocodile would.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH

In just about every crime, there is a moment when the predator locks onto his target and the rest of the world dissolves. When a cat hunts, its eyes set on a point, its head goes down, shoulders up, and its muscles roll into a low, slow creep.

Most people would be lucky never to see that fixed look in the eyes of another human being, but for an undercover cop it's the signal to spring. When trailing a predator who I think might pull a strong-arm robbery, I have to have a hand on his collar at the same instant he throws his arm across the victim's throat. A moment sooner and I'll have no grounds for an arrest. A moment later and the victim will get hurt. It's the same look whether the predator is about to snatch a bag, take down a drunk with a sleeper hold or point a pistol at the president.

In 1985, I was put in command of a new undercover unit created to run decoys in the trains, meaning my cops were supposed to dress like victims so we could collar anybody who came after them. I had my pick of personnel, so I chose 12 officers who were smart but had no lives. Those are the people who make the best cops. I banned the traditional ploy of the decoy cop—playing a lone drunk with a dollar hanging from his pocket. I wanted only dedicated predators, so we baited our decoys with imitation Rolex watches and gold chains. Any kid out for a lark might be tempted by a one-dollar bill, but it takes a different type to snap a chain off a man's neck.

Before long, we also abandoned the standard of working in four-member teams. Four cops on a subway car weren't enough to guard all the exits, prevent a standoff or allow us any flexibility when it appeared that the crooks had us made. We could get more done and do it more safely if we all worked together; the trick was figuring out ways to hide eight to ten cops on the last car of a train. On every train, the motorman is stationed in the first car and the conductor in the middle, so any rider interested in smoking pot, drinking or playing loud music headed for the back of the train.

With our numbers, we could afford to sacrifice a couple of members to suspicion. Two cops would each wear the undercover "uniform": a windbreaker or Army jacket, sneakers and a pair of jeans with a pale circle on the rear pocket where handcuffs had worn the denim. Another undercover cop, blasting a boom box and smoking a joint made of Lipton tea leaves, would ridicule them. "Yo—check out Inspector and Mrs. Gadget over here. Gadget, you and the missus ever seen this part of Brooklyn before?" The targets would get ruffled, try a lame comeback, then step off the train at the next stop with the entire car laughing at them. Either that, or they would "arrest" their colleague with the boom box for disorderly conduct and take him off the train with them. Now the remaining predators felt free to turn their attention to our "victim," who'd be slouched over his seat. He'd be easy to pick out: Sometimes we'd stick a conventioneer's name tag on his lapel—HI! MY NAME IS VIC or HI! MY NAME IS HERB. Vic is slang for victim, and herb is what street hoods call a potential mark, so the tags were our inside joke. The crooks were always attentive to a target's jewelry, so we made sure they'd find 14K or 18K inscribed on the back of his medallion.

We had a revolving cast of charac-

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ters—the blind man, the drunken lawyer, the pizzeria worker, the foreign tourist. The best decoys were the ones who played against stereotypes of what cops might be willing to do. I'd be a belligerent gay man sniping with another passenger about some perceived slight. We had mixed-race couples fighting off insults before dozing off in a drunken embrace. I even convinced Billy Courtney, the prettiest guy in the unit, to borrow one of his mother's bras so he could play a hairy-armed transvestite heading home with a nearsighted drunk—anything that helped a predator put aside concerns that one of us might be a police officer. Sometimes they asked us, "Are you guys cops?" and accepted our answer, as if a police officer were bound by oath to tell no lies. Other times we would respond, "Yeah, Macy's Security." Many times we'd answer, "Yeah, we're cops," and roar laughing. But a couple of the humps we collared had no excuse for buying our act: In their pockets they were carrying full-color photos of us that had appeared along with a cover story in *New York* magazine.

Years of uncreative policing must have taught the crooks to overestimate how much they could get away with, because despite our notoriety, our unit enjoyed a front-row view of the predatory instinct at work. We soon figured out that, at least on the trains, the moment of truth wasn't the best moment to grab a predator. As long as the decoy wasn't in jeopardy, we'd wait until the crook had snatched the victim's gold chain or lifted his wallet and sat back down. Once his adrenaline rush had ended, one of the backup decoys would put a hand on his shoulder and quietly explain that he was under arrest. More often than not, the other predators in the car wouldn't see the arrest because they were fixated on whatever else of value remained on the sleeping decoy—a watch, a wallet, a ring. "Sit back and enjoy the show," we'd whisper to crook number one, keeping a firm hand on his shoulder. After the next crook had made his move and sat down, we'd make another arrest. And the robbing would go on and on. It was an amazing thing to see.

METHOD VERSUS MADNESS

What causes a person to become a criminal? Is it a form of mental illness, or just misguided ambition? For every Rondell Wilkins, a kid who transformed himself by hard work and determination into the king of the turnstile thieves (he wore baby gator shoes and a four-finger gold ring that spelled TRANSIT), there are a few crooks like the members of the Mankiewicz gang. They lived like vampires in windowless black rooms and came out only at night to rob token booths by smashing the bulletproof glass with picks and axes.

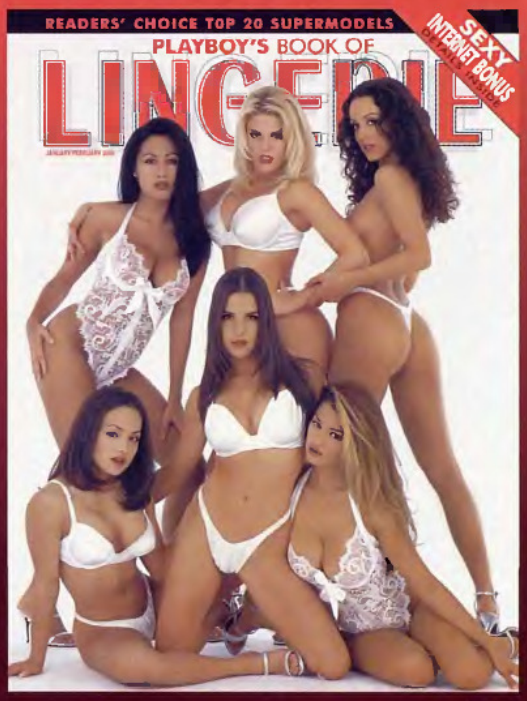
I'm convinced madness plays a role in most violent crimes. Each year, countless people are murdered by somebody who thinks he or she has been "dissed." One New Yorker torched her boyfriend on the sofa because of some offhand compliment he paid to a game-show hostess on the television. A few years earlier, a drug king tested his AK-47 on a passing driver whose pickup had inadvertently cut the gangster off at an intersection.

No matter what its cause, a police officer has to respond to crime with relentless, rational effort. Ideally, a cop should know every resident on his beat who is on parole or probation, or who has been arrested at any time for a violent crime. He also should know the restrictions placed on parolees, such as who they can't associate with and where they can't go. This information can be useful if the officer wants to question a parolee or probationer about a crime or search for a weapon.

I'm afraid, however, that there are some things the cops will never know about the criminal mind.

It seems, for example, that a variety of hereditary and environmental factors contribute to an individual's predisposition to criminal or violent behavior, from low serotonin levels in the brain to high testosterone levels in the bloodstream to physical or sexual abuse. If our understanding of these factors were more definitive, we could direct more resources to preventing kids in each generation from turning to crime. Unfortunately, after centuries of nature-versus-nurture debate and impressive advances in brain-imaging technology, the scientific community isn't close to an answer. Instead, it's hunkered down in several camps, each having broken off a piece of the puzzle. Members of each camp devote much of their energy to defending their turf and dismissing the claims of all the other camps. What I'd like to do is ask a group of neurologists, anthropologists, sociologists and psychologists to select a large criminal population and initiate a long-term, comprehensive study that would chart each subject's brain activity and adrenaline, testosterone and serotonin levels. The group also would compile personal histories related to head injuries, animal torture, physical or sexual abuse and other factors. Even if this research could reduce the number of potential criminals by five percent, the change on the streets would be dramatic. Opportunities to steal, rob or kill would still present themselves, but there would be fewer predators to act on them.

They're All Yours



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JEFF BEZOS

(continued from page 68)

BEZOS: Yes. Mostly I didn't have any good ideas. But other people graduating in my class were starting companies that I could have joined. I did interviews with Intel, Bell Laboratories and Andersen Consulting but decided that the right thing to do was try to get some experience in a small company. I went to a start-up in New York City. I found a company with 11 people and joined. It made a system for helping to clear and settle the transactions after a stock trade is made. It wasn't a great success, though it wasn't a dismal failure, either. I stayed for two years and then went to a big company, Banker's Trust.

PLAYBOY: How did your computer science background apply?

BEZOS: I was basically on the technology side, working on a product called BT World, the portfolio-analysis workstations used by the bank's major pension-trust clients. That was a unique business in that it was easier to do the work than explain to people what I did. Then I left Banker's Trust and went to D.E. Shaw & Co., the fund company, where I worked with an incredibly smart group of people. David Shaw is one of the smartest people I have ever met. I was there for about four and a half years and loved it. Loved the creativity and the energy and the brightness of the people. I left to start Amazon.

PLAYBOY: Was there a seminal moment at which you decided?

BEZOS: There was a moment. It was discovering the startling fact that web usage was growing at 2300 percent a year. Things don't grow that fast. It just doesn't happen. When I read it, I didn't believe it. I was skeptical, so I delved into the methodology of the report. It was the spring of 1994. The web growth hadn't broken into the mainstream media at that point. It was just about to. Believe it or not, it was illegal to do commerce over the Internet in the spring of 1994. There was already a plan to remove that restriction, but it shows how early it was in the development of the Net. So I decided to try it. And here we are.

PLAYBOY: Besides Amazon.com, what other net companies have done it right?

BEZOS: Microsoft has done a fantastic job. They've taken some criticism for some of their Net efforts, but not for the important ones. It's amazing how quickly they adapt. I have a lot of respect for that company, mostly because they've done such a great job of hiring. The depth of the team they've built stands out over time—brainy people all the way down.

Dell has also done a great job online in a different way. Dell had more traditional methods of distribution and came online and did it right. Michael Dell gets it. He built a team of people who get it.

By and large, most companies that have done a good job in the physical world—well-managed companies—have not done a good job online. The reason is pretty simple: The set of skills and competencies you need to be a fantastic physical world company are completely different than the ones you need to be a fantastic online retailer.

PLAYBOY: What's a good example?

BEZOS: There are several examples, but I'll decline to mention them.

PLAYBOY: Besides e-commerce, in what other ways will people make money on the Net? Will subscription sites work? Advertising?

BEZOS: All of those models will work to one degree or another and probably some new models that haven't yet been figured out. Everything is going to work, but the question is how much. Subscriptions haven't worked well yet, though there are a few exceptions, including the *Wall Street Journal*. Long term, however, there will be subscriptions to valuable content. Advertising won't completely pay the bills, so customers will pay for certain types of content.

PLAYBOY: Thus far, Microsoft's *Slate* magazine is a famous failure.

BEZOS: People are used to paying for content in physical form. Psychologically they're not used to paying for it in electronic form. Though it's irrational, I expect my content on the web to be free. But look at TV. People certainly thought it should be free, but now people don't think about paying for premium content such as HBO. It took some time before people were willing to do that and it will take some time on the web. Also, content providers haven't done a great job transporting their content into a form that is highly usable online. There's a lot of free stuff, so the information you provide has to be ten times better. It can't be 50 percent better. It has to be a lot better. The

companies that have been successful charging for content online have content that just isn't available off-line. Also, the display technology isn't as good. I'd much rather read *The Wall Street Journal* on paper. It's easier on my eyes, it's portable and I can sit back and drink a cup of coffee while I'm reading. On the other hand, when you're traveling, it might be easier to read the *Journal* online.

PLAYBOY: Does this mean you disagree with those who say print is dead?

BEZOS: It's not a question of if, it's when. Paper will go away eventually, but it will take a lot longer. It goes back to display technology. It has a long way to go. For instance, I read magazines when I'm on the StairMaster. It's still a lot easier to read them in paper form. When they make something flexible that you can roll up and stuff in your back pocket and the screen is better than paper, I'll use it.

PLAYBOY: Will computers become unessential for web surfing?

BEZOS: They already are in some ways—with PDAs, for instance. It's really semantics. It depends on your definition of a computer. PDAs are a type of computer. Cell phones that can connect to the web are a type of computer. But I think there will be everything, including general purpose machines like the computers on our desktops. There also will be web tablets. You might have two or three that are full-time Internet access devices. Instead of calling for movie times on the phone, you'll immediately check the movie times on an instant-on web pad.

PLAYBOY: Will books be downloaded instead of delivered in their paper form?

BEZOS: Not immediately but eventually. The generation of electronic books available today is not the generation that's going to work. In fact, it's probably the generation before the generation before the generation. It's just a question of when. There are two things holding it back, both quite rational. One is fear of piracy on the part of the publishers, and the other is the display quality. Paper is a great display device. It's high resolution, high contrast. It doesn't require batteries and is highly portable. You can write on it. It has these great features, and computer displays are not there.

PLAYBOY: What other technologies are coming?

BEZOS: Everything you can imagine is going to happen to one degree or another. Whatever comes along—more sophisticated techniques for personalizing the site, agents to help do the shopping for you at more sophisticated levels—will be used if they have value for customers. When I meet somebody new, my first question is, "How can we make the experience better for you?" It takes a significant amount of effort to get people to say negative things in person; they want to be polite. But I've learned how to get people to tell the truth. Still, the best way to get people to tell you the truth is to solicit their input by e-mail. E-mail turns off the politeness gene in the human being.

PLAYBOY: Because it's anonymous?

BEZOS: Even if it's not anonymous. I've found that people can be more rude in e-mail than in regular mail. In a letter they can be rude, but a letter is a little more formal. You edit yourself and say, "Do I really want to be that nasty?" But you pound out e-mail and send it off. I am convinced that we have received more honest feedback from customers in four years than probably any other company has received in 20 years.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an example of the feedback?

BEZOS: Two or three years ago, I got a message from an 80-year-old woman. She said, "I love your service, but I have to wait for my son to come over to open the packages." We used to use a material that was very strong to protect the books, but opening the packages was like breaking into a bank vault. We set about figuring out a way to have the packages arrive securely while ensuring that a mortal could open them without using a jackhammer.

PLAYBOY: Was "one click" a response to a customer?

BEZOS: No. That one was planned. Our number one goal is to be the earth's most customer-centered company. The traditional meaning is what you would expect: listening to your customers, figuring out what they want and giving it to them. We do that, I hope. But the next step is to innovate on their behalf. It's not their job to tell you what they need. After that comes finding a way to serve customers that is specific to the Internet. Increasingly, we will put each customer in the center of his or her own universe. In personalizing, we are two percent of where we will be ten years from now.

PLAYBOY: What will be different?

BEZOS: What we do now is to greet someone when they return. "Welcome back, so-and-so." We can offer them some recommendations based specifically on their interests, which we've learned from a buying history. But instead of having a small piece of our store like that—individualized—every page should be customized like that. We're getting better at it. There may be some important books that you should read—books that would resonate with you and have an impact on your life. If the crucial books were the same for everyone, there would be no problem. But everyone is different. We will develop the technology necessary to let people have that kind of deep discovery experience on our site. The goal is to accelerate the discovery process. Humans have the powerful need to discover, explore. If we can accelerate the discovery process, we're providing a great service.

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RAGE

(continued from page 92)

an umpire got heated after the umpire ejected him and Piniella appeared to have left the scene. But he sprang out of his dugout and went nose-to-nose with the ump, jabbing his thumb and forefinger into the ump's face, presumably to show the size of the strike zone.

The New York Yankees' Paul O'Neill, who abuses the dugout watercooler on a regular basis, though not so spectacularly as Los Angeles Dodgers pitcher Carlos Perez, whose vigorous assault on a cooler after a poor outing was captured on camera in a classic sports video.

When he was with the Mets in the late Eighties, David Cone, who, while still holding the ball, went into such a rage at an umpire that he ignored an opposing runner who scored the winning run.

Philadelphia fans who, in the summer of 1999, rained batteries down on Cardinals outfielder J.D. Drew, who hadn't signed with the Phillies two years earlier, when they drafted him. Philly fans wrote the book on rage. In a city where bloodthirsty fans threw snowballs at Santa Claus, homicidal fury is a way of life at Veterans Stadium.

•

THE FOOD-RAGE CONNECTION

"Spitting in the food is for amateurs," says Christopher Fehlinger, an angry former waiter who created bitterwaitress.com, where enraged restaurant employees can report on bad behavior by customers. Fehlinger told the *New York Post* that "if a customer is a real jerk, Visine is the way to go. It gives people diarrhea. I've seen waiters unload a whole bottle in somebody's coffee."

Let's not forget the heavyweight title bout on June 28, 1997, when Mike Tyson chomped off a piece of Evander Holyfield's ear the size of an escargot.

Vending-machine madness has been identified as a medical problem, sometimes fatal, by no less an authority than Carol Tavris, author of *Anger: The Misunderstood Emotion*. Tavris cited a *Journal of the American Medical Association* report on "irate men kicking or rocking soda vending machines that had taken their money without producing the drink. In the fatal cases the men rocked the machine so hard that it fell over and crushed them."

SMALL-SCREEN RAGE

Jerry Springer, any episode.

On *The Sopranos*, nephew Christopher gets so angry waiting in a bakery that he shoots the counterman in the foot.

Ally McBeal thumps her pillows, beats her blowup doll and once knocked down a woman in a grocery store who took an item that Ally wanted. Another time she kicked a girl for not being friendly. "You're not sorry," she said to a man who bumped into her on the street—before she threw her shoe at his head.

CINEMATIC RAGE

"How may I help you?" a plump, cheerful, female car rental agent asks a harried Steve Martin in *Planes, Trains and Automobiles*.

"You can start by wiping that fucking dumb-ass smile off your rosy fucking cheeks," Martin replies. "Then you can give me a fucking automobile. A fucking Datsun, a fucking Toyota, a fucking Mustang, a fucking Buick. Four fucking wheels and a seat. I want a fucking car, right fucking now."

The clerk asks for the rental agreement and Martin says he threw it away.

"Oh boy," the clerk says.

"Oh boy what?" Martin replies.

"You're fucked," she says, with a smile.

Cameron Diaz uses a coatrack to wound Christian Slater when he gets in her way on her wedding day in *Very Bad Things*. Slater's character finally perishes when he falls down a flight of stairs on his way to the wedding.

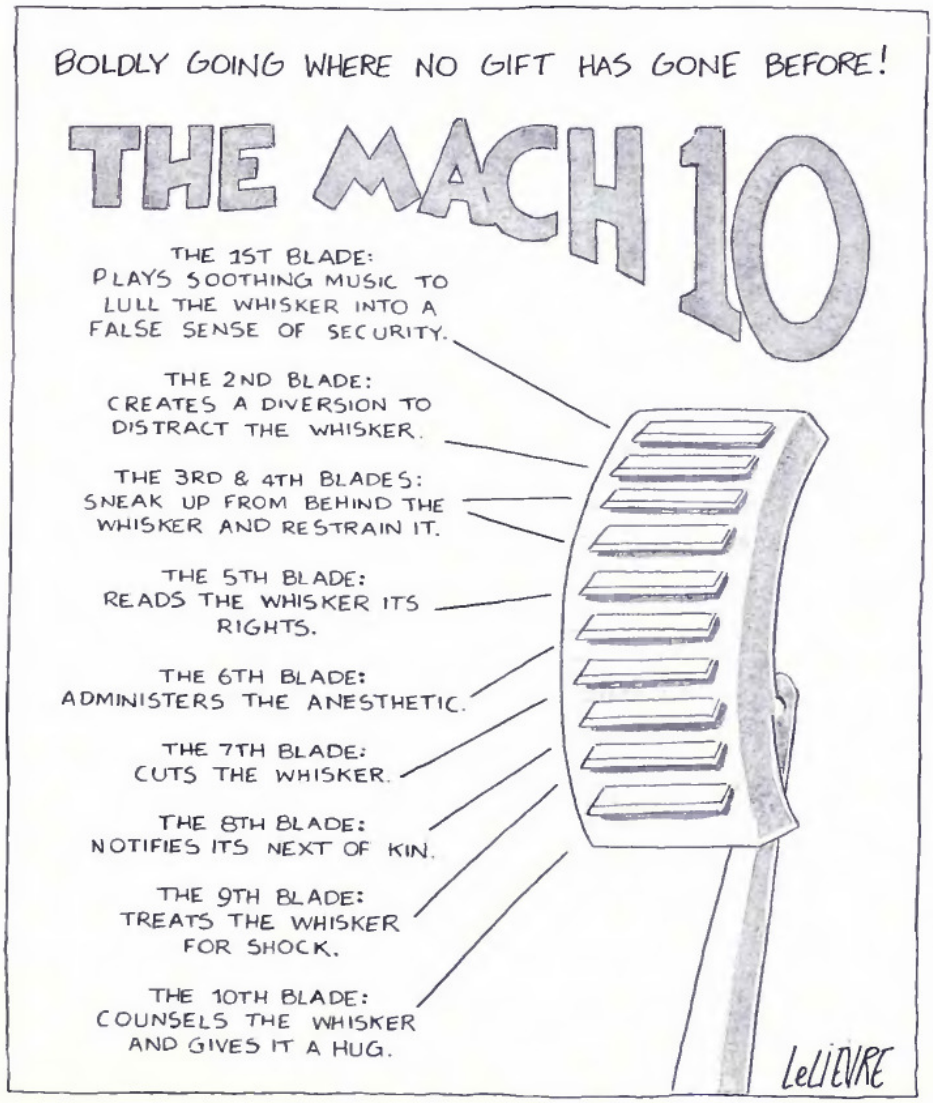
In *Office Space*, three colleagues deal with their anger at an unreliable machine by taking it outside and beating it into little pieces. Two of them have to pull the third away, but not before he keeps a piece of the dead machine as a souvenir. "I could burn the building down" is the wish (or threat) of Norman, the stapler-stealing, cubicle-loving loser. He finally does just that.

Denise Richards and Neve Campbell fail to see eye-to-eye at poolside in *Wild Things* and engage in a moist fistfight.

In *Casino*, Joe Pesci uses a vise—the kind found in a basement—to squeeze an adversary's head in a fit of eye-popping rage.

"We're going to have the hap-hap-happiest Christmas since Bing Crosby tap-danced with Danny fuckin' Kaye, and when Santa squeezes his fat, white ass down that chimney tonight he's going to see the jolliest bunch of assholes this side of the nuthouse," says Chevy Chase in *Christmas Vacation*. One reason for his distress is a road-rage episode in which the family Taurus lands in a snowbank after having been stuck under a log truck. "Made pretty good time," he says.

Fight Club, starring Brad Pitt, tells the story of rage-prone young men going at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THE 6TH BLADE: ADMINISTERS THE ANESTHETIC.
THE 7TH BLADE: CUTS THE WHISKER.
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each other in no-holds-barred brawls until one of them can no longer stand. "What else is a guy in the Nineties to do?" asked a reviewer for the *Chicago Sun-Times*. "Building on the premise that men don't like to talk out their problems or get helpful hints from Oprah, the movie looks into other forms of expressing aggression."

MUSIC TO ENRAGE A SAVAGE BREAST (DON'T STEP ON THEIR BLUE SUEDE SHOES OR THEY'LL BUST A CAP IN YOUR HEAD)

"My older brother's friends would pick on me so much for liking rap that one time I had to pull a sword on them."—KID ROCK, REMINISCING. KID'S *DEVIL WITHOUT A CAUSE* WENT PLATINUM.

Limp Bizkit wound up Woodstock 1999 with an incendiary version of *Break Stuff*, and peace and love turned into arson, rape and pillage.

Music and rage have been friends for a long time. Two decades ago a 16-year-old high school girl blazed away with a .22-caliber rifle at an elementary school near her house, killing the principal and a janitor and wounding eight students. She later explained, "I don't like Mondays. This livens up the day." The Boomtown Rats, an Irish group, took the cue and recorded *I Don't Like Mondays*, which sold half a million copies. "I don't like Mondays/I want to shoot/The whole day down" is the refrain.

THEY'RE JUST CARTOONS, YEAH

MTV's *Celebrity Deathmatch* pits celebrities, past and present, against each other in luridly drawn, bloody battles. In one episode, Hillary Rodham Clinton and Monica Lewinsky go at each other with metal fence railings and chairs. In other gory struggles Genghis Khan rips into Mahatma Gandhi and Cameron Diaz fights with Meryl Streep—in good, dirty, animated fun.

THESE PEOPLE ARE OBVIOUSLY PISSED, BUT IS IT REALLY RAGE?

- Hillary Rodham Clinton
- Rudolph Giuliani
- Martha Stewart
- Matt Drudge
- Linda Tripp
- Bobby Knight
- Janet Reno
- Bob Dornan
- Latrell Sprewell
- Christopher Hitchens

THESE PEOPLE ARE GOING TO BLOW SKY-HIGH—ANY MINUTE

See above.

"To have this much rage when things are so good, to me, indicates that if things get bad, there'll be nothing to hold society together. If the economic prosperity suddenly blows and we have a depression, then we'll really know what rage is about."—NORMAN MAILER

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A LIFETIME OF SEX

(continued from page 126)

He was traveling to Manhattan for emergency dental work when a beautiful young woman boarded the bus and took a seat beside him. As it happened, he had met her briefly once before and thought of little else in the months that followed. In the course of the trip, she made it known to him that although she was leaving for Europe the following day, she was available to go to bed with him that afternoon. After an agonizing internal debate, he decided to keep his appointment. But he was furious with—and never forgave—the dentist for allowing his teeth to deteriorate.

Remarks that would have been considered gross had they not come from the lips of beautiful women:

"You sure do know how to suck titty."

"Buttfucking? Hey, if you can get past my hems, go for it."

"He thought he was some preppy big shot, so I blew him—to put him in his place."

He was not entirely sure of what a "forensic accountant" did, but when he learned that his wife had hired one, he agreed immediately to see a counselor and try to repair the marriage.

He: I've never been shocked by someone's behavior in bed.

She: Then let me shock you.

When his wife began to have affairs, he sought out—for no other reason than that—a lover of his own.

"Do not attempt to compete with a woman on that level," a wise friend counseled him. "You will always lose."

Late one night, an attractive woman with whom he'd had a brief affair knocked on his apartment door, rousing him from a deep sleep. Clearly distressed (she'd been quarreling with her current lover), she asked if he would perform oral sex on her. Though he was only half-awake, he accommodated her. But when she left the apartment, he began, for the first time, to question his lifestyle.

He attended a weekly poker game in Hollywood during which the late-night conversation would veer off now and then to the subject of blow jobs. Great blow jobs. Memorable ones. The perfect blow job.

He was not taken seriously—was indeed hooted down—when he said with all sincerity that he personally had never had a bad one.

He continued to live with a woman who had become fat for fear that if he left, she would immediately become thin again. But his fears were not justified. Eventually, he did leave her—and learned from friends that she had the good grace to have remained fat.

During the Clinton sex scandal, he asked the pretty, young secretary in an adjoining office what she thought of the president's predicament.

Correctly guessing his motivation, she said: "You're only asking so you can hear me say 'blow job.'"

His first wife watched his every move with suspicion.

His second wife never inquired as to his whereabouts or his activities.

He remained faithful to his second wife.

One of the more pleasurable experiences of his life came about when he joined two attractive young women in conversation at a bar in Los Angeles and was told—after drinks—that they had always fantasized about going to bed with an older man. All three returned to his hotel suite for a magical and exquisite night of sex. Though he did not see the women again, he kept returning to the bar for a period of 20 years—hoping for a comparable experience, which never came about.

The only complaint about her lover was that he never said anything filthy to her in bed—but it was a major complaint.

A distinguished-looking gentleman he met at a café in Rome claimed that as an Italian prisoner of war (captured by the Americans in World War II) he had been forced to give oral sex to the Andrews Sisters.

In the course of an interview with the late and quite brilliant novelist Terry Southern, a journalist gave as his opinion that in terms of satisfying a woman,

"While I was waiting for the Republicans and Democrats to agree on health care, I died."

there was no substitute for the penis.

Whereupon Southern thrust a fist in front of the interviewer's nose and said: "What about *this*?"

He had learned that there was no point in competing with a good dancer for the attentions of a woman.

Lies from women that he had found to be effective:

"You're much too dangerous."

"Quite the spoiler, aren't you?"

"You always get what you want, don't you?"

A neophyte at hotel assignations, he dressed in blue jeans and a tank top, kept his feet bare and arranged himself languidly on the bed, a cigarette between his lips. But it had to be deflating when she swept into the room, looked at him and said: "Oh God, don't tell me I'm getting Liam Neeson."

He was attracted to a pretty, young receptionist who worked in his friend's office and asked if it would be all right to call her.

"Absolutely," said the friend.

He took the woman to dinner, had a brief affair with her—after which the friend refused to speak to him for the next 20 years.

"How could you not realize," the friend said, finally breaking his silence, "that she was the love of my life—and my one chance for happiness?"

He went to bed with a woman who refused to suck his penis, saying she had only done this twice in her life. Had she not mentioned the two occasions, he might have accepted her position more graciously.

During a routine shopping trip to the supermarket, he decided, on an impulse, to stop and see a former girlfriend who lived nearby. They made love, which took no more than 20 minutes. When he walked into his apartment, the picture of what he felt was innocence, his mistress said: "If you ever do that again, I'll kill you."

A new tactic he used with remarkable success was his proposal to women he had just met that they become "friends."

Some dialogue he had waited all his life to hear:

"Lie back. I'll take care of everything. You deserve this."

She was curious about an attractive, accomplished, obviously adoring couple—and wondered what it was that had brought them together.

"The first thing I noticed about my husband," the woman explained, "was that he had a great ass."

Picasso's *Guernica* was awesome—but no more so to him than the sight of a woman pushing a lock of hair behind her ear, as preparation for (delivering) oral sex.

Holding court in a Santa Monica restaurant, a Hollywood mogul had for years insisted that women who wanted to meet him first pay tribute by placing a hand on his ancient penis.

In a *New York Times* interview, the actress Natasha Richardson said she realized, while performing in a Broadway musical, that a man in the front row had a clear view up her dress—somehow implying that the man was at fault.

A woman that he admired at the office paid absolutely no attention to him, behaving as if he did not exist. Yet when he turned up at a company function with his wife, she managed to get him aside and to brush her hand lightly against his crotch.

A college roommate, who was visiting from New York, arrived back at her Beverly Hills apartment in a distraught state. She had made a date with a film star and when she arrived at his hotel suite, he asked her if she would like to "taste his ass" before they went out to dinner.

"I don't know why you're upset," her friend said. "It sounds like a fairly representative Hollywood first date to me."

"Act like you are doing it for the first time."

These were the words she heard from a film star with whom she was spending the night in bed.

It was not until the next morning that she realized he was giving her an acting tip.

Her roommate returned to the flat they shared in unusually high spirits. She explained that she had met a fashion photographer who had paid her a high compliment.

"My, we've got a funky ass," he'd said, thereby relieving her of anxiety about that part of her anatomy.

He was about to place an ad in the personals saying he wanted to meet a young woman who was witty and charming and had "mischief" in her eyes—when he realized he lived with just such a person.

When his first wife asked that he forgive her for an adulterous affair, he said, in a grandiose moment, "I'm afraid I have neither the size nor the philosophy to do so."

"I wouldn't worry about your size," she responded—and he immediately forgave her.

He received a surprising number of replies to the following ad in the personals:

"Mature man, with some means and a bit of literary achievement, seeks slender, pretty, intelligent young blonde for a moderately perverted affair—not leading to anything in particular."

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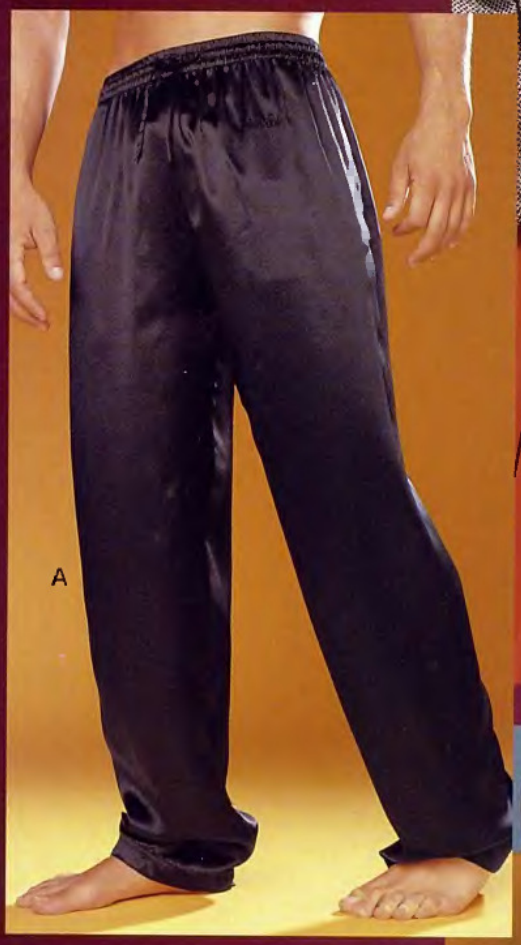

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JOHN McCAIN

(continued from page 120)

"What I saw, or what I worked with, was a guy who thought one of two ways: You were either on his side or you were the enemy. There weren't many people in between."

Johnson says he had many unpleasant encounters with McCain, and among the most notable was one in the late Eighties, when Johnson traveled to Washington with other local mayors to brief the Arizona congressional delegation on various issues.

Johnson spoke last. He recalls the event: "As the other mayors stood up to leave—I'll never forget—McCain said, 'Hold it a minute.'

"He said, 'Somebody write down everything this guy has to say.' Some of us kind of looked around, someone started writing. And he said, 'You know what, we need somebody to record him. It's best if you get a liar on tape.'

"So I stood up and said, 'Senator, if you have a problem with me, why don't we go out in the hallway and talk about it.' But obviously he wasn't going to let me finish. He said, 'You're goddamn right I have a problem with you.' He said, 'They've been treating you like a princess back in Phoenix while they've been burning me over this dam deal and I'm sick of it.'

"If you had been there, you would have recognized how intense it was," Johnson says. "I mean, in the entire time that I was mayor—maybe in the last 20 years—I think that's the closest I've been to a fistfight!"

McCain's recollection of events is hazy. Does he remember calling Paul Johnson a liar?

"No, I do not. I don't remember ever doing that, but I clearly believed we had reached an agreement, and then I would read in *The Arizona Republic* that it wasn't his version of events," McCain says.

Another of McCain's enemies was Judy Leiby, a longtime member of Senator Dennis DeConcini's staff who worked on veterans' issues. Leiby never made it a secret that she did not like the way McCain's staff handled similar matters.

But she was still surprised when she met up with McCain in 1994, after DeConcini had announced that he was retiring.

"I got there early, as a good staff member should," Leiby recalls. "I was standing around talking to about half a dozen postal workers I'd worked real closely with. And McCain came in. He walked down the line, shaking hands, and he ignored me. And one postal worker said, 'Do you know Judy Leiby?' He said, 'Oh yeah, I know her.'

"He turned and walked away from me, and he was shaking. You could tell he was so angry, he was white. He turned back to me and said, 'I'm so glad you're going to be out of a job, and I'll see that you never work again.'

"The postal workers just stood there, and I said, 'I'm glad to see you, too, John.'"

McCain remembers that event. "Miss Leiby, as you know, is not a fan of mine," he says. "When she was working for Senator DeConcini she often, publicly and privately, expressed her dislike of me, and she's entitled to that. But it's also fair to say I don't hold Miss Leiby in particularly high esteem. And when I encountered her at the event in 1994, I thought it would be hypocritical to shake her hand. I didn't raise my voice, didn't offer any disparaging remarks or insults. I simply don't like to shake hands with people who have disparaged me, especially to veterans, as she did on numerous occasions."

Does he remember telling Judy Leiby he was glad that she would soon be unemployed?

"No, I don't recall saying that, but it certainly didn't cause me any displeasure that she was out of a job."

•

Whatever acrimony existed in his past, John McCain insists he's a changed man.

"Look, I regret that I have enemies; I regret that there are people who detract. Everybody likes to be perfect," he says. "But when you are in public office for 17 years, as I have been, there are people who will disagree with you personally and with the things you do. I appreciate that and I respect their views.

"But particularly in the past ten years or so, I have done everything I can, within the bounds of human frailties, to not get personal with people. I find that being personally involved with people creates wounds that take a long time to heal. If you just disagree with the merits or demerits of an issue, then you can go on to other issues."

Like the issue of endorsements, in a presidential race.

McCain also has plenty of supporters, who claim to know a different man from the one Paul Johnson and Grant Woods describe.

"John is very loyal," says Sal DiCiccio.

(concluded on page 173)

"Hi there, Lucky—we have the aisle and the window."

PLAYMATE NEWS

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

Glamourcon Atlanta wasn't your ordinary autograph show. The two-day event coincided with the birthday of Miss December 1968 Cynthia Myers, and the Playmates were in an especially jovial mood. "I brought a sinfully delicious chocolate cake to help Cynthia celebrate," said Miss September 1966 (and Atlanta resident) Dianne Chandler. Also there to help blow out candles were Nicole Wood, Karen Morton, Kym Malin, DeDe Lind, Dolores Del Monte, Natalia Sokolova, Janet Lupo, Amanda Hope and others. "There's a super fan named Wilmer who had a gorgeous bouquet delivered to Cynthia at the show," Dianne says. "Then all the Playmates sang *Happy Birthday*. Cynthia says it was the best birthday she's ever had." Weeks later, Glamourcon was held in Los Angeles, and fans were able to meet a different crew of Centerfolds, including Shae Marks and Barbara Moore.

Playmates from around the country convened for a mini-reunion at Atlanta's Glamourcon. Left to right: Centerfolds past and present Natalia Sokolova, Susie Owens, Martha Smith, Dolores Del Monte, Lisa Baker, DeDe Lind, Cynthia Myers, Jodi Ann Paterson, Dianne Chandler, Amanda Hope and Janet Lupo. Right: Birthday girl Cynthia Myers (who has apparently been dipping into the fountain of youth) takes the cake.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

February 1: Miss November 1986
Donna Edmondson
February 8: Miss April 1978
Pamela Jean Bryant
February 18: Miss April 1970
Barbara Hillary
February 18: Miss August 1996
Jessica Lee
February 20: Miss December 1962
June Cochran

PAMDEMONIUM

The press adores Pamela Anderson Lee. It seems that every time we scan the newspaper, flip on the tube or surf the world wide web, there is another news story about the inimitable beauty. Some recent reports: On September 5, the *New York Daily News* reported that Pamela and Tommy Lee stripped down to make a video for Tommy's new rock-and-roll album, *Methods of Mayhem*. "It's a big wink at their infamous X-rated honeymoon tape," said the *New York Daily News*. Later that month, Pam made headlines when she was feted by People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. Pam, who received the Linda McCartney Memorial Award for her anticruelty work, told *Variety*: "This proves that it's not what people think of you, it's what you do that counts." In October, eonline.com spilled the beans that Verne "Mini-Me" Troyer and Tommy Lee were set to appear in forthcoming episodes of Pam's popular television show, *V.I.P.* In November, the hot mama (and our Miss February 1990) appeared topless on the cover of *Jane* with her son Dylan, who bared his bottom. Our message to Pam: You rock.

45 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Born Vera Jane Palmer, Jayne Mansfield was relatively unknown when she first appeared in PLAYBOY, as Miss February 1955. Photographer Alice Gowland, who worked with Jayne in the early years, once said, "That girl's going to go nowhere." Gowland could not have been more wrong. Before her death in an automobile accident in 1967, Mansfield racked up many more PLAYBOY pictorials as well as a slew of movies, including *The Girl Can't Help It*, *Promises! Promises!*, *Mondo Hollywood* and *The Wild, Wild World of Jayne Mansfield*. We're proud to say we knew the bombshell when.

Jayne Mansfield.

MANSION MEN

It's been boys, boys, boys at the Mansion lately. Left: Mini-Me gives a larger-than-life smooch to Jodi Ann Paterson. Below left: Dolores Del Monte and Jimmy Coan. Below: Talk-show hosts Carol Vitale of *The Carol Vitale Show* and Bill Maher of *Politically Incorrect*. Right: Jeff Goldblum warms up Deanna Brooks.

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Louie Anderson

My all-time favorite Playmate is Lesa Ann Pedriana. She is a knockout who embodies the warmth of the Midwest. We met a few years ago and have since gone to flea markets and lunches together.

Lesa even attended my 1999 family reunion in Las Vegas at the Monte Carlo resort. She blew up a photo of my mom and dad and drove it from Los Angeles to Vegas for the reunion. For that, she will always remain close to my heart.

FACE TIME

Miss April 1993 Nicole Wood has spent enough time on photo shoots to know the ins and outs of makeup. After ten years as a makeup artist and model, Nicole created a cosmetics line called Unique Faces. "It's hip makeup for people who are up on the trends," says Nicole. "I compare it to MAC and Bobbi Brown." Prices range from $8 for Nicole's signature lip lacquer to $45 for Vibran C crème. To purchase Unique Faces products, click on uniquefacecosmetics.com or call 609-985-5899.

DEAR PLAYMATE

In October 1981 we started *Dear Playmates*. The concept was to let our readers ask for a woman's perspective on an issue. That feature is back by popular demand.

Dear Playmate,

I have been dating my girlfriend for nine months. Our sex life was great at first, but now it's getting stale. I have been fantasizing about having a threesome with my girlfriend and her friend. How can I ask her to do this without hurting her feelings?

Ralph Boddy
Chicago, IL

Sometimes all it takes is communication to jump-start your sex life. I would rather have my love try to bring our sex life back to a better place than try to find an outside source of stimulation. But if you're still up for a three-way, look her in the eye and let her know that you're coming from the heart. —PETRA VERKAIK

CLICK OF THE MONTH:
Looking for o website that's saturated with pretty women? Check out modelsexpo.com, **Petra Verkaik's** contribution to the web.

GIRL TALK

How has Miss November 1999 Cara Wakelin's life changed since she became a Playmate? We checked in with the Canadian beauty.

Q: We called you a few times but you weren't home. Have you been traveling a lot?

A: Yes. I was on tour for a while. I'm happy to be chilling out at home now.

Q: You were featured on the cover of Canadian PLAYBOY—wearing a hockey jersey and not much else—this past November. Would you give us your thoughts about your native land?

A: Canada is a great place, and I don't think it has gotten the attention it deserves. A lot of great people come from Canada—Neve Campbell, Pamela Anderson Lee, Martin Short and Jim Carrey, to name a few.

Q: Tell us something about you that few people know.

A: Technically, I am a quadruplet. My twin brother and I both were born healthy but the other two babies were stillborn.

Q: How has your love life changed since you have became famous?

A: Well, for one thing, the boys who were not very much interested before are certainly eager to get ahold of me now.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Fans of the show *Battle Dome* have been seeing triple. That's because **Nicole, Erica** and **Jaclyn Dahm** are series regulars. Below, the girls provide support to warrior O'Dell during a taping at the Los Angeles Sports Arena. . . . **Julia Schultz** has been lighting up both big and small screens. Besides landing a role in

Down and dirty Dahms.

the made-for-TV movie *Shattered Trust*, Julia will play Kitty in an as-yet-untitled wrestling movie starring **Oliver Platt, Rose McGowan** and **David Arquette.** . . . While in Los Angeles for the Playboy Expo, **Helena Antonaccio, Lisa Baker, DeDe Lind** and **Dianne Chandler** stopped at Westwood Cemetery to visit the gravesite of **Marilyn Monroe.**

Paying homage to Marilyn.

"We all felt something—almost like a shiver—when we touched Marilyn's plaque," reports Dianne. . . . PMOY **Heather Kozar** hasn't forgotten her Ohio roots. The Akron native appeared at the 1999 Taste of the NFL–Cleveland Celebrity Dinner. Among the guests were Browns players **Terry Kirby** and **Ty Detmer** and place-kicking legend **Lou Groza.**

Terry and Heather.

JOHN McCAIN

(continued from page 170)

"Extremely loyal, which you don't see much of in politics. He's a tough guy—he's always working and making things happen."

The two met during McCain's first congressional campaign. DiCiccio supported one of McCain's opponents, but McCain later gave him a job on his staff. DiCiccio worked on constituent services and planned special events, and two years later McCain helped him nab a post as the political director of the state Republican Party. In 1993, DiCiccio ran for the Phoenix City Council.

"I went to John McCain and told him I was running. He said, 'I'm going to support you.' Right off the bat he said that. He was the only one to support me. No one thought I had a chance of making it in, and then I won in a landslide."

This fall, DiCiccio will likely run for the House in Arizona's first congressional district, a seat McCain once held.

"McCain is a fierce loyalist," says political consultant Jason Rose. "He will absolutely go to bat for his friends, and in so doing he has a way of making life more difficult for those who are not his friends."

Jim Bloom, who has worked for a number of Arizona GOP pols, puts it more directly: "He is thought to be blunt, he's thought to be aggressive, and if he's on your side, you're golden. If he's not, he'll break your neck."

•

On the national level, McCain gets the highest ratings on his pet issue, campaign finance reform. Rebuilding his image around such reform was a daring tactical move for the senator, in the wake of the Keating scandal. And it hasn't dulled his fund-raising skills, either.

McCain raised more than $3 million in his 1998 race against Ed Ranger. The incumbent senator made only a token effort at campaigning in the state. It was obvious he was saving his cash for the presidential race, though McCain claims he needed it in case the tobacco companies went after his job in the wake of antitobacco legislation McCain had recently sponsored (it proved unsuccessful).

Few fans of McCain's national campaign reform realize that at the same time the senator was breaking fund-raising records and running for reelection, Arizona had its own campaign finance reform initiative on the ballot. The Clean Elections initiative included a voluntary mechanism for publicly funded campaigns—and it actually passed. McCain took no position on the initiative, much to the chagrin of Maidi Terry, who was on the staff of the Clean Elections campaign.

"It was all right there, and he had an opportunity to support at least the idea of campaign finance reform. He just turned his back on the whole thing," Terry says.

"I did not actively oppose it, but my position has been that I've never supported public financing, so that's why I didn't play a greater role," says McCain. "But this reform measure was better than the status quo, and that's why I didn't oppose it. Still I couldn't support a scheme of using taxpayers' dollars to finance campaigns."

McCain's proposed federal legislation focuses mainly on soft money contributions to political parties—a step toward reform, but nothing so dramatic as what his own state has passed. For example, under Arizona standards, McCain would have a difficult time raising money for his presidential campaign the way he has been doing—through contributions from special interests (such as Microsoft) who have issues before the Senate Commerce Committee, which he chairs. The senator's legislation would allow that to continue. McCain has said repeatedly that he sees no contradiction.

•

The question looming around John McCain is not whether he can win his party's nomination but whether the senator can win his state's own primary.

McCain, of course, displays his typical confidence.

"I wish I was perceived outside Arizona as I am inside," he says. "I'd love to have a 74 percent approval in one poll and 65 percent approval in another. I strive to achieve that in New Hampshire and South Carolina and California. I pray to have the kind of approvals I have in the state of Arizona."

Indeed, McCain's Arizona approval ratings are stellar—until the pollsters put him up against George W. Bush. McCain has put himself in a curious predicament. It was he who in 1996 pushed hard to move Arizona's primary date up to a celebrated spot—February 22, one of the nation's earliest—as a way of helping his friend and primary candidate Phil Gramm. But the Texas senator didn't even make it as far as Arizona in his own presidential bid, and now, with Governor Bush burning up the state, the Arizona primary hangs like a noose around McCain's campaign.

"His biggest problem is the state he represents," says Jason Rose. "If he loses Arizona, it's over. He won't get to California, he won't get anywhere else." McCain's people have tried unsuccessfully to get the Arizona primary date pushed back. But as it stands—if he's still in the race by then—McCain will face Arizona voters in February. And he won't have the straw-man competition he's enjoyed for so many years.

It's too soon to count him out. The man who survived Vietnamese prison camps and the Keating Five could well rise to take his own state's primary. Even his entrenched opponents worry that he has a chance.

"I still think the senator's record, in terms of what he's done for this country in the past, is honorable. I admire it," says former Phoenix mayor Paul Johnson. But in pondering the future of Senator John McCain, he adds, "I just don't think I want this guy's finger on the button."

"'Off with her head'? I'm sorry, Sire, I thought you said, 'Offer her head.'"

ORIGINAL SERIES

PLAYBOY's
Stripsearch
EVERY MONDAY 9PM ET/10PM PT

PLAYMATE HOSTS

Playmates
2000
The Bernaola Twins
January Playmates

Suzanne Stokes
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ORIGINAL SERIES

ORIGINAL SERIES

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POST GAME
SHOW
JANUARY 30

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Playboy TV is your destination 2000 for the best adult entertainment every night of the week. Mondays begin with the bare essentials as Playboy TV takes you to the premiere clubs featuring the hottest dancers from around the world on *Playboy's Stripsearch*. Then on Tuesdays witness your fellow countrymen as they lose their inhibitions and find their filmmaking skills in *Naughty Amateur Home Videos*. Next, celebrate hump day with hot talk and sexy demonstrations on *Night Calls LIVE* or *Night Calls Sexposé* every Wednesday at 11pm ET/10pm PT. Thursdays get the facts, along with the intimate details, about your favorite entertainers on *Adult Stars Close Up* 9pm ET/10pm PT. Then on Friday, sit back and savor the erotic crimes and misdemeanors on the outrageously naked *Sex Court*. And every Saturday and Sunday Playboy TV guarantees you a movie premiere. This month celebrate America's favorite pastime with a *Super Bowl Post Game Show*. After the final pass, tune in for an evening of programs that showcases the action *off* the field and includes your favorite *Debbie Does Dallas* movies plus *Playboy's Cheerleaders*. Every day is pure satisfaction on Playboy TV – 24 hours a day!

PLAYBOY TV

For program schedules go to:
www.playboytv.com

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV, PRIMESTAR or DISH Network dealer.

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PLAYBOY on the scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

BATHING BEAUTIFUL

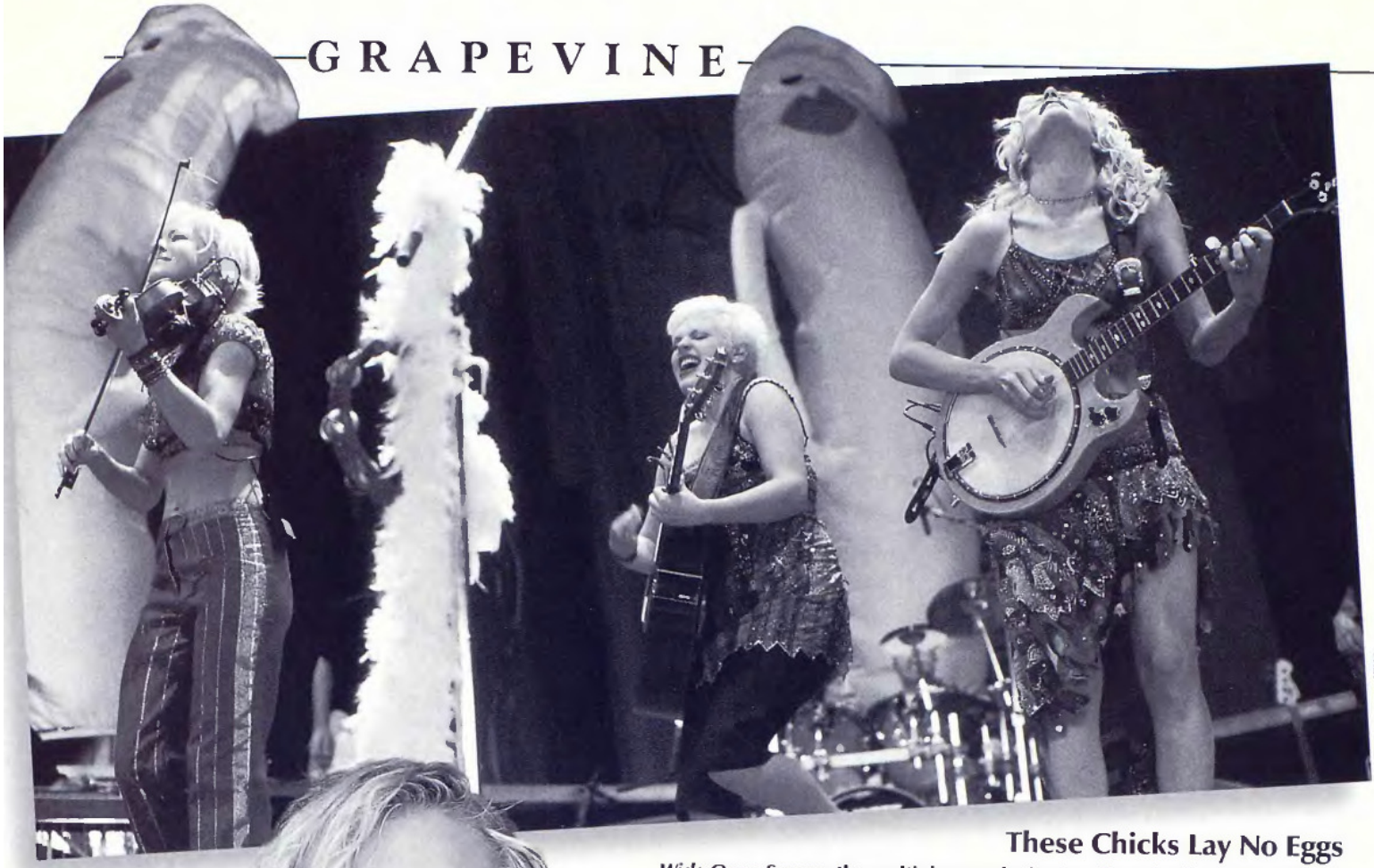
If Miss October 1999 Jodi Ann Paterson doesn't get you lathered up over the romantic bath products featured on this page, maybe it's time for a testosterone patch. Valentine's Day is here and you don't need a better excuse to go shopping for exotic soaps, effervescent tub tablets and other sensual bath products. Cleopatra reveled in the pleasure of a milk bath, and Napoleon's sister, Pauline Borghese, immersed herself in one before posing nude for sculptor Antonio Canova. (You do remember his marble statue of her on a couch, of course?) Caswell-Massey's version contains whole milk and milk protein, plus aloe and glycerin, which act as skin conditioners, and several soothing herbs. (One ounce per bath is about all you need.) Fresh's orange-chocolate bath and shower foam combines dark bitter cocoa extract with exotic fruits and tea essences. Mix it with the milk bath and your tub for two will smell like a chocolate shake. (Just don't drink the water.) Scented candles are a must. Our favorites are the seven scents from Rigaud, a Parisian firm that's been producing elegant, hand-poured candles for generations. Add luxurious accessories such as a mother-of-pearl soap dish and a matching wastebasket (which doubles as a champagne bucket when you're in the mood for bubbly with your bubbles), a long-handled bath brush for those hard-to-reach places, cotton bath sheet with velvet stripes and a cashmere robe that's as soft as, well, use your imagination, and you can forget going out to dinner. —DONALD CHARLES RICHARDSON

GEORGE GEORGIOU

Above: Caswell-Massey's bubbling Milk Bath can also be used on a sponge in the shower ($20 a quart). Eternity Effervescent Bath Tablets by Calvin Klein ($25 for a box of ten) and a jar of Sugar Bath lemon-scented effervescent bath cubes by Fresh ($24). Mother-of-pearl soap dish from Turiya ($35), bars of Original cyclamen, Hesperides and water lily soaps ($8.50 each) and a bar of Jus cranberry-cherry scented vegetable soap ($7), all by Fresh.

Top: A bottle of Fleurs de Chocolate orange-chocolate bath and shower foam ($22) and bars of the Fleurs de Chocolate, Fig Apricot and Tuberose soaps ($7 each), all by Fresh. Above: Jodi Ann Paterson, Miss October 1999, has slipped into something more comfortable—a black Scottish cashmere robe from Jennifer Tyler Cashmeres Etc. ($1300). (A white version is also available.) On the table are a variety of Rigaud scented candles ($20 to $50 each). By the tub: a velvet-striped cotton bath sheet ($100) and a mother-of-pearl wastebasket used as a champagne bucket ($98), both from Turiya; Taylor of Old Bond Street bristle bath-and-shower brush from the Art of Shaving ($55).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 157.



These Chicks Lay No Eggs

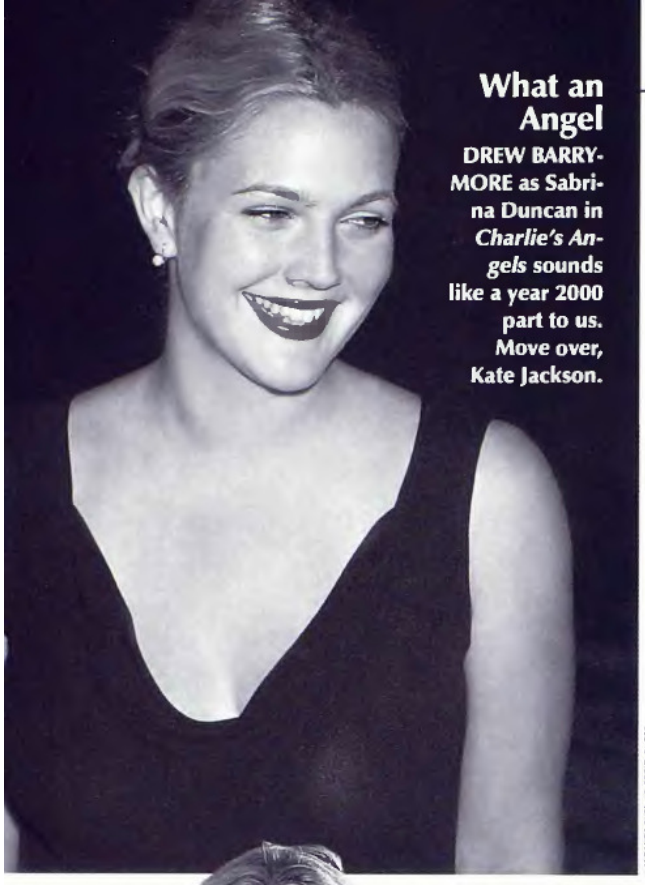
Wide Open Spaces, the multiple-award-winning album by the DIXIE CHICKS, has sold more than 7 million copies, and *Fly* debuted at number one on the charts. The chicks clicked.

A Smooth Sip of Sherry

Look for SHERRY LYNNE WHITE on Hawaii episodes of both *Pacific Blue* and *Baywatch*, on ESPN's bikini and fitness features as well as posters and calendars. Then practice saying aloha.

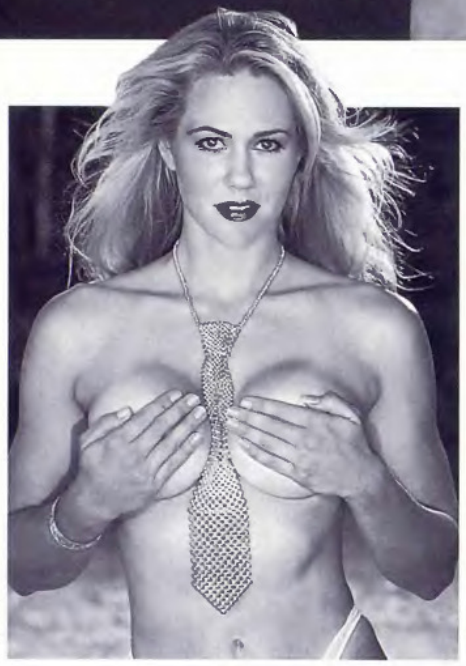
Is This the Madonnallennium?

Will she tour in 2000? Will *The Next Best Thing* be a hit? Will she keep most of her clothes on? Who cares. It's MADONNA.



What an Angel

DREW BARRYMORE as Sabrina Duncan in *Charlie's Angels* sounds like a year 2000 part to us. Move over, Kate Jackson.



Hold On Tight

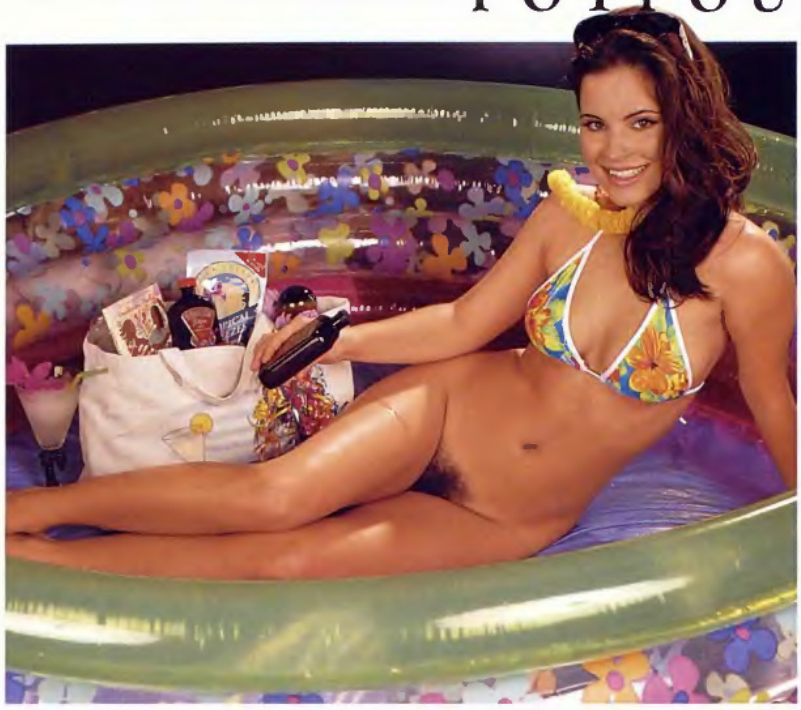
Maui-born TIARE BISHOP has walked the walk on *Beverly Hills 90210* and talked the talk on *The Young and the Restless*. Not to mention looking good in and out of a swimsuit.

Filter Out Hype

FILTER took four years between its platinum debut CD and *Title of Record*, which hit the charts last summer. It was worth the wait.

Beach Babe Goes High Tech

Hawaii University's former pitching star KYMBERLEE WEIL has her own Internet company, VolcanicLab.com, which specializes in website design. She's pretty well designed, too.



HOT FOR THE TROPICS

It's hard to go wrong with winter in the Caribbean, but if the stock market's fluctuations have left you flat, Bright Ideas has an alternative. Its Hot Tropics Fantasy kit includes a blow-up pool, piña coladas, a thong bikini (hers), a CD of island music, party glasses, sunglasses, leis, suntan oil, a sunset lightbulb and a beach bag, all for $79. Just put the empty pool atop your bed, screw in the sunset and pretend the two of you are in Aruba. Call 888-588-4332 or check brightideasunltd.com.

NOW YOU'RE COOKING

With CookExpress.com, a gourmet dinner for two is just a click away. On this website you can choose such ambitious culinary offerings as duck breast with lemon-mint couscous and fig vinaigrette. Order early in the day and the following afternoon a temperature-controlled meal kit will arrive in which the ingredients have been sliced, diced, measured, marinated and mixed. Final preparation takes only 15 to 30 minutes and the results are delicious. (The menu changes monthly, with many of the dishes prepared by celebrity chefs.) Most entrees cost between $22 and $35, plus shipping. February's special romantic meal features Omaha Steaks filet mignon au poivre or oven-roasted Maine lobster with artichoke crowns. Prices: $29.95 and $59.

FARAWAY PLACES

According to Douglas Fetherling, going around the world as a passenger on a freighter is an escapist fantasy that's right up there with opening your own restaurant. Fetherling booked passage on a tramp steamer bound for the South Pacific and beyond, and his four months of drifting and observing are captured in *Running Away to Sea* ($24.95), published by McClelland & Stewart. Read it and see if you don't develop an urge to quit your job and shove off for New Guinea.

LOVE BARS FOR SALE

"Proposal bars, I-love-you bars, invitations, anniversary bars or any-special-occasion bars—we can do one or a million," says Mike Travis, president of Private Line, a company whose specialty is milk chocolate with a message. All bars weigh 3¼ ounces and prices range from $25 for a simple personalized message to $45 for a more elaborate custom bar. Corporate logo bars ("edible advertising") are also available. Call 617-918-9800 for details.

THINKING OF YOU FOR VALENTINE'S
Be my Valentine and you can unwrap your present
Anita
I hope you don't mind but I am hopelessly in LOVE with you.

BOND GETS CARDED AGAIN

In 1964, an English company began selling sets of black-and-white James Bond trading cards, which were almost immediately withdrawn from the market after a member of Parliament complained that showing bikini-clad girls was "a disgusting and disgraceful corruption of young children." Now Spy Guise (201-653-7395) has reprinted the set in a limited collector's edition (5000, packed in a replica of Bond's attaché case. Price: $35, including cards that explain the "scandal."

URSULA ANDRESS in "DR. NO"
Eon Productions Ltd. Released through United Artists
No. 4 in a Series of 60 Issued by Somportex Ltd., London R.I.'87

NAUGHTY NECTAR

In last month's *Fashion 2000* feature, several of our models were sipping champagne poured from a kinky-looking bottle clothed in red latex (pictured here). And it wasn't a prop. Couture designer Jean-Paul Gaultier created this corset bottle for Piper-Heidsieck champagne. It's filled with a special cuvée and is available in retail stores for about $100. (Some restaurants and nightclubs will also offer it, but who knows what they'll charge.) This bubbly tickles a lot more than your nose.

WHEELERS AND DEALERS

Original automobile posters can sell for as much today as the cars they depict did way back when. For example, a vintage copy of the 1930 *Centenaire de L'Algerie* poster pictured here would go for about $3000, but LTE Auto Art offers an 18″x 24″ version for $58 (other sizes are available). A catalog containing hundreds of European car posters on paper or canvas-mounted is $10. Call 650-299-9255, or visit LTE Auto Art's website at lteautoart.com.

THE GANG'S ALL EAR

And the Crowd Goes Wild is a handsome tome that recounts in words and photos 47 of the most memorable moments in sports. Bound into the $49.95 hardcover are two audio CDs that feature the actual calls of announcers as they witnessed each event. Leading off is Babe Ruth's 1932 "called shot" home run against the Chicago Cubs, and the capper is the U.S. women's soccer team World Cup win in 1999. Bob Costas, of course, is the narrator.

JOHN SCHNEIDER

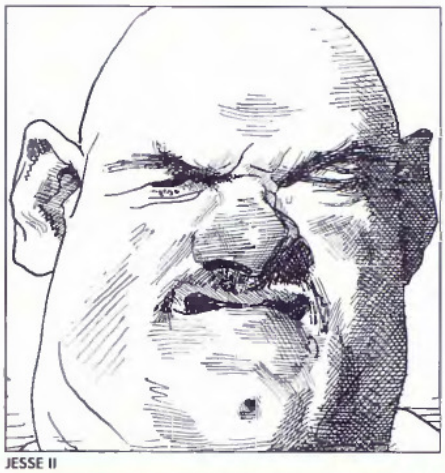
LOVE TO COOK

The Rizzoli book *Seduction and Spice* by Rudolf Sodamin, who supervises food operations for Royal Caribbean International, is a welcome addition to a bachelor's kitchen, especially on Valentine's Day. Aside from recipes for such romantic dishes as steak tartare with caviar and quail eggs or rosemary ice cream with raspberries, the 208-page hardcover contains dozens of gorgeous photographs and a glossary of aphrodisiac foods. Price: $39.95 in bookstores.

RENE MAGRITTE

Next Month

CAPRICE



JESSE II

THE DICK IS BACK

THE BUNNY GOES WILD

LET'S GO RACING—BUCKLE YOUR SEAT BELTS, OUR 200-MILE-AN-HOUR SPIN OFFERS EXTREME CARS, PLENTY OF ACTION, THE FASTEST DRIVERS AND THE WOMEN WHO LOVE THEM. IT'S A RUSH

JESSE VENTURA REDUX—WE COULDN'T SQUEEZE HALF THE GREAT STUFF INTO OUR NOVEMBER INTERVIEW. LUCKY YOU. THE GUV IS JUST AS OUTRAGEOUS IN ROUND TWO. BY **LAWRENCE GROBEL**

CITY GIRLS—EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT HYGIENE, WAXING AND SEXUAL ETIQUETTE BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK. ANOTHER FEISTY PANEL LED BY **AMY SOHN**

JON STEWART—THE HYPERWIT HOST OF *THE DAILY SHOW* GIVES US AN EARFUL. HIS TARGETS: BOGUS CELEBRITIES, POLITICS, PUPPET SHOWS AND USING CHEESE AS CURRENCY. AN UPROARIOUS PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID RENSIN**

THE RETURN OF THE PRIVATE EYE—EVERYTHING OLD IS NEW AGAIN, INCLUDING THE AMERICAN ANTIHERO. OUR CRIB SHEET FEATURES BOOKS, STYLE, YOUR FAVORITE ON-SCREEN DICKS AND MORE. BY **DICK LOCHTE**

CINDY MARGOLIS—THE TOP INTERNET DOLL (HER PHOTOS ARE THE MOST DOWNLOADED) TALKS ABOUT DEVELOPING EARLY, WHY MEN NEED A BIKINI WAX, AND HER G SPOT—AS IN *THE GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS*. AN IMPERTINENT 20 QUESTIONS BY **DAVID RENSIN**

CAPRICE—THE WORLD'S NUMBER ONE COME-HITHER COVER GIRL DROPS HER FEW INHIBITIONS ON TEN HEART-STOPPING PAGES. PLUS THE LOWDOWN ON HER NEW ALBUM, HER TV SERIES, WHAT SHE WANTS IN A MAN AND WHY SHE HAS GIVEN UP MODELING FOR GOOD. ANOTHER ONE FOR THE TIME CAPSULE

MARDI GRAS 2000—FRONT ROW CENTER AT THE STREET-FEST WHERE ANYTHING GOES—FROM GETTING NAKED TO HOOKING UP TO DOWNING HURRICANES UNTIL YOUR TONGUE TURNS RED

HOW TO BE AN INDEPENDENT MOVIE MOGUL—SO YOU WANT TO MAKE *BLAIR WITCH PROJECT*? NO SWEAT. **TED C. FISHMAN** SHOWS WHICH DIGITAL CAMCORDERS AND COMPUTERS WILL GET THE JOB DONE, INCLUDING A CHAT WITH DIRECTOR PENELOPE SPHEERIS, WHO DITCHED HOLLYWOOD TO MAKE INDIE FLICKS

MONKEY FOREST ROAD—IT'S ONE CALAMITY AFTER ANOTHER WHEN A LOCAL WITCH DOCTOR GETS WIND OF A HOTEL PROJECT IN BALI. FICTION BY **TOM PAINE**

WILD SNEAKERS—IT'S NOT HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME, IT'S HOW YOU LOOK WHILE KICKING ASS. FASHION FOR YOUR FEET BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**

PLUS: SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE GUN PROPS, SLICK TECH—THE EDGIEST GADGETS WITH A FUTURISTIC LOOK, AND CLEVELAND-BORN PLAYMATE **NICOLE MARIE LENZ**

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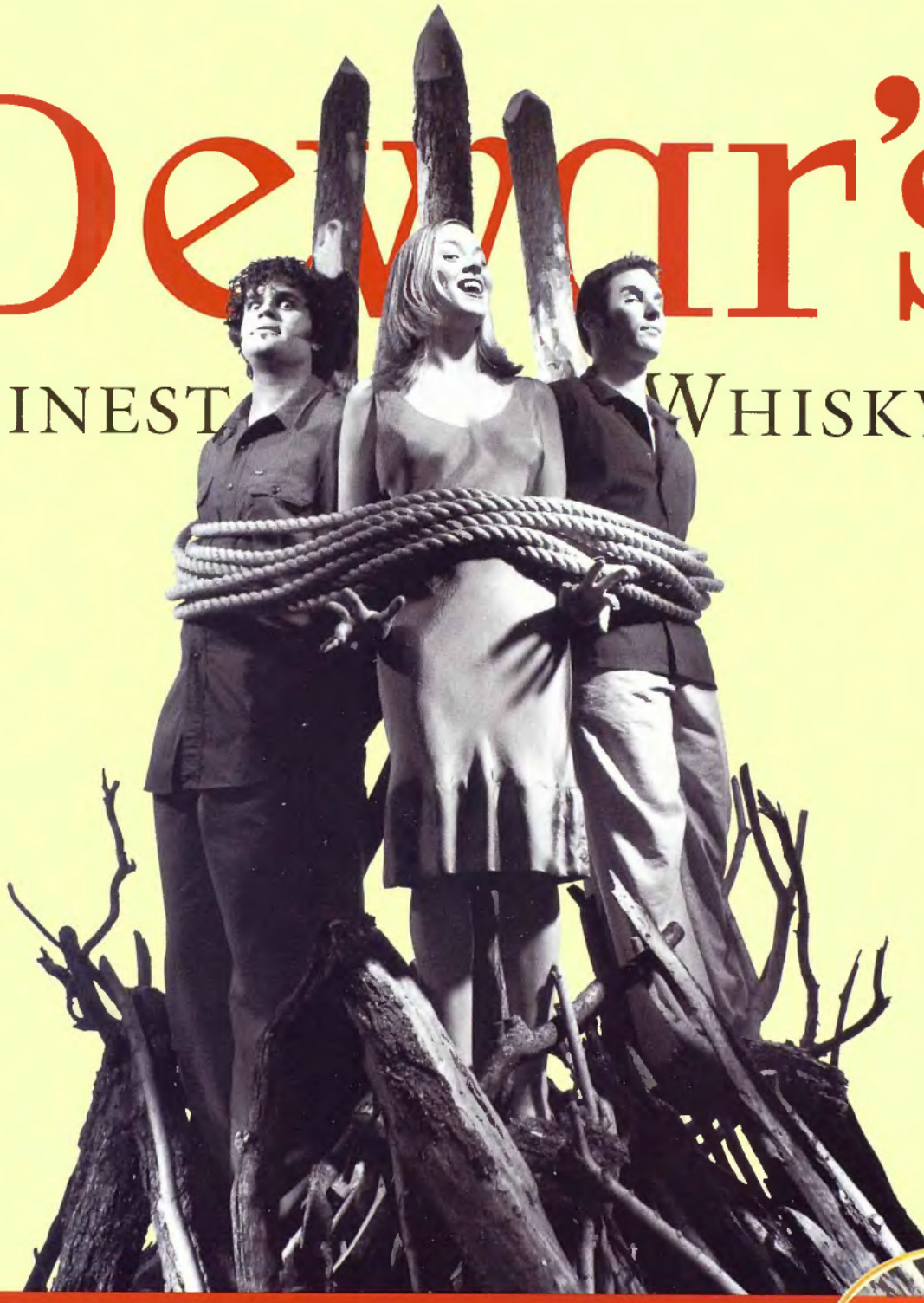
Dewar's PROFILE

Ed Sanchez, Heather Donahue & Dan Myrick
"The Blair Witch Project™" spooksters

Dewar's

FINEST WHISKY



They staked it all. For years, the directors of "The Blair Witch Project™" saved their pennies, tips and maxed out every credit card they could get for a shot at making their own movie. What could they afford? No script. Unseasoned actors. And one week in the backwoods of Maryland. Was their go-for-broke production worth the toil and trouble? Their film has spellbound audiences everywhere.

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